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THE JAMES BOND FILE

Who Says Playboy Doesn't Believe In Long-Term Relationships?

South Park's TREY PARKER & MATT STONE

An Interview To Rock Hollywood

Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Model CARRÉ OTIS

Without Her Swimsuit

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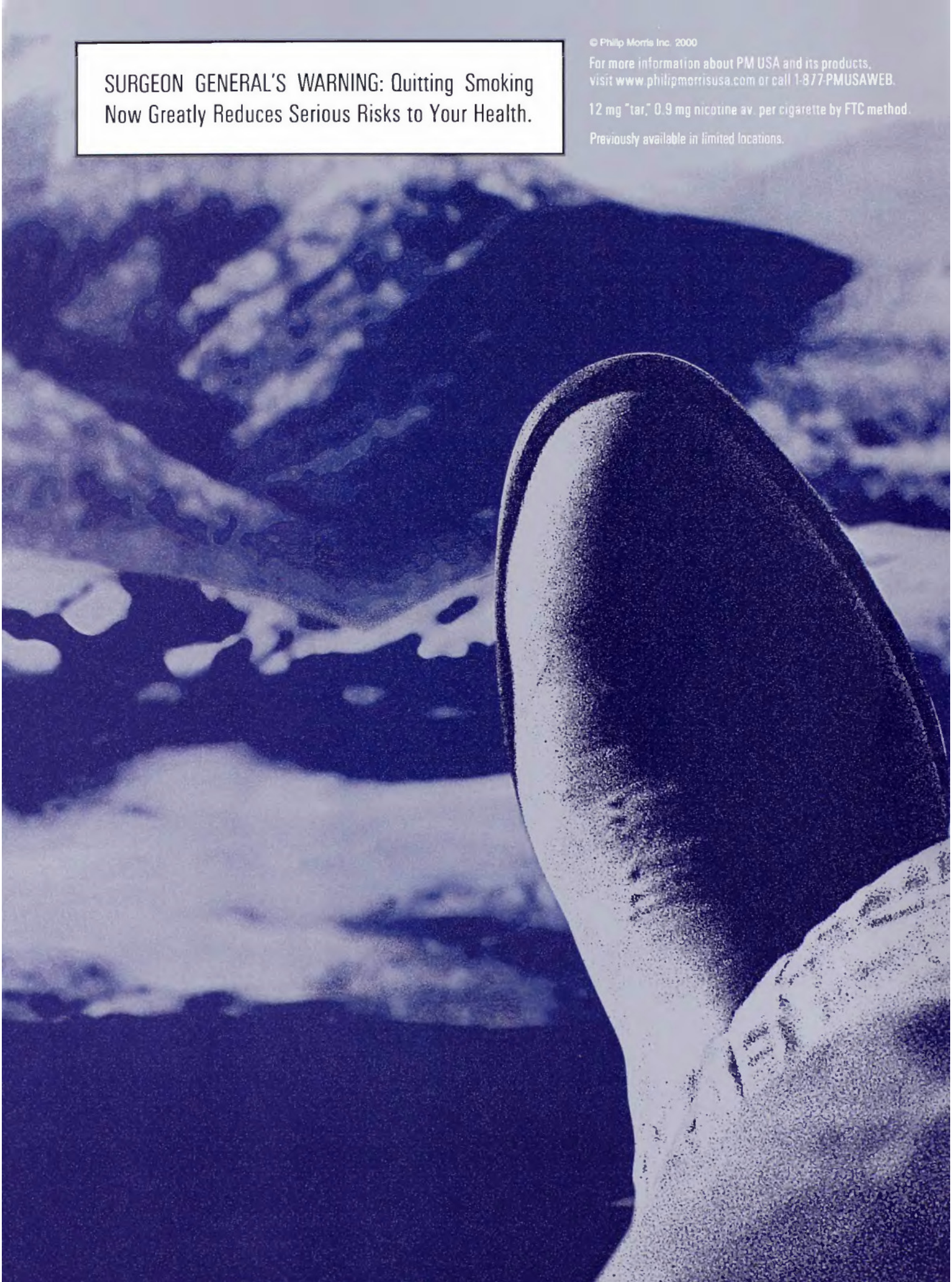
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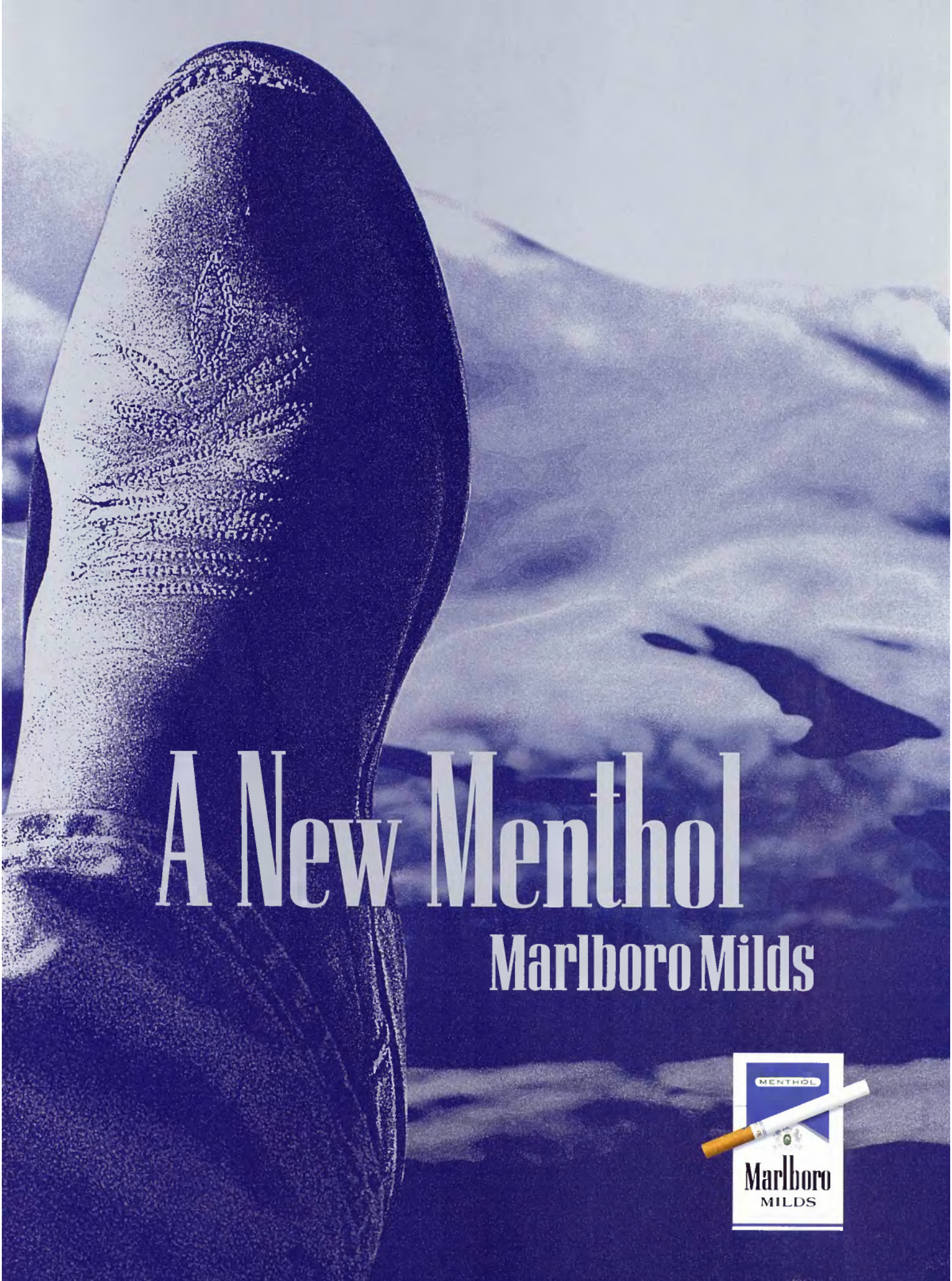
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FOR 40 YEARS we've been thrilled by his ladies, his adventures and his myth. Hefner, **Hugh Hefner.** Oops. It's an easy mistake to make. Actually, it's Bond, James Bond. Open our hefty anniversary dossier on 007 and you'll find life lessons from Bond creator Ian Fleming, Bond girls, plenty of guns, cars and gadgets, plus a battle of the Bonds. We've even nabbed a top-secret chapter from the new Bond novel, *Doubleshot*, by **Raymond Benson.** For your eyes only.

There's more dodgy dealing on the Net than in all the Bond films put together. In *Surfing the Web for Contraband*, **Mark Ehrman** brings wares suited to an Afghani arms bazaar into your den. These days you could run an Iran-contra operation from the couch. (**Joel Nakamura** contributed the artwork.)

James Coburn's no stranger to secret operations—he played an American superagent in *Our Man Flint*. *The Great Escape* and *The Magnificent Seven* made Coburn a Hollywood icon—his Oscar for *Affliction* didn't hurt, either. He talks about Sam Peckinpah, Bruce Lee and the FBI in an off-the-cuff *20 Questions* by **David Rensin.**

Our interview this month is with **Trey Parker** and **Matt Stone,** the devilish duo who created *South Park*. Apparently these guys have never heard of censorship. Not of themselves anyway, as evidenced by their comments on Barbra Streisand, Robert Redford and George Lucas. The precocious lads are too freaked at turning 30 to care what anyone thinks. **Steve Pond** did the heavy lifting—he held up his tape recorder.

The lifting is getting lighter and lighter, judging by the monster jocks who compete on today's playing fields. Everyone is bigger, stronger and faster. In *The New Superathlete*, **Allen Barra** examines what has led to the parade of toppled records and guys with Popeye biceps. (The illustration is by **Karl Wirsum.**)

To manage a relationship these days, it seems you need superstrength—or at least a codebook. Everyone has rules. In *Rules for the Perfect Relationship*, **Steven Slon** takes a close look at the reg book and reveals what all those rules have in common: They need to be broken. Just like they're broken in the unusual therapist's office of our fiction offering this month, *Enabler*, by the guy who wrote *Fight Club*, **Chuck Palahniuk.** Read it and you'll want to pour out your troubles to a shrink—if she's as gorgeous and as unorthodox as this lady is. (**Ed Paschke** did the art.)

Here at PLAYBOY we like to stay on top of the good life—what's here now, what's around the bend. So may we suggest you read *Dave's Garage* with pen in hand. Be thankful that the new Mercedes sports car is still in the concept phase, so you can drool without taking out your credit card. The gadgets in *Digital Destiny* by **Beth Tomkiw** are equally seductive. Who wants to live without a bedside cinema or a car theater or a cell phone that custom surfs the web?

As long as we're living the good life, we nominate this month's Playmate, **Shannon Stewart,** to share it with us. A native of bayou country, she made a big splash in Los Angeles. Supermodel **Carré Otis** makes an unforgettable impression no matter where she is. The former Mrs. Mickey Rourke is an actress and a featured attraction in this year's *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. Carré shows what all the fuss is about—and she left her swimsuit in a drawer. (**Antoine Verglas** took the pictures.) Finally, we present the winner of the year's most hotly debated sweepstakes. Drumroll, please. **Jodi Ann Paterson** is Playmate of the Year (photographed by **Arny Freytag**). Miss October 1999 was born in Indonesia and is part Swiss—an excellent reason to embrace globalization.

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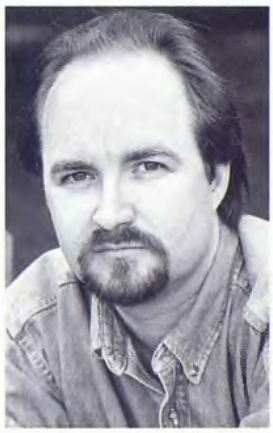
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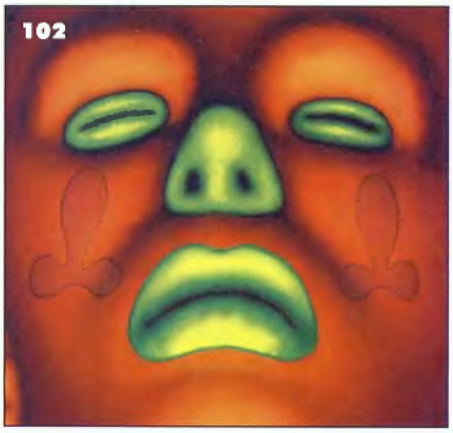

cover story

Jodi Ann Poterson, Miss October 1999, started steoling the show in teen beouty pogeonts, then used her poise in broodcost journolism. "Even ofter I was chosen to be a Ploymote, I never thought I had ony chance to be Ploymate of the Year," soys this year's winner. Our readers begged to differ. Photogropher Arny Freytog, like our Robbit, is a sucker for beoutiful women.

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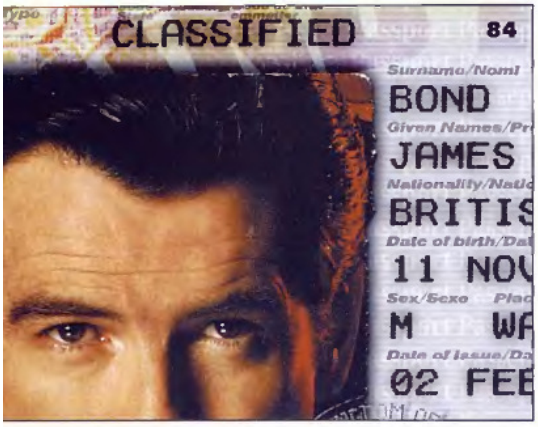

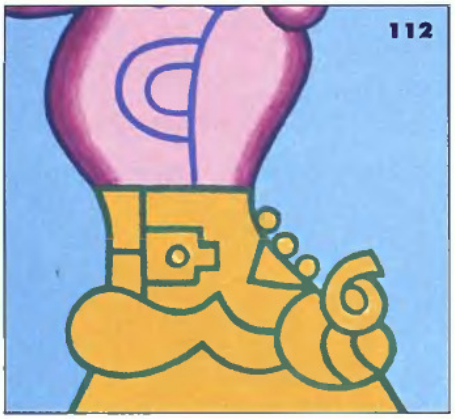

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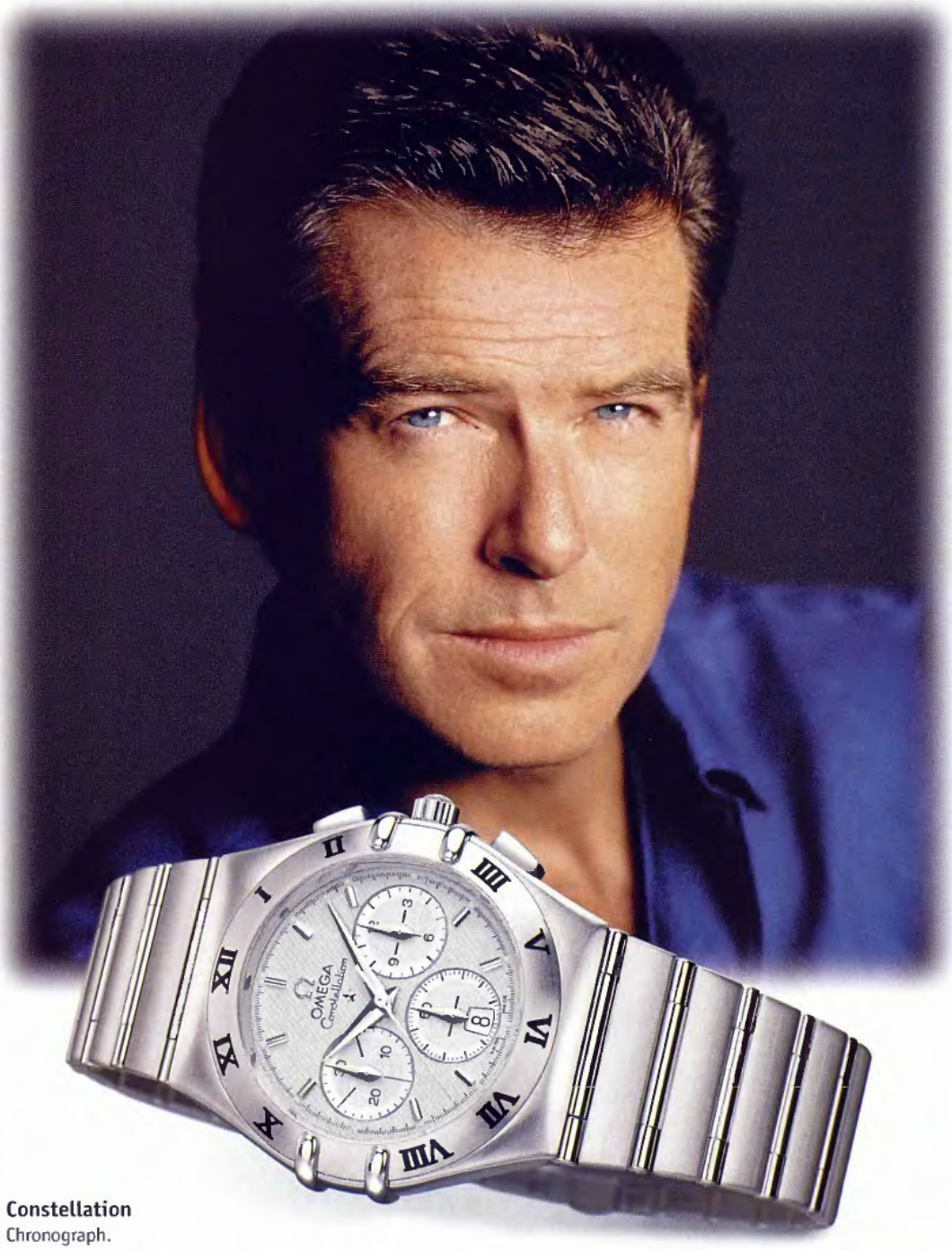

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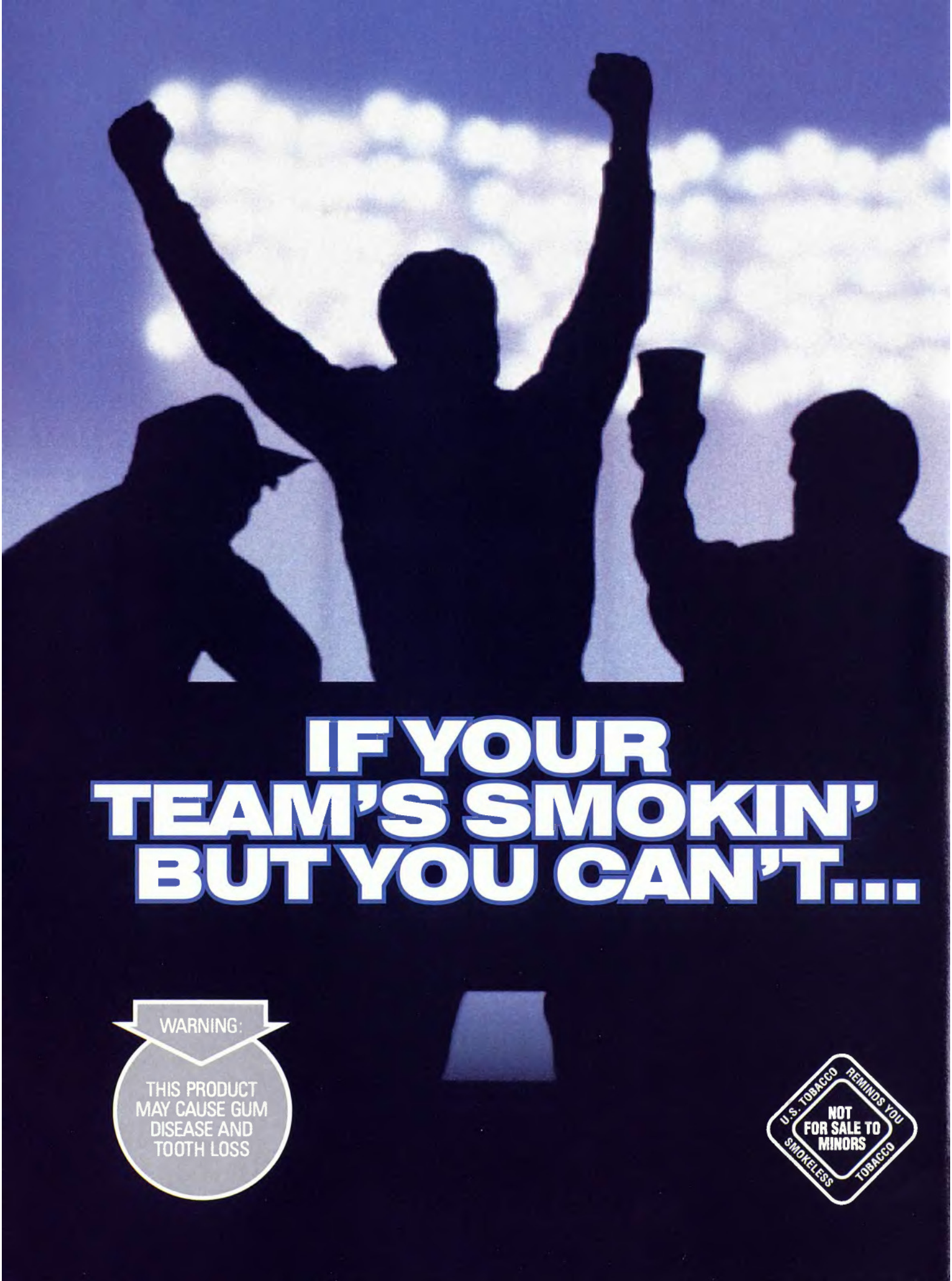
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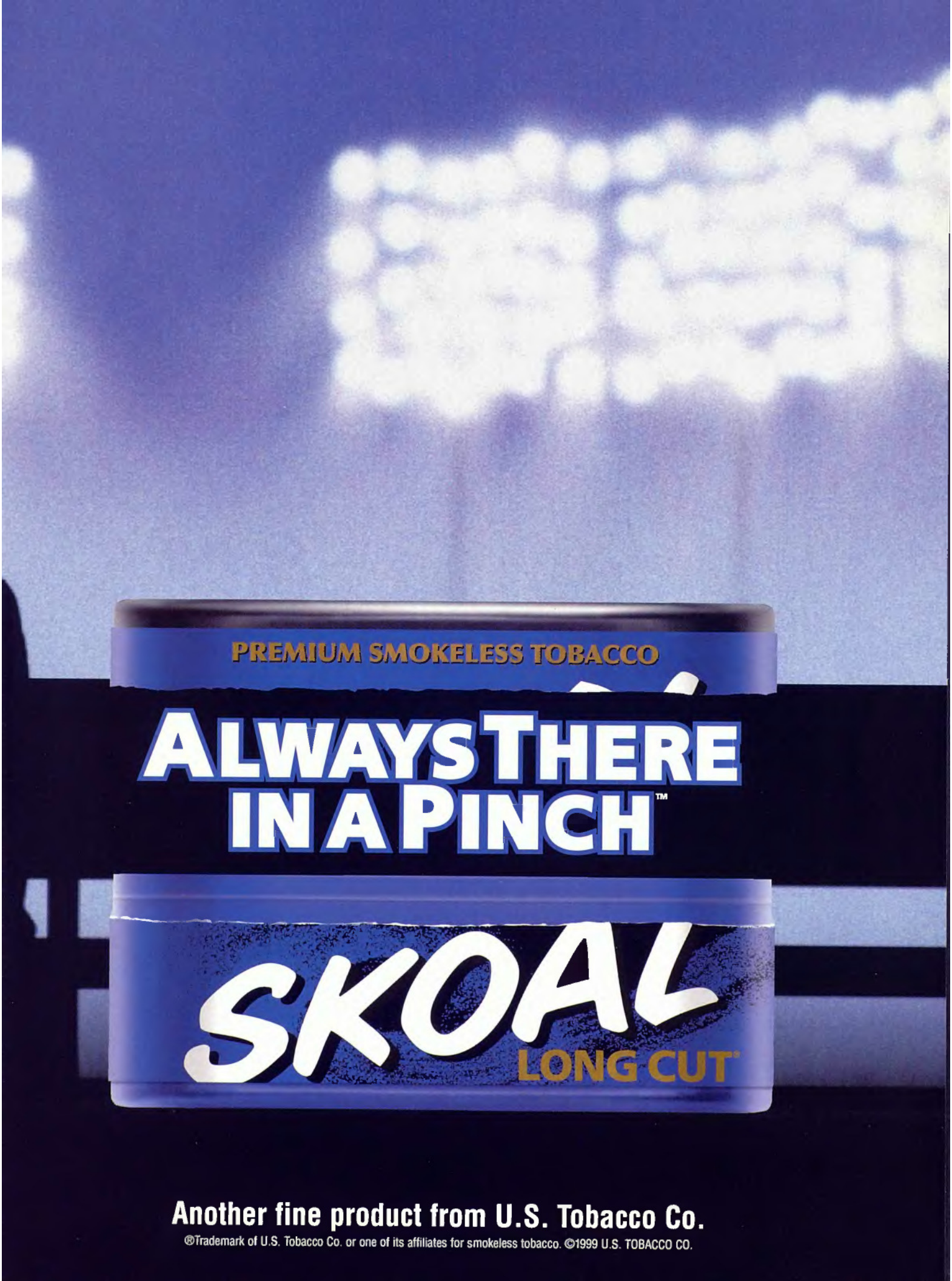

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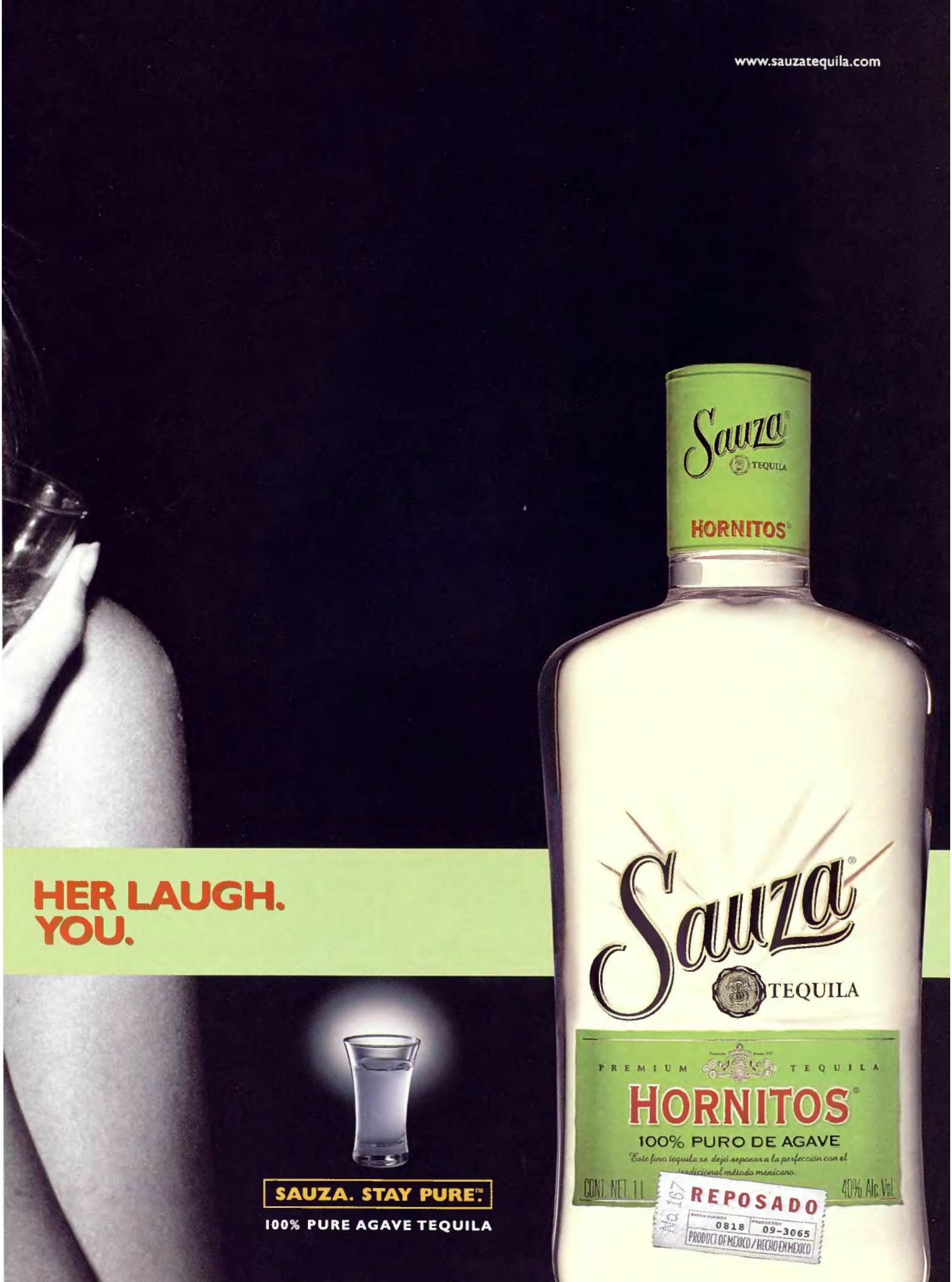

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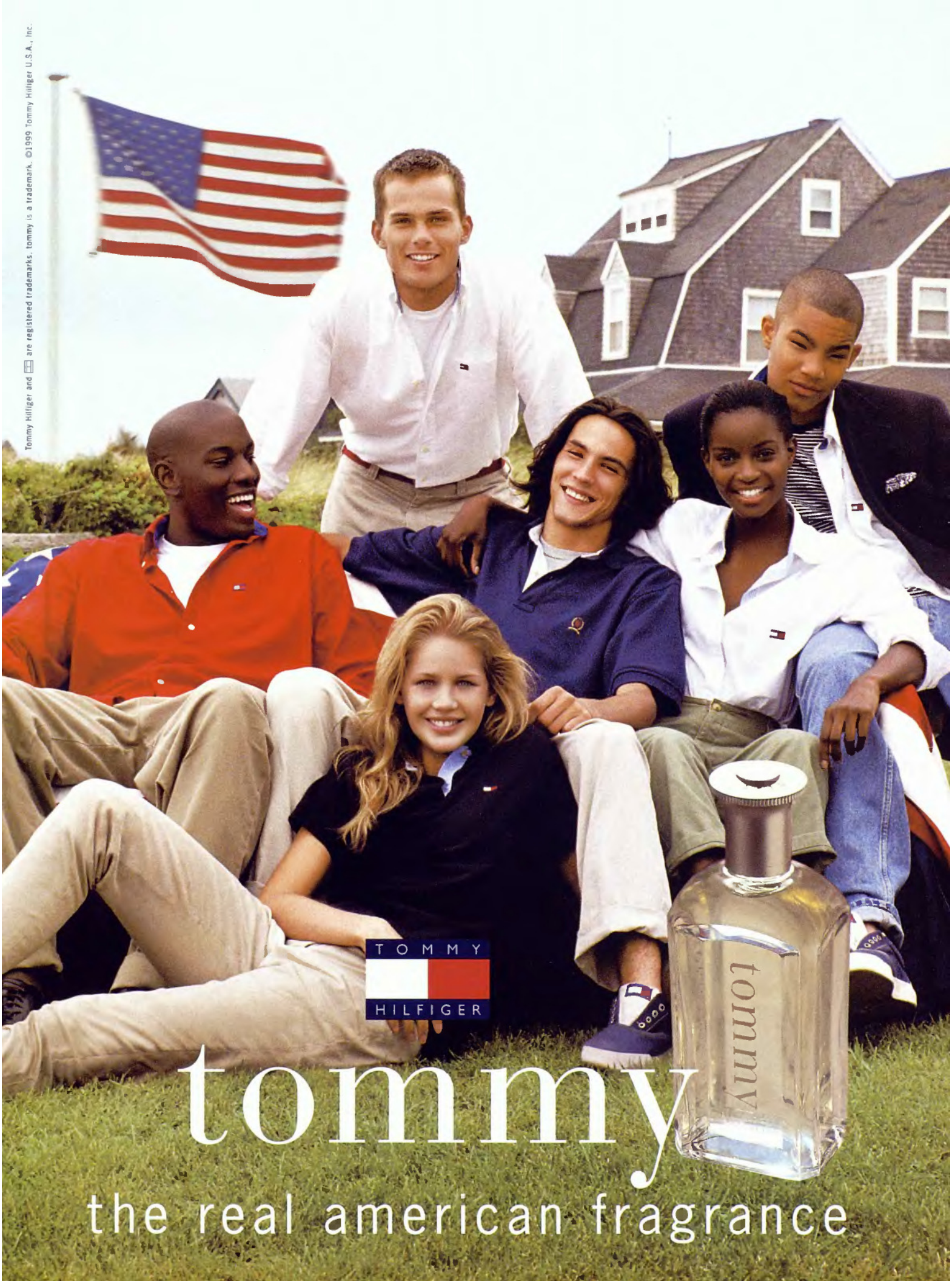
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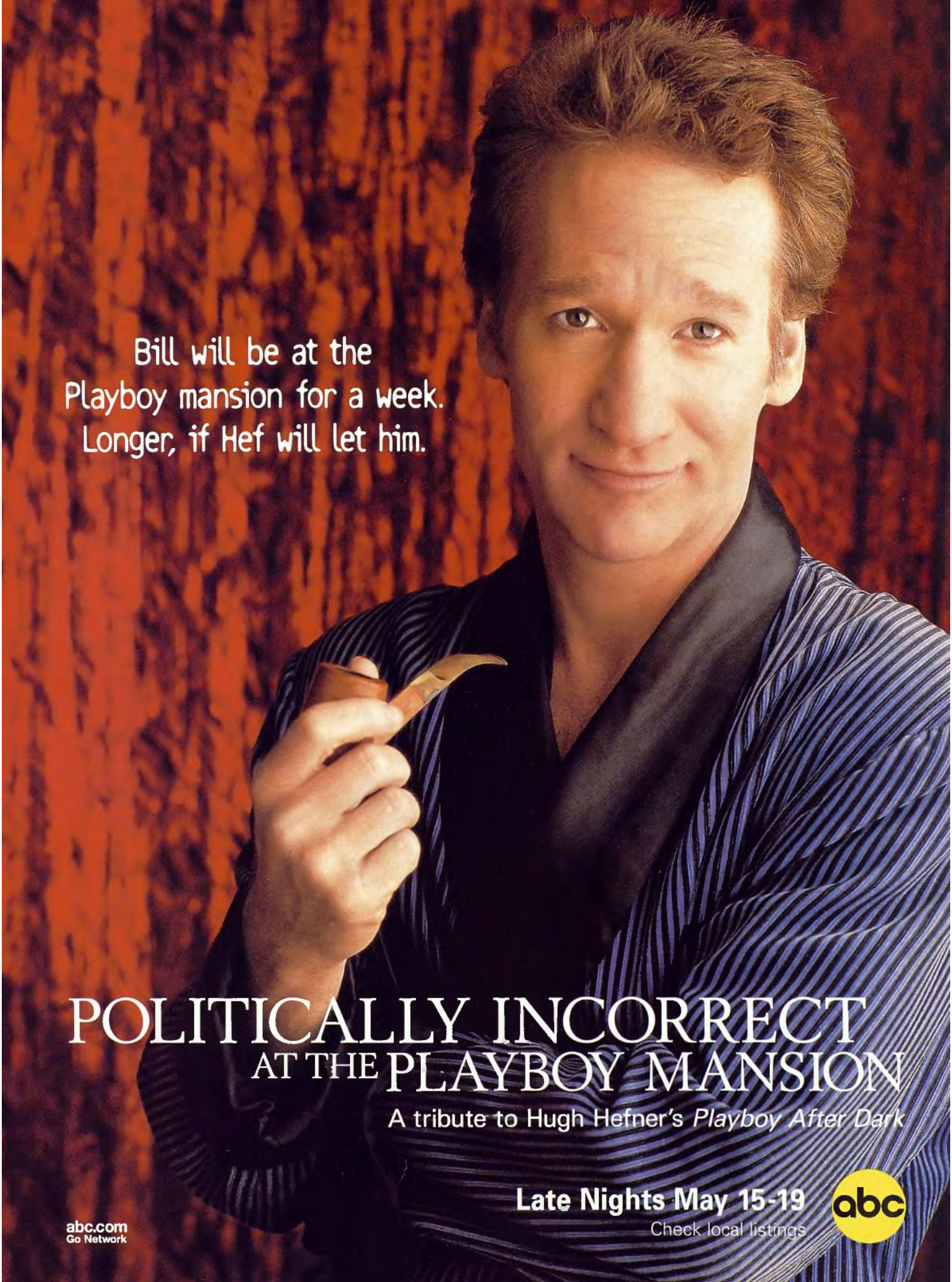
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hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes

FAMILY NIGHT

Hef and sons Cooper and Marston wear matching silk pajamas on family night with Kimberley at the Mansion. With this bunch, clothes really do make the man.

CUPID'S NOT STUPID

Hef shares hugs with Playmates Julia Schultz and Jodi Ann Paterson (bottom, right) at his Valentine's Day party. Who better than rocker Robbie Robertson to give music tips to March cover girl (and aspiring musician) Caprice (below)? Made in the shades: Bjorn Borg and the Van Patten brothers relive great tennis triumphs. And toasting the revelers, Dennis Hopper and his wife, Victoria Duffy (above, right), tip a glass to Eros.

RABBIT TO THE STARS

Abracadabra: First, Jewel pulled out a Rabbit, then sang for the MusiCares crowd. The blowout honored Elton John as Person of the Year, and Jewel, along with other stars, performed his songs. The event, attended by Hef and his girls, raised big bucks for MusiCares' programs.

VALENTINE'S PARTY

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It was a lovefest at the Mansion when Hef hosted his annual Valentine's bash. (1) March cover girl Caprice gets cheeky with Mr. Playboy. (2) Tennis champ Bjorn Borg and girlfriend Kari Bernhardt stand by the Man. (3) Brooke Richards boogies with Antonio Sabàto Jr. (4) Jon Lovitz is Devin De Vasquez' main squeeze. (5) Julie Strain and Heidi Fleiss party hearty. (6) Vince Vaughn and Stephen Dorff. (7) Mandy, Sandy and Hef dance the night away. (8) Longtime Elton John collaborator Bernie Taupin hangs with Hef. (9) Heather Kozar and pal Summer Altice whoop it up. (10) Aaron Spelling, Hef's Holmby Hills neighbor, scopes out the scene. (11) Producer-director Garry Marshall with Janette Jonsson and Scott Baio. (12) James King and boyfriend Frank Speedy. (13) David Sutcliffe of *Grapevine* and Julie McCullough. (14) The Dahm triplets and Hef. That's amore!

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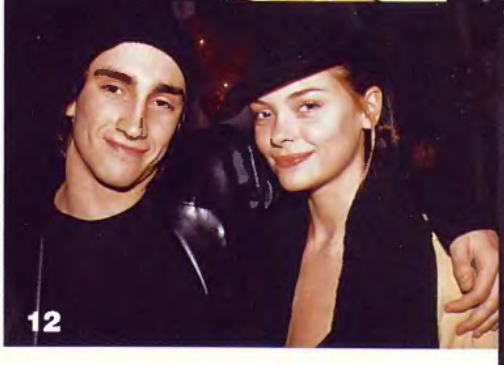
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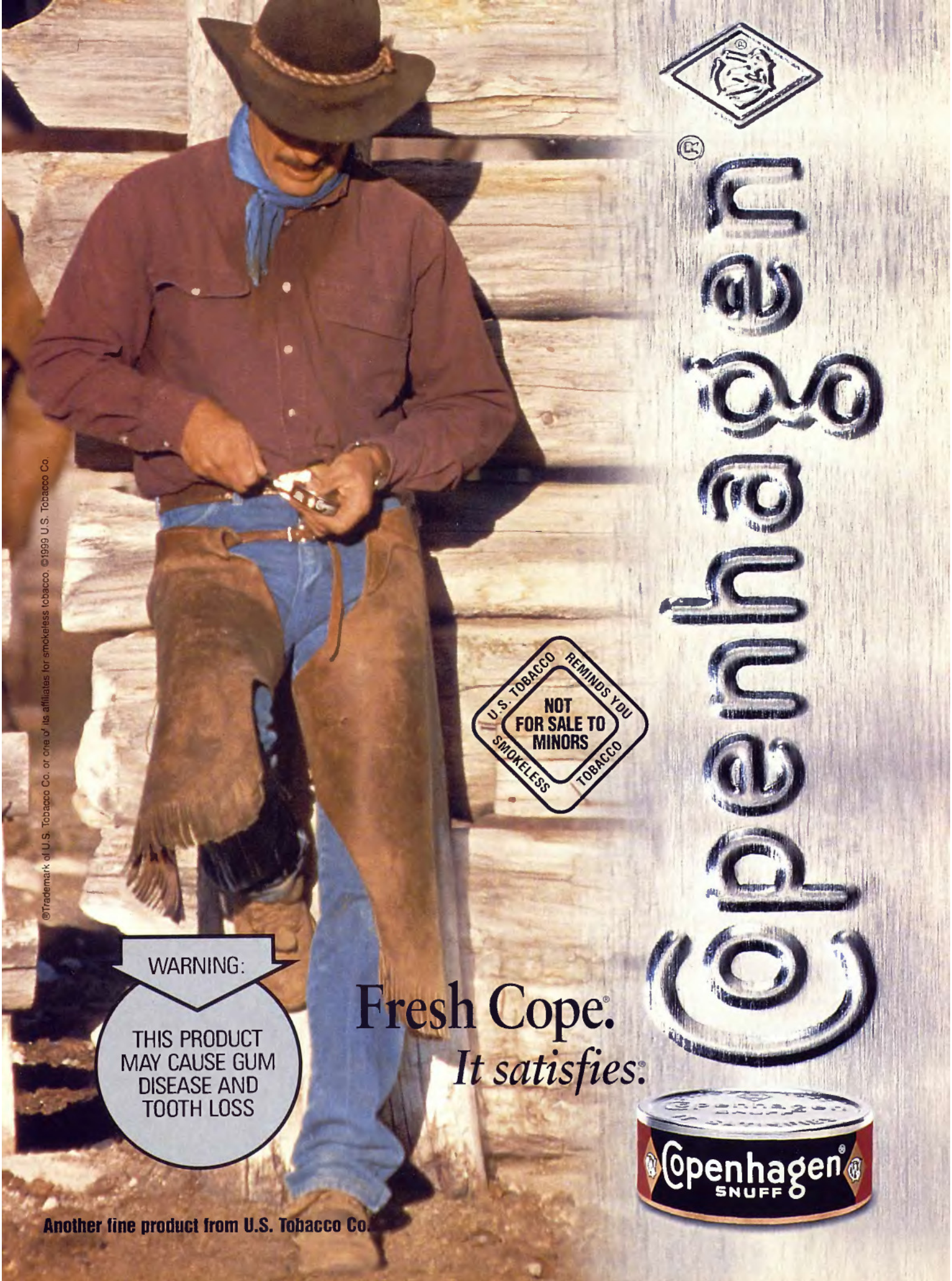
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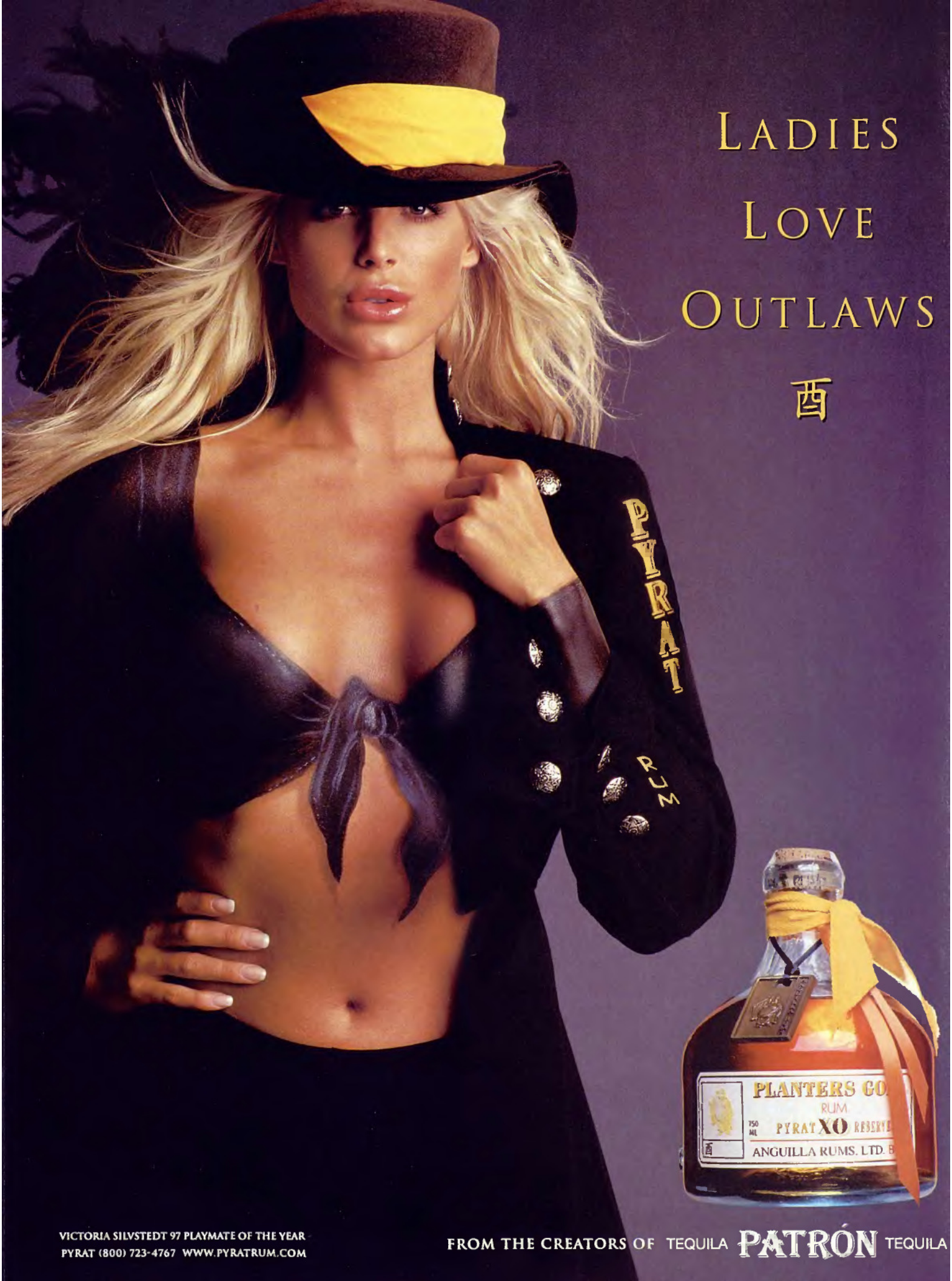
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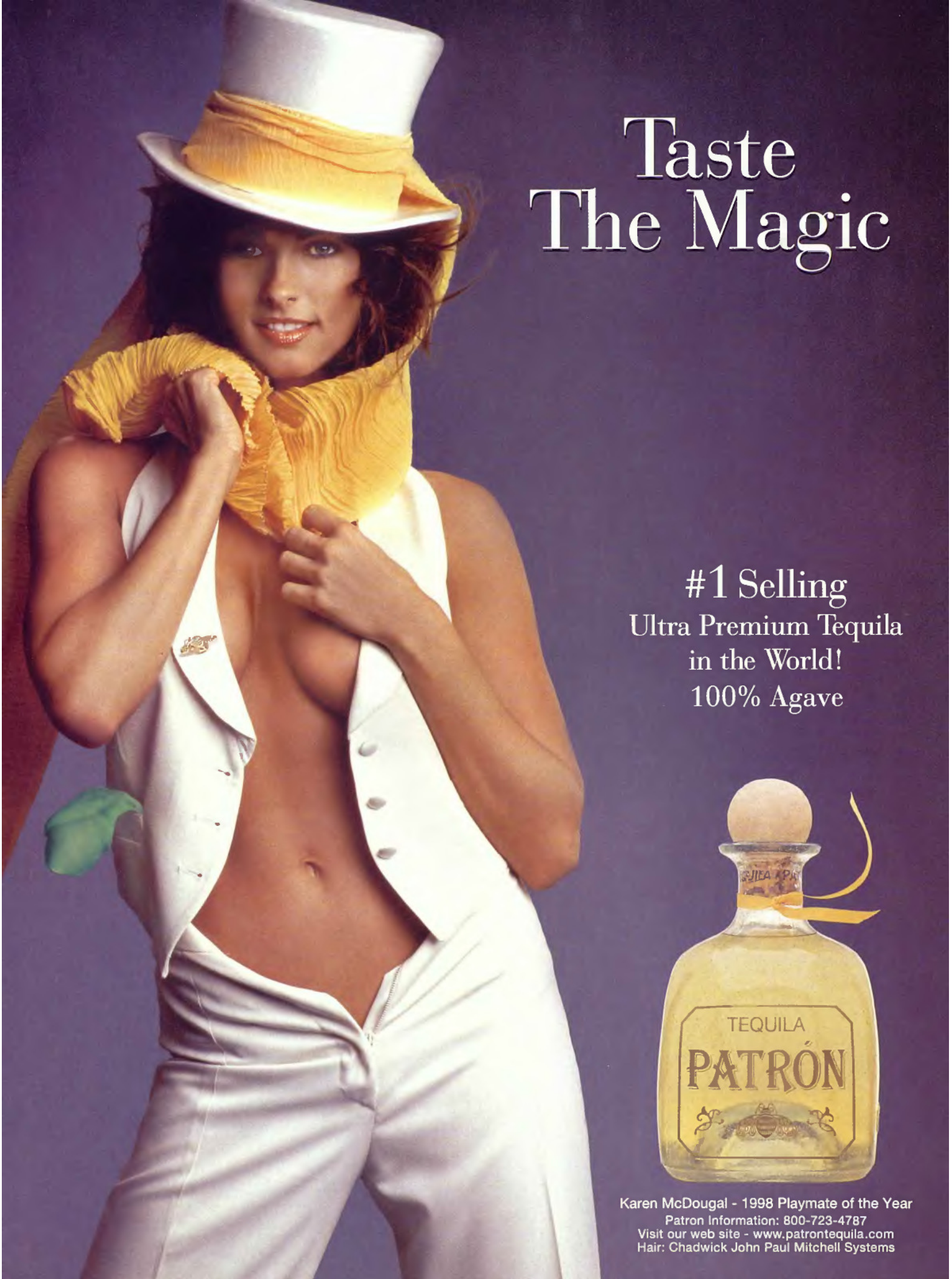
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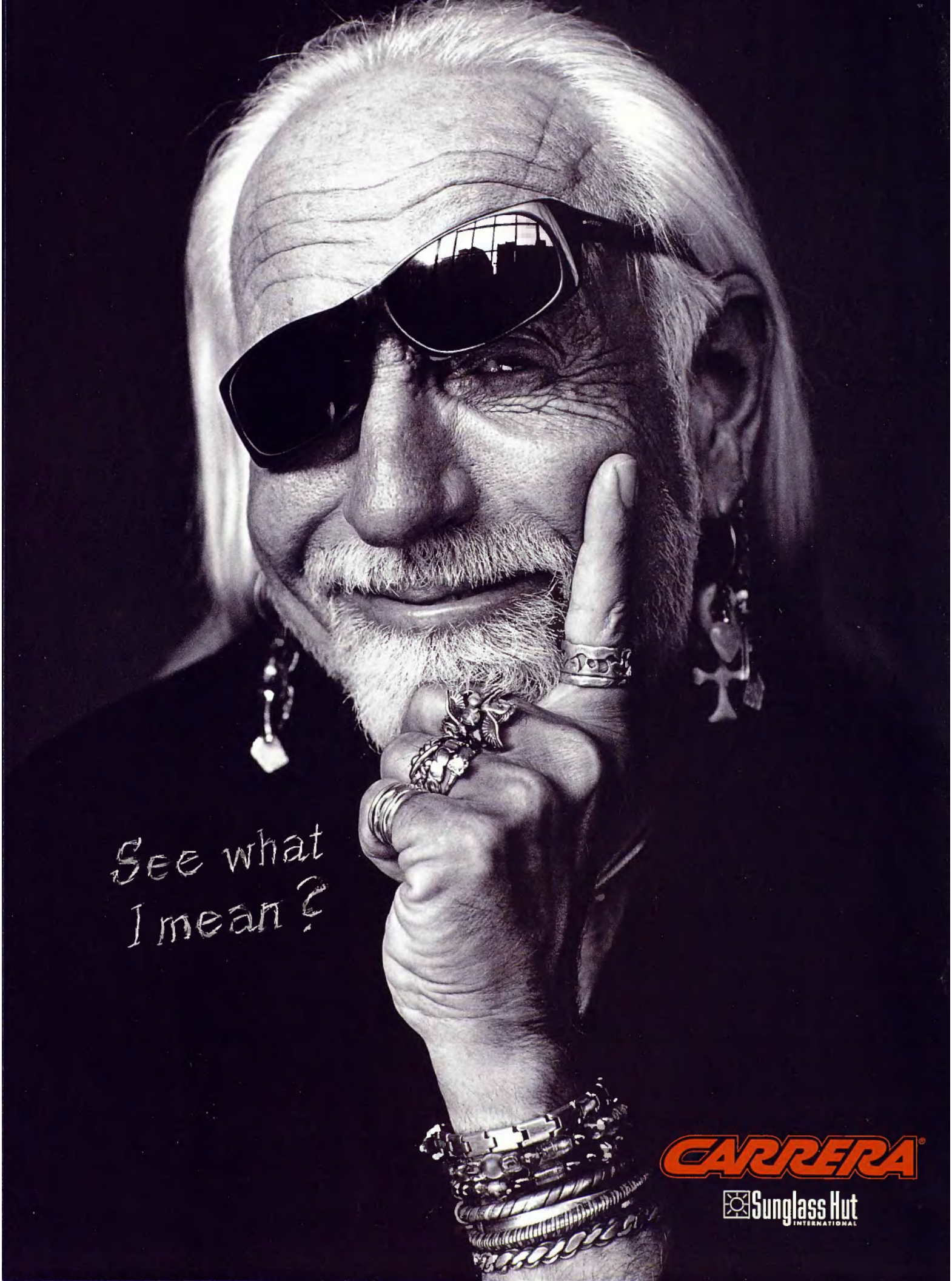
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ACE VENTURA, PART II

The Jesse Ventura interview (*Jesse II*, March) is the best I've read in my 20-plus years of subscribing to PLAYBOY. How refreshing that an honest person has invaded the political system. Although I may not agree with all of Governor Ventura's philosophies, I love the fact that he doesn't compromise his integrity or ideals.

Gary Saeger
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Jesse Ventura isn't afraid to stick his neck out and tell it like it is. I'd be happy to give him my vote for president.

W. Leigh
Boulder, Colorado

I find it hypocritical that Jesse Ventura criticizes national and state funding for the arts after admitting that he received more than $300,000 in state campaign subsidies. Because he feels so strongly about people paying their own way in life, why didn't he return the money and pay for his campaign himself?

Tony Banks
Spokane, Missouri

I didn't think it was possible, but your second installment of Governor Ventura's interview is more enjoyable than the first one was.

Fred Gutierrez
Riverside, California

Ventura's novelty has finally worn off. I've had enough of that blowhard.

Andy Benz
San Francisco, California

PRIVATE EYES ARE WATCHING YOU

OK, I get the point. Dick Lochte likes Raymond Chandler (*The Return of the Private Eye*, March), but don't mar an excellent overview of the genre by crediting Chandler with four of the five top dick novels ever. Yeah, Ray had style to spare, and there's a bit of Marlowe in every private eye that has followed, but he wasn't much on plotting. Substitute Ross Macdonald's *The Chill* and *The Goodbye Look* for over-the-top sizzle, and you are there.

Garry LaFollette
Winchester, Virginia

I really enjoyed your look at fictional private eyes. I'm a big fan of Mike Hammer and look forward to reading some of Dick Lochte's suggestions. You can't beat a good mystery—especially when it includes a whiskey-swilling tough guy who kicks ass and who also gets all the babes.

Austin Swint
San Diego, California

DRIVING MISS CAPRICE

Caprice Bourret's pictorial (March) is terrific. But I'm hurt by one remark that she makes. She claims to be a horrendous driver. I was her high school driving instructor. If you ask me, she was outstanding.

Bob Parsons
Upland, California

As a 35-year subscriber, I have seen many PLAYBOYS, but your March 2000 cover, featuring Caprice, is one of the best ever—and I don't even like the color yellow.

Bill Eames
Walnut Springs, Texas

A DAY AT THE RACES

I've been a fan of Nascar since Dale Earnhardt Sr. made his start at Daytona in 1979. I enjoyed your racing article (*Let's Go Racing*, March) and would love to see Dale Sr. in a *Playboy Interview*.

Mijanou Kessler
Brooksville, Florida

Your motorsport piece includes all forms of car racing but the best: drag racing, where 6000-horsepower machines go a quarter of a mile in about

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John Laird
Hollywood, Florida

NOWHERE TO HIDE

I used to keep my PLAYBOYs tucked away in a file cabinet—until my curious significant other discovered them. Now I leave them out with my copies of *Bon Appétit* and *Time* for all my guests to enjoy. Suddenly, I feel liberated.

Rob Wilson
Logan, Utah

THE EYES HAVE IT

PLAYBOY's photo editors have made their readers very happy. Even without Nicole Marie Lenz' sexy, natural figure (*Photogenic Lenz*, March), her eyes could stop a clock. Please give us more Playmates like Nicole.

Michael Whiteaker
Buffalo, New York

Eight pages of Nicole Lenz are not enough. I realize it's still early in the year, but she has my vote for Playmate of the Year 2001.

Bob Lamberson
Palm Bay, Florida

Nicole's beauty obviously is 100 percent natural. Thanks for the smoking-hot pictorial of beauty personified. Miss March is the quintessential PLAYBOY Centerfold.

Daniel Peterson
Douglaston, New York

I've toyed with the idea of implants for years. Thanks to Nikki Lenz, now I know how sexy a woman with small breasts can be.

Renita Paxson
Plano, Texas

Until now, Cleveland's claims to fame have been the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, Indians and Browns. Let's add Nicole Lenz to the mix and raise the Rabbit Head flag atop Terminal Tower.

Mark Naeser
Jamestown, New York

Wow, you certainly heated things up in March. Nikki Lenz is one of the most beautiful Playmates of all time.

Rob Hobbick
Burlington, Wisconsin

MARDI GRAS PARTY

The first photo that jumps out at me from your *Mardi Gras 2000* pictorial (March) is that of a gorgeous brunette, Amanda Thersher. If she isn't scheduled for a pictorial, sign her up.

Brook Garberding
Seattle, Washington

Having never been to New Orleans for Mardi Gras, I looked forward to your article for insight into the party scene. I expected advice on where to eat and drink, what to avoid, the lowdown on open-container laws and such. Instead, I discovered your eight-page pictorial featuring naked women wearing Mardi Gras beads. Now I'll be flying blind to New Orleans.

Erik Johnson
Climax, Georgia

Anyone who knows PLAYBOY knows that your pictorials are truly impressive. In *Mardi Gras 2000*, we are transported to the middle of New Orleans' wildest street parade for the sexiest tour ever.

Ian Jordan
Cap-Rouge, Quebec

Memphis model Catherine Collins is incredible. Please do whatever it takes to bring her back for more.

Tom Wetherbee
Northport, Michigan

Holly Guidry is the flower of Mardi Gras. The blossoms she holds are surpassed only by her ethereal beauty.

David Cawthon
Macon, Georgia

Katalina Verdin is a raven-haired goddess. When I think of her, I'm rendered speechless.

Gary Willoughby
Kincheloe, Michigan

Catherine Collins blew your doors open at Mardi Gras with her absolutely perfect looks—gorgeous eyes, a long, sexy neck and an exquisite body. I nominate her for Playmate of the Year even though she hasn't yet been a Centerfold.

Doug Forrest
Los Angeles, California

Seeing Roxanne Galla in your *Playmate 2000* Special Edition and now in your *Mardi Gras 2000* pictorial has only whetted this fan's appetite. I met Roxanne at Glamourcon 21 and I can say with certainty that this jewel of the South has star potential.

David Reeves
Edmonton, Alberta

FUNNYMAN

I enjoyed your *Playboy Interview* with Jon Stewart (March) although I strongly disagree with your appraisal of Craig Kilborn. Craig's smartass smarminess is well suited for *The Late Late Show*, and I think he's much funnier than Stewart.

Asa Quon
Creston, British Columbia

Jon Stewart erroneously assumes that all PLAYBOY readers are men. His photos kept me from turning the page for a solid five minutes.

Rita Toczek
Independence, Missouri

QUEEN OF THE INTERNET

In her *20 Questions* (March), Cindy Margolis says that if she ever poses nude, it will be for PLAYBOY. I've never come across Cindy on the Internet, but after seeing her photo, here's hoping.

Victor Castillo
Kansas City, Missouri

One photograph of Cindy makes us hungry for so much more. Now that she has told us she would be willing to pose for PLAYBOY, the ball is in your court. I'll be waiting.

Rolf Thorenson
Tucson, Arizona

The photo of Cindy demonstrates that nudity is definitely not the only way to turn a man on.

Kevin Joyce
Olney, Maryland

The only thing missing from your *20 Questions* with Cindy Margolis is a swimsuit photo. I went through March madness when I found out that she's married (her website bio doesn't mention her hubby). Now my fantasy has been shattered.

Kurt Woodard
Madison, South Dakota

I wonder if Cindy's 60 million cyberbuddies love her as much as she loves herself. She used the word I 171 times and me or my 86 times, for a total of 257 references to herself in only 20 questions. That's over a dozen self-references per question.

N.K. Brown
Hauula, Hawaii

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PLAYBOY after hours

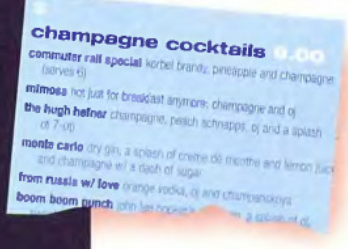
A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

THE ICER'S EDGE

It's said that Germans are cold. Now they're using it to their advantage. The latest craze at health clinics is cold treatment to reduce stress. One to three minutes in a –110°C freezer apparently boosts endorphins in the brain and produces feelings of well-being. Patients strip naked but have to wear gloves, slippers and bandages on their faces—to avoid frostbite. German physiotherapists developed the practice to battle chronic arthritis pain. Then it became popular among athletes. Now 40 freezers around the country cater to executives, bridegrooms and other stressed-out Volks.

DRINK OF THE MONTH

When Sean Christie was planning his Boston dance bar, the Modern, he wanted to give it a lounge vibe. "I wanted it to be the kind of place that Hugh Hefner would feel comfortable hanging out in," he says. "After all, Hef's the man." Christie couldn't very well name his bar after Hef, so he settled on the Modern. But he paid homage by creating a drink called the Hugh Hefner. "It's the most popular drink we have. Every woman who comes in gets one," he tells us. It's an irresistible combination of peach schnapps, champagne, orange juice and a splash of Seven-Up, topped off with a strawberry. We bought a round and left a big tip.



THIS ART ISN'T FOR SISSIES

Robert Williams was one of Zap Comix' founding artists and since then he has toiled as an imagist in the outsider art movement. *The Girl With the Fabergé Ass*, above, is from the just published *Malicious Resplendence* (Fantagraphics Books). One critic called the paintings "an apocalyptic windshield to view our chaotic cultural landscape." True, and he has a thing about dynamite asses.

WE'LL TAKE THE POWDERED

Englewood, Colorado is home to some of the dumbest crooks on the planet. Recently, four suspects were apprehended by local police officers for running a drug lab. Their base of operations was in the back of a doughnut shop.

BEDTIME CAPSULE

Residents of Rochester, New York kicked off the 21st century by digging up a time capsule that was buried under City Hall in 1873. Along with coins, maps and seed catalogs, the excavators found a vintage sheep-intestine condom. The antique prophylactic, now on display at the Rochester Museum and Science Center, was discovered in an envelope addressed to "the person who opens the box." Indeed.

MOUND INTO A MOLEHILL

Pitchers need hits to get the big bucks in baseball these days. Not hits against them (that's how they get sent down to the minors) or hits by them. (How many pitchers bat over .200? How many times

ALL POINTS BULLETIN

"In our society, protruding nipples can send out the wrong message, making it difficult for a woman to be taken seriously," says Karen Bartfield of Brazabra Carp., the manufacturer of nipple covers called Petal Tops. "Women want choice over what they do or do not show," Bartfield points out. Fine. We can get behind that. We take women seriously whether or not their nipples protrude. It's just that when they do, it affects our hearing.

do American League pitchers even get up to the plate more than five times in a year?) No, the secret lies in hits on their page at the team's website. Apparently web hits entered into negotiations when Yankees closer Mariano Rivera went into salary arbitration this spring. One of the factors that prevented the ace of the Yankees bullpen from receiving the money he wanted was that his page received only 70,000 hits—10 percent of the number of hits fellow Yankees star Derek Jeter received. Jeter got a one-year contract for $10 million. Rivera asked for $9.25 million, but the arbitration board awarded him $2 million less.

THE TIP SHEET

Wuname.com: Plug your name into the website and it will give you a Wu-Tang Clan tag.

NBR: No beers required—a total fox.

Faster food: Breakaway Foods has a line of snacks in push-up tubes called InCrEdibles. Heat up some macaroni and cheese and run.

Titus: Christopher Titus' father had six wives, his mom killed her second husband and then herself. When Titus sobered up, he did what anyone else would do: He wrote a sitcom about it for Fox.

Beverly Hot Springs: Fantastic spa in Los Angeles—legendary in New York, virtually unknown among Angelenos.

Longwang: Typhoon season starts this month. The storms are losing their imperial English Christian monikers and going multiculti. Longwang, named for the Chinese God of Rain and designated as storm number two, is sure to be a real pisser.

When good PBS goes bad: Public television is running *Secrets of the Dead*, a new series about historical mysteries and puzzling catastrophes.

Fridge magnet: Guy who always lands sexually cold girlfriends.

Plagiarism.org: Academia's answer to term papers bought on the web. The site helps professors identify unoriginal work.

Stephen King wrist: Like tennis elbow; it afflicts people who read heavy books in bed. Coined by a San Francisco MD.

GADGET OF THE MONTH

We all want surround sound from our TVs, but it requires a special receiver, five speakers and a lot of wire to trip over. Combridge Soundworks has come up with a simple solution. Its TVWorks 250 adds quality stereo to television programming with a single power cord and a single audio plug-in. It also has a virtual surround-sound mode that permits enlarged stereo imaging. Think of it as the lazy man's home theater system. And for $150, the frugal man's, too.

THROWING RICE

Gothic novelist Anne Rice has opened a boutique in New Orleans that specializes in vampire-inspired clothing and accessories. Standouts in the eldritch inventory: three wedding dresses in the $800 to $1500 range that were once worn by the author on book tours. If you happen to be planning a June wedding and your beloved is excited by the nuptial possibilities this opens up, our advice is to run with it. And be sure to pack plenty of garlic.

A FIELD GUIDE TO TODAY'S POP TARTS

	BRITNEY SPEARS	CHRISTINA AGUILERA	MANDY MOORE	JESSICA SIMPSON
LEGAL DATE	Dec. 2, 2000	Dec. 18, 1998	Apr. 10, 2002	July 10, 1998
Original equipment	That voice	Elbows	Breasts, lips	Hymen
Future employment	Real estate agent	Madonna impersanatar	Popcorn seller in on odult theater	Baptist Church choir director
Best use of navel	Showed it while wearing a Catholic schoolgirl unifarm in Baby One More Time video	Focal point for boys learning to meditate	Can hold salt when eating celery in bed	Has convinced ather devaut virgins that it's OK to show it
Worst use of navel	Has vawed nat to show it anymore	Has caused two riots and at least that many cases af anorexia	Nat visible on the Mandy Moore mousepad	Has never experienced someone else's tangue
Cover stories	Went into hospital with "hurt knee." Came out with huge breasts	After two months of "R&R," reappeared with Spears-sized breasts. It was the yaga	Claims the only Clinton she met at White House performance was Sacks	WB TV bio-series features her taur with Ricky Martin, during which there was no drug use or sex
Without proper cellaring, in 10 years she'll be:	Jenna Jamesan	Angie Dickinson	Lalita	Jessica Hahn

Send this postcard to someone who may need to be reminded of the finer things in life. (Yourself if applicable.)

(FOLD HERE)

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(Objects in picture are closer than they appear.)

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QUOTE

"Even if I'm with a groupie at a show and I have sex with her, I'm not mean to her. It's something we both wanted to do, so it's like, 'Nice to meet you' and everything, not 'Get the fuck off my bus.'"—KID ROCK, ON WHY HE'S SUCH A NICE GUY

AD IT UP

Amount of money spent on advertising in the first three quarters of 1999 by General Motors, the leading advertiser in the U.S.: $2.1 billion. Amount spent by Procter and Gamble, the second-biggest spender: $1.2 billion.

DAN CLYNE

FACT OF THE MONTH

Five Norwegian sky divers set a world record for group parachute jumping when they leaped off the 88th floor (1014 feet up) of Thailand's biggest building, Baiyoke Tower II.

SHELF LIFE

According to *Daily Variety*, number of award shows and ceremonies held by the entertainment industry last year: 332. Number of trophies handed out: 3182.

DOT'S INSANE

Fake bid offered on eBay for the domain name Year2000.com: $10 million. Actual amount paid for business.com, the recordholder for a domain name sale: $7.5 million. Average price of a domain name, according to the brokerage GreatDomains.com: $14,500.

LITTLE RICKY

Number of web pages devoted to Ricky Martin that Kathie Bergquist says she surfed before she wrote *Ricky Martin: The Unofficial Book*: 18,000. Number of pages in her book: 64.

RECIPE FOR A STIR-FLY

The number of grams of protein in every 3½-ounce portion of the following insects: grasshopper: 21; red ant: 14; dung beetle: 17; cricket: 13; termite: 14; weevil: seven. The number of grams of protein in a similar portion of lean ground beef: 27.

THE FED'S BIG BOOTY

Number of automobiles, boats, houses and other pieces of private property that were seized by the Justice Department from people accused of wrongdoing in 1998: 42,454. Value of the fed's stash: $604,514,733.

FUNNY MONEY

Price paid for the 1965 Corvette Stingray with an American-flag-style paint job from *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*, one of several film props sold on Internet auction sites: $121,000. Online price paid for Bank of Gotham money from *Batman*: $145. Online price paid for tribal jewelry from *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls*: $95.

CRIB SHEET 2000

According to the 29th Who's Who Among American High School Students poll of 3123 high achievers, percentage who said they cheated in school to get ahead: 80. Percentage who were never caught: 95.

DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION

Percentage of drivers surveyed who say they sometimes talk on a cell phone while driving: 29. Percentage of drivers who often play with the radio: 62. Percentage who eat: 57. Percentage who pick up stuff from between the seats or off the floor: 44. Percentage who acknowledge fishing through the glove compartment or writing something down: 32.

FOOD FOR CONCEPTUALIZATION

Percentage increase in average man's sperm at 5:15 P.M. over that of his sperm at 7 A.M.: 35. Number of additional spermatozoa that afternoon semen may contain over that of morning semen: 17 million.

DOOGIE SCHNAUZER

Finally, there's an appropriate (and legal) way to deal with your pet peeves. YouPieceOf.Com anonymously ships canine fecal matter to that special someone who has pissed you off. And it's not just any old crap. Want to drop a chalupa? You can review the dogs' diets if you wish. Customers can also select from a range of dogs—from dachshunds to Dobermans—to get the perfect-sized dollop.

DOMAIN NAME CALLING

The New York Times held a contest to find a term to describe all those impossible-to-ignore web yuppies. Among the best suggestions were e-coli, cyboor, dot-compost, world wide weasels, Intergnats, dolt-coms, compucreeps and IPOafs. Anti-Net fever is running so high that readers contributed words for other

IS THIS MARILYN?

The picture above, taken by photographer Andre De Dienes at Tobay Beach on Long Island around 1949, may or may not be of Marilyn Monroe. De Dienes shot the young Norma Jean several times between 1945 and 1952, but many people believe she turned down his offers to do nudes of her. Some collectors claim De Dienes shot two such photos of Norma Jean and that she hated them because she thought her rear looked huge. We offer all this as a public service. Whoever's rear it is, it looks great. And if you put your ear to it, you can hear the ocean roar.

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ONE MAN'S DATEBOOK

From our Hat's Off Department: Mark Helfrich collected naked pictures of his ex-girlfriends, added text and landed a book deal with Rat Press (run by *Rush Hour* director Brett Ratner). Incredibly, he got his ex-girlfriends to go along with this, then dedicated the book to his wife.

NAKED PICTURES OF MY EX-GIRLFRIENDS
ROMANCE IN THE 70s
SHE WAS NICE, BUT SHE LIKED BEING SPANKED, AND THAT KINDA WEIRDED ME OUT. THEN SHE'D START
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY TIMES I JERKED OFF TO THIS PICTURE AFTER WE SPLIT.

web-oriented phenomena. For example, an e-jerk reaction is defined as the sensation you get when one of the snot-com upstarts annoys you. The *Times* refused to print the winning entry (it was posted on word.com) because it was too rough for the old gray lady. We'll do her dirty business for her: e-hole. Here's hoping that all the well-heeled geeks with no manners become dot-commoners when their stocks finally return to earth.

FINGER FOOD

James Billie is a widely known Seminole chief in Florida. And he used to be a damn good alligator wrestler, but he gave it up ten years ago. Recently he made a snap decision to try it again, and it cost him a digit. "He bit my hand," Billie told the Associated Press about the gator's sudden move, "so I gave him my finger."

PLATE TECTONICS

Hard-to-believe-factoid of the month: According to a search of the official site for the Department of Motor Vehicles in California, nobody in the entire state has taken IM RICH as a personalized license plate. Of course, it helps to remember that in California, conveying that message is the car's job.

WINE WITH A KICK

Action star Jackie Chan had been best known for his feet of fury and his elaborately choreographed stunts. Then, while shooting a movie in Australia, he fell in love—with wine. So Chan teamed with Lindeman's, an Australian vintner, to create his own label. Chan's latest one-two combo is the Jackie Chan Reserve Release, a rich, spicy shiraz and a soft, full-bodied chardonnay. Think of them as the yin and yang of wine. Both complement Asian food and, since they are moderately priced, are getting snapped up as quickly as tickets to Chan's movies. According to industry sources, Chan has helped increase Lindeman's wine sales in some Asian markets by 110 percent.

BABE OF THE MONTH

The refreshing and candid **Amanda Robbins** said she has the "transatlantic look" of Pamela Anderson Lee, and she seems just as frisky. She's quite the hellcat. "Once I got so drunk in a pub that I ate cat food on a dare," she told Britain's *Daily Star*. Our editors discovered the resourceful blonde after she sold her car so she could enhance her breasts to a formidable 34D. The move pumped up her career and led to movie auditions as well as modeling ventures. Robbins confided she'd love to get intimate on a desert island, provided the lucky guy brings chocolate, strawberries and her favorite booze. She added, "It helps if I'm a bit more relaxed." Oh, good. We've already booked the Blue Lagoon Suite at the Four Seasons.

movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

SUCCESSFUL television writer Gina Prince-Bythewood makes a strong directorial debut with the crowd-pleasing ***Love and Basketball*** (New Line), a coming-of-age story set against the backdrop of athletic competition and told in four "quarters" spanning 13 years. Her lead characters meet as 11-year-old neighbors, go to school together, wind up in college and for a long time deny their attraction to each other. He idolizes his dad, an NBA professional (Dennis Haysbert), and seems destined to follow in his footsteps. She has the tougher road as a young woman trying to convince the world (including her homemaker mom, played by Alfre Woodard) that playing ball is what matters most to her. Solid and appealing performances by Sanaa Lathan and Omar Epps (and their younger counterparts, Kyla Pratt and Glenndon Chatman) have us rooting for them all the way. And if Prince-Bythewood's script resorts to a convenient conclusion, it's a small criticism for a film that offers so much to enjoy. ¥¥¥

•

The Big Kahuna (Lions Gate) never escapes its theatrical origins, but that's not necessarily a condemnation. To spend an hour and a half in the company of three interesting characters, played by Kevin Spacey, Danny DeVito and Peter Facinelli, is worth sacrificing a few cinematic points. Based on Roger Rueff's play *Hospitality Suite* and directed by John Swanbeck (a theater man making his film debut), the movie explores the dynamics of two world-weary salesmen and a naive young man who has never been exposed to the realities of the business world. They spend most of their time in a hospitality suite at a business convention in Wichita, hoping to land one major client who can make the difference between success and failure. The story takes place over one day that stretches into a long night, during which ethics, morals, expectations and bitter pills come into play. Spacey produced this labor of love, which was shot in 16 days. He and his co-stars make it well worth seeing. ¥¥¥

Salesman Spacey: Going for another Oscar?

Coming-of-age, coming of wisdom, madness vs. genius.

•

New York City has long been home to great oddballs, and in the Forties and Fifties, they congregated in Greenwich Village, a community of bohemians. Joseph Mitchell loved to profile these characters in the pages of *The New Yorker*, but his relationship with one particular scholar-madman threatened to suck the life out of him. This is the crux of ***Joe Gould's Secret*** (USA Films), the latest film by filmmaker Stanley Tucci, who also stars as Mitchell. Gould is magnificently played by Ian Holm (who made an impression as the swaggering Italian restaurateur in Tucci's debut picture, *Big Night*). Is Gould indeed a great writer and thinker, or is he a sham? Is he worth supporting and nurturing, or has he merely become an agile panhandler? Tucci has Fellini's eye for great faces and he populates the screen with quintessential New York *punims*. His city of the Forties is in fact a major character. (Tucci scores points again for his vivid evocation of the city of that time.) Mitchell never feels quite at home in Manhattan, and neither does his bohemian discovery. *Joe Gould's Secret* moves at a deliberate pace, and the film is more a character study

NOW READ THE MOVIE!

Publishing film scripts isn't new—there were compilations of outstanding screenplays in the Thirties and Forties—and now the venture seems to be enjoying a rebirth.

Reading scripts has no particular allure for me, but I like the accompanying material: interviews with the filmmakers, behind-the-scenes notes and photos. Journalist turned screenwriter Stephen Schiff wrote an essay on the long and difficult journey of bringing *Lolita* to the screen that gives that published screenplay (*Lolita: The Book of the Film*, from Applause Books) much more value than it would have as a bare-bones script.

The companion book to *Cradle Will Rock* contains a thoughtful essay on the making of the film by director Tim Robbins, along with historical sidebars (and photos) of the real-life people and events that inspired the film.

Years ago, Newmarket Press came out with coffee-table books on *Dances With Wolves*, *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, *The Age of Innocence* and a delightful volume on *Sense and Sensibility* that included director Emma Thompson's production diaries. Now the independent New York publisher has inaugurated a series called the Shooting Script, which provides facsimiles of actual script pages for such titles as *Man on the Moon* (with notes by writers Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski and an afterword by director Miloš Forman), *Magnolia* (featuring a foreword by and interview with Paul Thomas Anderson) and *American Beauty*, by Alan Ball, with an introduction by director Sam Mendes. Other scripts demand more elaborate formats, like Julie Taymor's *Titus*, and *The Art of the Matrix*, which will be a book this fall featuring the 500 storyboards that helped sell the film to Warner Bros. Newmarket's founder, Esther Margolis, is passionate about these books, and she is especially pleased that *Beauty* has gone into eight printings so far.

Freshman film director Mendes told me there was a lot of discussion about what form the published screenplay should take, since the finished film was so radically different from the shooting script. "The scene I loved most in the script was one I had to cut out: It was a dream in which Kevin Spacey flies over the neighborhood. We shot it with blue screen. Some of the most beautiful cinematography in the film you didn't see." The film originally had a different framework and finale as well, but the published version conforms to the finished work.

Many vintage scripts have been published with just such notations by film scholars, even comparing the various drafts of scripts. But one recent published script has me baffled: The special effects were great, but who would want to read *Twister*? —L.M.

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Shyamalan: Success at last.

OFF CAMERA

M. Night Shyamalan isn't a typical success story. His first film didn't open to acclaim at Sundance; he didn't create a no-budget movie that went on to gain critical praise. In fact, his first two independent features flopped. It was his third, a mainstream but highly original movie released by the Walt Disney Co., that made him an overnight sensation after 10 years of trying. Shyamalan wrote and directed *The Sixth Sense*.

He's now shooting *Unbreakable* in his hometown of Philadelphia, reuniting with Bruce Willis ("He has a great quality of being an Everyman," says the director). Shyamalan shot *Sense* in Philly, and sees no reason to leave now. He's hoping that by remaining there, with his wife and two small children, he can maintain "a regular life, taking out the trash and all that stuff."

When I asked him about the biggest changes in his life since the success of his last film, Night (as he's known) told me he now gets phone calls from Hollywood bigwigs, even superstars. But the most meaningful change has been acceptance.

"I've always had this big chip on my shoulder to succeed," he told me, "and I don't have that anymore, because I'm making movies at a level I've always dreamed of, having the attention of the studio and the stars that I need. It's strange not to have that chip on my shoulder, having had it for a decade."

Shyamalan calls that period a time of personal devastation. "I made two films that failed on all levels: mixed reviews, no audience. It can't get any more frustrating than that. I felt like I was playing the wrong position on the basketball court. I was making independent films, but my instincts were very commercial—though not in a bad way." —L.M.

than a story. But it has an authentic feel for its subject and a thoughtful quality that's unique in contemporary American films. ¥¥¥

•

Om Puri, who made such a strong impression last year in *My Son the Fanatic*, stars in another film dealing with clashing cultures in contemporary England, ***East Is East*** (Miramax), set in the early Seventies. George Khan (Puri) is a Pakistani who came to England 25 years ago a penniless young man; now he runs a fish-and-chips store with his Anglo wife (Linda Bassett), who has given him seven children. At first, the setting and characters seem familiar, but in fact everything about this film is fresh, from the seriocomic approach to debut director Damien O'Donnell's energetic staging. Khan is delusional, foisting timeworn Pakistani customs and education on his children but blind to the fact that they have grown up English. What's more, they're attracted to the free-spirited life they see around them and want to be part of it. The comedy that arises from the story, and the mother's indomitable sense of humor, contrasts sharply with Khan's growing rage—a fury that is misdirected at every turn. Ayub Khan-Din adapted his play, but he and O'Donnell have somehow managed to free the material from the shackles of the stage, which is no easy task. As both a film and a social document, *East* really soars. ¥¥¥½

•

Anyone who grew up on a steady diet of Rod Serling's *The Twilight Zone* might have the same problem I do with ***Frequency*** (New Line): It just doesn't wash. Mind you, I'm a sucker for time-travel stories (remember the *Twilight Zone* episode about the guy who tries to prevent the assassination of President Lincoln?), but I never really bought into this one. Jim Caviezel plays a New York City cop who lives in his parents' former home in Queens. One night in 1999, the aurora borealis enables him to pick up a voice on his dad's old ham radio: It turns out to be his own father (Dennis Quaid), in 1969. Eventually, Caviezel tries to use his dad to manipulate both police and personal history. It's an appealing wish-fulfillment fantasy that tries to build warm, fuzzy feelings about making up for past mistakes and strengthening a bond between father and son that was cut short by tragedy. But these stories are fragile, and either you go along for the ride, or you don't. I didn't. Much as I like Dennis Quaid, I also had a hard time accepting his bogus New York accent, which kept taking me out of the film. No one ever accused Rod Serling of subtlety, but I always felt a sense of total conviction in his half-hour stories; *Frequency* merely seems contrived. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

American Psycho (Reviewed 5/00) A satiric fable about an Eighties yuppie serial killer. It's not just the character that's deadly, however; so is the movie. Christian Bale stars. ¥

Beyond the Mat (Listed only) Screenwriter Barry Blaustein's homage to professional wrestlers has the best quality of a documentary: It's interesting even to those who don't know, or care, about the subject. ¥¥¥

The Big Kahuna (See review) Kevin Spacey and Danny DeVito star in this vibrantly photographed stage play about a pair of traveling salesmen. ¥¥¥

East Is East (See review) Om Puri stars in this fresh story about a Pakistani who can't deal with the fact that his seven children—raised in England with a British mom—don't want to follow his ancient customs. ¥¥¥½

El Norte (Listed only) One of the great films of the Eighties makes a welcome return: It's the emotional saga of two young people traveling from Guatemala across the U.S. border to seek a new life in California. ¥¥¥¥

Frequency (See review) Jim Caviezel turns on his father's old ham radio in 1999 and finds Dad (Dennis Quaid) talking to him from 1969! Warm and fuzzy, although too contrived to be convincing. ¥¥

Joe Gould's Secret (See review) Stanley Tucci wrote, directed and stars in this fascinating look at a *New Yorker* writer and his latest subject: a scholar-madman, magnificently played by Ian Holm. ¥¥¥

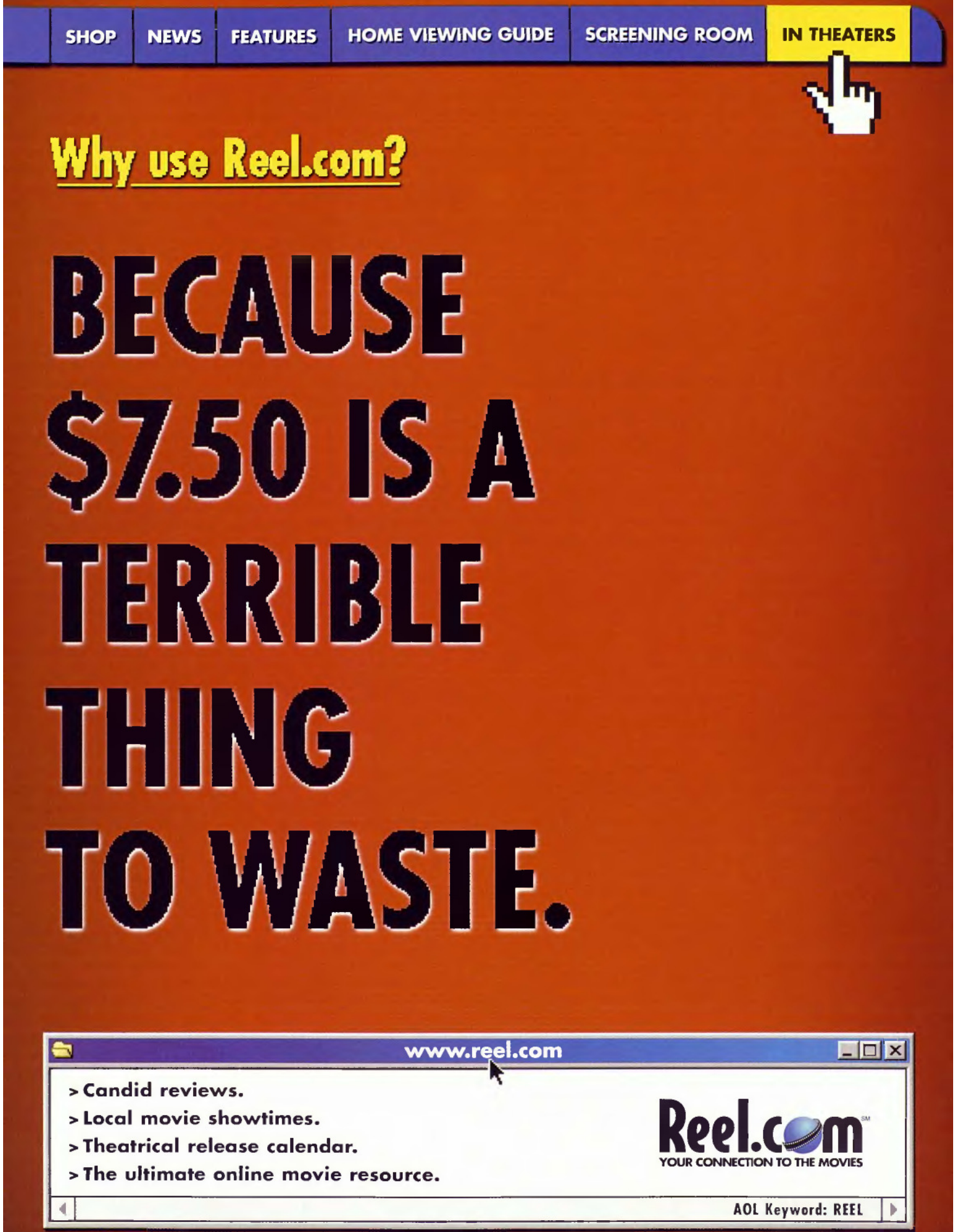
Love and Basketball (See review) A boy and girl grow up together as neighbors, competitors and finally lovers in this crowd-pleasing film. Impressive filmmaking debut by Gina Prince-Bythewood. ¥¥¥

The Virgin Suicides (5/00) Close-knit sisters are swept up in a bleak fate that mesmerizes four boys in Seventies suburbia. Sofia Coppola's adaptation of Jeffrey Eugenides' novel doesn't quite come off. ¥¥½

Waking the Dead (5/00) Billy Crudup and Jennifer Connelly play opposites who fall in love so passionately that nothing—not even death—can dispel it. ¥¥¥

Wonder Boys (Listed only) Michael Douglas gives an endearing performance as a former literary wunderkind with writer's block. Tobey Maguire, Frances McDormand and Robert Downey Jr. co-star in this low-key, loopy film. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it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GUEST SHOT

"One of my favorite videos is David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia*," says **Lorraine Bracco** of HBO's hit show *The Sopranos*. "And I love Marlon Brando in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. I would take *The Godfather I* and *II* and leave *III* at home. Watching myself was the only bad thing about *GoodFellas*. Because I was in it, I couldn't enjoy it like I did *Raging Bull* and all of Martin Scorsese's other movies. On the comedy side, I love *Some Like it Hot* and *West Side Story*." —SUSAN KARLIN

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Samuel L. Jackson stars this month in John Singleton's *Shaft Returns*. It reminds us of less nervous times, when blaxploitation ruled the drive-ins with low-budget urban action and all was right in the hood.

Cotton Comes to Harlem (1970): One of the first of the genre, this smooth mixture of action and comedy made a minor star of Godfrey Cambridge as a laid-back detective investigating a back-to-Africa con. It is a hoot. Directed by Ossie Davis.

The Mack (1973): Ex-con turned superpimp Max Julien is surrounded by some fine foxes. Young Richard Pryor co-stars.

Superfly (1972): Pusherman Youngblood Priest (Ron O'Neal) needs one more hit—and we don't mean a record—before retiring those suits. Curtis Mayfield's soulful soundtrack deserved an Oscar, but Isaac Hayes nabbed one for *Shaft* a year earlier.

Detroit 9000 (1973): Fast-moving and earnestly inept (a forgivable genre trademark), this music-driven melodrama has funk to burn. Rediscovered last year by Quentin Tarantino, who rereleased it on his own label.

Black Caesar (1973): Fred "the Hammer" Williamson's posse moves in on the mob in this uptown version of *The Godfather*. The James Brown soundtrack includes *Down and Out in New York City*.

Foxy Brown (1974): Pam Grier, gun hidden in her towering Afro, takes no prisoners but plenty of lives in this tale of a forthright woman who is *really* pissed off.

Black Belt Jones (1974): Cheese classic. The mob made a mistake killing karate-school owner Scatman Crothers, because now chop-socky champ Jim Kelly has reason to use his lethal hands. Everybody was kung fu fighting.

Cleopatra Jones (1973): U.S. Special Agent Tamara Dobson, a six-foot-two, Corvette-driving fashion plate, kicks the shit out of lesbian heroin ringleader Shelley Winters (pay attention to the foot massage scene).

Across 110th Street (1972): The best film of the lot. Detectives Anthony Quinn and Yaphet Kotto race to stop a war between New York street gangs and the mob. Very violent and very good—for 1972.

Dolemite (1975): The great Rudy Ray Moore doles out revenge on corrupt cops, using his army of female kung fu warriors. Splendidly terrible stuff.

I'm Gonna Git You Sucka (1988): Keenen Ivory Wayans, as Jack Spade, hilariously exploits the exploited in a story that has the genre mainstays coming out of retirement to shaft the Man one last time. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

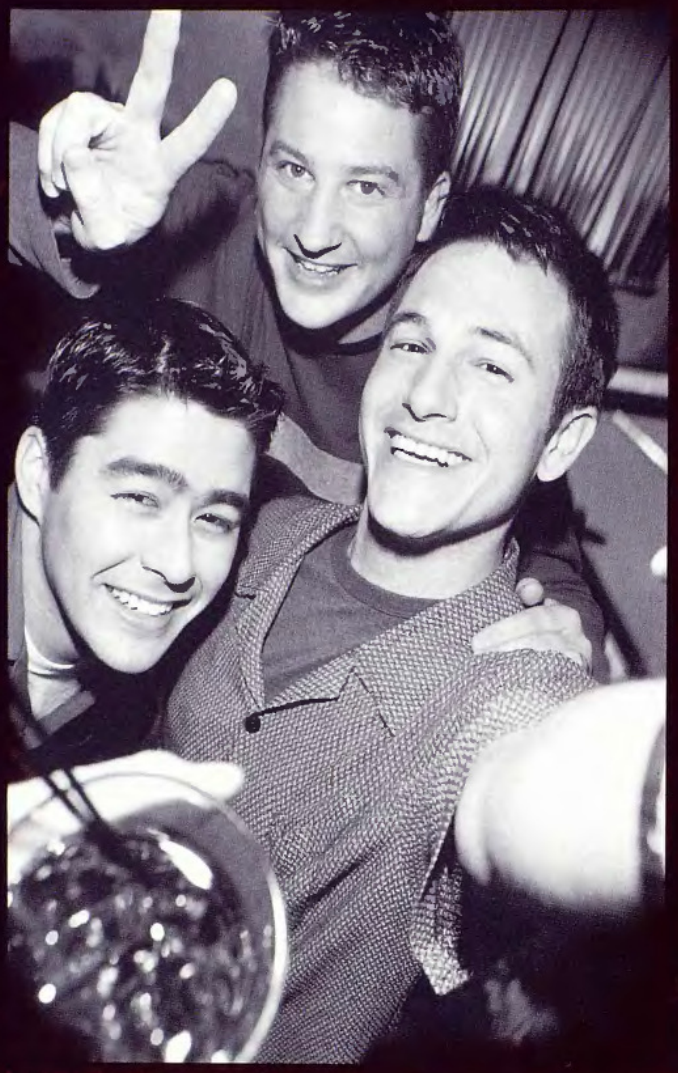
Ooh la la, it's mo' *O*. After languishing in obscurity for nearly 20 years, Shuji Terayama's 1981 erotic romp *Les Fruits de la Passion* is coming to video and OVD, but under its American theatrical title, ***The Fruits of Passion: The Story of O Continues*** (Anchor Bay). This sensuous tale of sex and bondage in Twenties Hong Kong is based on the work of Pauline Réage, who also wrote the classic *Story of O*. But this time it's Klaus Kinski getting kinky with lovely Arielle Dombasle. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

The seminal 1977 comedy potpourri ***Kentucky Fried Movie*** is now available from Anchor Bay on a commentary-filled DVD. Among those sounding off on the DVD are director John Landis, who made *Animal House* a year later, and writers Jim Abrahams, Jerry Zucker and David Zucker, who went on to make *Airplane*, *The Naked Gun* and the *Hot Shots* movies. Our advice for first-time viewers? Try to take in Bruce Lee's *Enter the Dragon* first, because it will make the movie's 20-minute parody, *A Fistful of Yen*, all the more satisfying. From the ridiculous to the sublime: Bert Stern's extraordinary documentary ***Jazz on a Summer's Day*** (New Yorker) is a greatest-hits recording of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, and Stern's camera is never obtrusive, allowing the luminous lineup to carry the day. The roster includes Thelonious Monk, Mahalia Jackson, Dinah Washington, Louis Armstrong, Gerry Mulligan, Jack Teagarden, Anita O'Day and Chuck Berry—Newport organizers always threw one rock curveball. How cool is it? Don't be surprised if it stays in the DVD player, as you listen to it over again without the video. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
AWARD-WORTHY	***Magnolia*** (a long *Short Cuts*–style day of living and dying in the San Fernando valley; Cruise has the ensemble's juiciest role), ***The Cider House Rules*** (abortionist's adopted heir goes pro-life; Michael Caine delights as the flawed crusader).
DRAMA	***The Green Mile*** (jailer Hanks bonds with a huge miracle man on death row; *Shawshank* team's follow-up epic runs long but well), ***Music of the Heart*** (teacher Meryl Streep hips Harlem kids to the classics; true story, and not too maudlin).
PERIOD	***Topsy-Turvy*** (Gilbert and Sullivan, down and bickering, whip up *Mikado*; lively fun from director Mike Leigh), ***Angela's Ashes*** (Ireland as a poor boy's hell; fans of Frank McCourt's memoir will be glad they waited for the tape).
RECOVERY	***Girl, Interrupted*** (middle-class chick Winona Ryder flies over the cuckoo's nest; episodic, but Angelina Jolie is worth a rental), ***Flawless*** (stroke victim De Niro seeks speech therapy from the drag queen next door; plots muddy fine chemistry).
DIGITAL FAMILIES	***Toy Story 2*** (toys are good, collectors evil; Pixar's witty follow-up is, remarkably, as delightful as the original), ***Stuart Little*** (E.B. White's fantasy of a family that adopts a mouse—an animatronic Michael J. Fox—told with charm and style).



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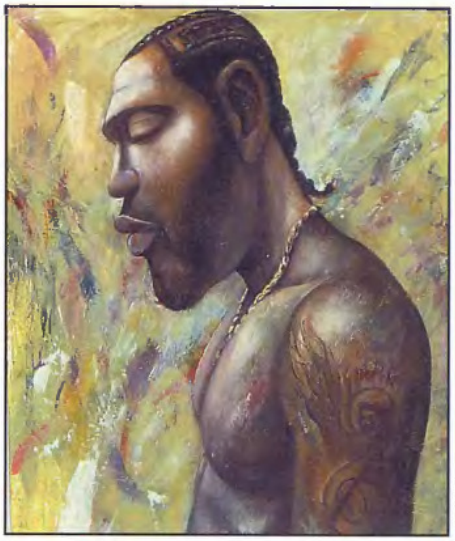
R&B

ARTISTICALLY AMBITIOUS and carefully executed song cycles disappeared from black music after Prince's *Sign o' the Times* and Janet Jackson's *Rhythm Nation*. Since then, the pickings have been slim. Most black pop albums are now defined by hit singles that can be turned into MTV videos. But D'Angelo's second album, ***Voodoo*** (Virgin), is a throwback. Five years after his celebrated debut, the Virginia-born singer-songwriter returns with a collection steeped in marijuana smoke, midtempo to slow rhythms and feverish lead vocals. The songs are, for the most part, melodically rudimentary yet laced with high-pitched emotion. *Africa* and the sensual *Untitled (How Does It Feel)* are chart-bound but fit sonically into D'Angelo's moody worldview. *Devil's Pie*, the only track produced by hip-hop master Premier, is the most overtly political statement on the album. It would have worked better if D'Angelo had matched his sonic textures with equally pointed lyrics. This is music for one A.M., not the middle of the afternoon.

—NELSON GEORGE



D'Angelo's *Voodoo*.

D'Angelo smolders, classic rock lives and Conlon Nancarrow roars.

ROCK

Jim Roll is about the most laconic performer you could imagine. His second record, ***Lunette*** (New West), has legit roots-rock credentials, thanks to production by Walter Salas-Humara of the Silos. That implies a stew of rock, country, folk and guitar pop and at times, when he's singing, a little Neil Young. But for Roll, it's really about the songs, and to put one over he'll do just about anything. To *These Winds*, for instance, he adds a string quartet right off the Beatles' *White Album*. This doesn't make Roll experimental, just a writer with the courage of his convictions. In its best songs, boisterous items like *$15 and a Bottle of Wine* and *1955*, *Lunette* suggests he's chosen a wise path. Roll is now an eccentric taking on the toughest challenge of all—trying to connect with the rest of us.

Feisty singer-songwriters like Jim Roll would be unimaginable without Warren Zevon, who began a similar journey back in the Seventies. ***Life'll Kill Ya*** (Artemis) is rock and roll grown up and looking age square in the face. In fact, Zevon spends a fair amount of time spitting in death's eye. *I Was in the House When the House Burned Down* seems as much about the deterioration of the body as of any external abode. *Porcelain Monkey* is probably the most unkind account of Elvis Presley's demise any rock-and-roller has ever written; it's also one of the smartest. Zevon's piano-based songs don't rattle along as recklessly as they once did, but he remains one of pop music's best aphorists: "Everyone got famous, everyone got rich/Everyone went off the rails and ended in the ditch," he sings in reference to the rock crusaders of his youth. He has also made a living on the edge of misanthropy. *Life'll Kill Ya* turns a lot of that anger into internal monolog, but in a way that makes what Zevon mutters to himself seem familiar to others in the same predicament—aging without pretense of grace. If Elvis had heard it, he might have stuck around just to sing *I'll Slow You Down*.

—DAVE MARSH

Old Steely Dan fans fall into two categories—devotees of such acerbic early Seventies hits as *Do It Again* and *Reeling in the Years* and those who caught on in 1977, when the gorgeously engineered *Aja* became a staple of AOR radio. ***Two Against Nature*** (Giant), Donald Fagen and Walter Becker's first studio album in almost 20 years, is a surprisingly effective effort to satisfy both camps—and both sides of the duo's cynical but perfectionist sensibility. With energy and commitment unheard of in rock reunions, the old partners hire a new set of studio sharpsters and pick up their jazzy rock where it left off. The grooves are deeper, the harmonies are weirder and the arrangements are trickier than *Aja*'s. Fagen's mordant mind-set adds bite to the music here. His main theme, as befits a guy in his 50s, is sex as power.

Featuring ex-members of the dB's (Peter Holsapple), the Bangles (Vicki Peterson) and the Dream Syndicate (Mark Walton), New Orleans' Continental Drifters is loaded with songwriters. But on ***Vermilion*** (Razor & Tie), the Drifter who puts the songs across, and writes good ones herself, is an ex-Cowsill: lead singer Susan Cowsill.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The Beach Boys and the Byrds are rightly celebrated as America's response to the British Invasion led by the Beatles in the Sixties. But the underrated Lovin' Spoonful comes in a close third. This past March their overdue induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame helped pull them out of semiobscurity. The group, led by vocalist and autoharp master John Sebastian, produced an upbeat country blues called jug-band music. Hits such as *Do You Believe in Magic*, *Daydream* and *Summer in the City* blended the jangly folk rock of the Byrds with the buoyant melodicism and complex arrangements of the Beach Boys. Some critics complained that they lacked a dark side. True, they could be a little cute at times. ***The Lovin' Spoonful's Greatest Hits*** (Buddha) features 26 remastered tracks, including the cream of their first three albums. Unlike the Spoonful, Paul Revere and the Raiders were Sixties bubblegum rockers who really were guilty of playing cornball AM radio rock. Naturally, some of it was wonderful. *Just Like Me* is a slick garage-band nod to the Kinks, while *Hungry* has a riff worthy of the Yardbirds. Their expanded ***Greatest Hits*** (Legacy) features these and 13 other guilty pleasures. The great live band of the San Francisco scene was Quicksilver Messenger Service. Fueled by guitarist John Cippolina's runs and Gary Duncan's romps, it was the hottest act in town. But their dazzling jazz-influenced instrumentals and psychedelic originals sounded thin on record. ***Unreleased Quicksilver Messenger Service: Lost Gold and Silver*** (Collectors Choice/EMI) offers two discs of unreleased live and studio material that finally capture their guitar interplay in all its glory.

—VIC GARBARINI

When contemplating the Genitorturers, the question naturally arises: Would I prefer to watch or to listen to them torture their genitals? Those who prefer the visual are directed to their website (genitorturers.com) or home video, *Society of Genitorture* (G-Spot Films). Those who prefer the audio should pick up ***Machine Love*** (Cleopatra Records), a CD poised about halfway between metal and industrial. On the music-to-torture scale, it is surprisingly toward the musical side. With imaginative arrangements, riffs from the Marquis de Sade school of guitar and sensuous vocals by killer babe Gen, their cover of *Touch Myself*, the

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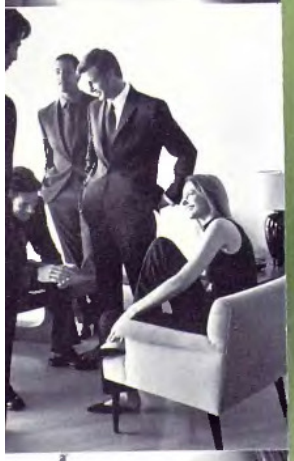

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GET NO RESPECT DEPARTMENT: It's bad enough that the giant SFX Entertainment company is gobbling up rock venues; now it has taken **Bill Graham's** name off the company he founded 35 years ago. To add insult to injury, a local TV station in San Francisco reported the story with a photo of the **Reverend Billy Graham** as the visual.

REELING AND ROCKING: The upcoming **Abbie Hoffman** bio film, *Steal This Movie*, features music from **Steve Earle, Jackson Browne, Joan Osborne** and **Ani DiFranco**. . . . The producer of *Austin Powers* has teamed up with the writer of *To Wong Foo* to make *Little Diva*, about a teen star who decides to give up lip-synching and start singing. . . . Two films that were shown at Sundance have music themes and national distributors: *Groove*, which takes place during one night on the rave party scene, and *Chuck and Buck*, a comedy about a slacker and his childhood friend, who is now a big gun in the record biz. . . . The director of *Girl, Interrupted*, **James Mangold,** plans to direct the Johnny Cash biofilm. No word on a star yet. . . . **Kirk Franklin** plays a choir director for his film debut in *Something to Sing About*, produced by Billy Graham's evangelical ministry. . . . **Third Eye Blind's Stephan Jenkins** plays a thug in the new **Mark Wahlberg** movie.

NEWSBREAKS: Vetrock 2000, sponsored by Vietnam Veterans of America, will play across the country into November with bands such as **Blood, Sweat and Tears, Steppenwolf,** the **Rascals,** the **Lovin' Spoonful,** the **Box Tops** and **Iron Butterfly,** among others. . . . When the Experience Music Project opens in Seattle this summer, visitors will tour an interactive museum with exhibits, artifacts and technology, all in a building designed by **Frank Gehry**. . . . **Alanis Morissette,** who made her stage debut in the spring (after her movie debut in *Dogma*), is in the studio working on an album for release early in 2001. . . . *Selena Forever*, a musical playing in Texas about **Selena,** features songs she performed as well as other Latin and tejano numbers to reach a broad audience. . . . An exhibit on the roots of rock and soul has opened in Memphis in the Gibson Guitar Building. It traces music from the Depression to the Seventies through the work of **Howlin' Wolf, B.B. King, Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis, Isaac Hayes** and **Otis Redding,** to name but a few. . . . There will be a third Family Values tour. Last year's has been captured on CD and long-form home video, with material not available elsewhere. . . . Another summer tour, Diversity 101, will target young men and will feature **Nas, Foo Fighters, Live, Ben Harper** and **Natalie Merchant**. . . . **Joni Mitchell** plans to rerecord her old songs with a full orchestra. . . . **James Taylor,** whose first five albums have been digitally remastered, was inducted into both the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and the Songwriters Hall of Fame this month. . . . **Mark Bryan,** the first member of **Hootie** to release a solo album, also played on **Darius Rucker's** R&B album. Neither of these CDs interferes with any Hootie plans. . . . Although **Jennifer Lopez** has denied that she insured her body for $1 billion, she topped the sixth annual sexy legs survey sponsored by Hanes hosiery. . . . Lastly, you'll be glad to know that **Britney Spears** doesn't like her dolls any better than you do. "There are a bunch of different models—one is so ugly. I know I'm not the prettiest person in the world, but this doll is ugly." What's really ugly is having to listen to *Baby, One More Time* one more time.

—BARBARA NELLIS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
D'Angelo *Voodoo*	8	7	9	7	7
Genitorturers *Machine Love*	6	7	7	7	8
Lovin' Spoonful *Greatest Hits*	8	9	7	7	8
Jim Roll *Lunette*	6	7	8	8	8
Steely Dan *Two Against Nature*	9	7	7	6	7

Divinyls' ode to onanism, is the best joke I've heard this millennium. Did I mention they have more talent than Marilyn Manson?

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

CLASSICAL

In an effort to expand their markets, classical labels have given us the likes of *Mozart for Babies*. But, as two recent CDs prove, music doesn't have to be gimmicky to attract an audience. ***Alina*** (ECM), the latest in an impressive series of releases by Estonian composer Arvo Pärt, is a work of noble simplicity and calm grandeur. Pärt writes accessible but brilliant chamber music. Played mostly on violin and piano, *Alina* offers emotional complexity in its barest form. Sonic Youth's music isn't as serene or as simple as Pärt's, but it still draws a crowd. ***Goodbye 20th Century*** (SYR) offers works by such unrepentant modernists as John Cage and Christian Wolff. Part homage and part experiment, this set makes difficult music comprehensible.

Franz Joseph Haydn isn't known for his piano concertos. Yet, with ***Piano Concerto #3, 4 and 11*** (EMI), Norwegian pianist Leif Ove Andsnes demonstrates that this is some of Haydn's most powerful music.

Conlon Nancarrow and Glenn Gould expanded the range of the piano. Gould pushed the limits of human performance, and Nancarrow dispensed with the human altogether. In ***Glenn Gould Plays Bach: The Original Jacket Collection*** (Sony), a 12-CD set of his Columbia recordings, we listen to Bach in a new way. Given Gould's sublime technique and virtuosic clarity, it's hard to imagine anyone ever surpassing him. But, it turns out, the machine can perform in ways Gould could never approach. Over the course of 40 years, underrated American composer Conlon Nancarrow composed by punching holes in mechanical piano rolls. In his five-CD ***Studies for Player Piano*** (Wergo), the virtuoso is mechanized. Despite its superhuman tempos and impossible complexity, Nancarrow's eccentric music has a rhapsodic beauty.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

WORLD

Superproducer Bill Laswell takes traditional Irish music to outer space and back with ***Emerald Aether: Shape Shifting/ Reconstructions of Irish Music*** (Shanachie). Ancient melodies shimmer in their glory, then get shredded through the maximum megahertz of Laswell's computer. It's 12th century Celtic hip-hop—strange, beautiful, imaginative and symphonic in its sweep.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

X MARKS THE BOX

Apparently the government crackdown on Microsoft isn't stopping Bill Gates and company from pursuing tech-world domination. Turns out the software Goliath has been secretly developing a home gaming console (code name: X-Box) to rival the launch of the new PlayStation 2 and Nintendo systems. We're not surprised by this news. After all, Microsoft built the operating system in Sega's Dreamcast. But it looks like the company saved the real muscle for its own game machine. The X-Box will be DVD-ROM–based, like the forthcoming PlayStation, and it will be powered by a 600-megahertz Intel processor (compared to the 200- and 300-megahertz chips in the Dreamcast and PlayStation 2). The X-Box will reportedly be built more like a computer with a Windows-

CHARLIE POWELL

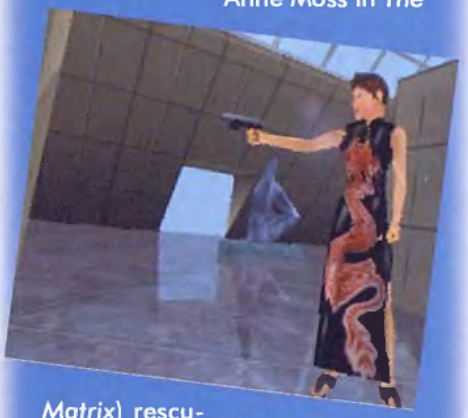
based operating system, gobs of internal memory and storage and Internet capabilities. These features suggest that you'll be able to download game updates, new team rosters, bonus levels and other information directly from the web to your console—a first. The one major weak link is games. Microsoft will have to offer more than just Age of Empires, Combat Flight Simulator and its other PC titles if it plans to overthrow Nintendo's Mario Bros. franchise and PlayStation brands such as Gran Turismo and Final Fantasy. Stay tuned. So far, Electronic Arts, Eidos and Activision have committed to making games. —JASON BUHRMESTER

THE BLUETOOTH BOOM

Bluetooth sounds like a dental disease, but it's actually a new radio-frequency technology that could transform consumer electronics. Backed by 1400 companies (including Nokia, Motorola, Microsoft and IBM), Bluetooth allows for easy gadget-to-gadget communications while expanding the capabilities of individual devices. A Bluetooth-equipped portable MP3 player, for example, can play songs directly through your car stereo, open the car doors, turn off your alarm and even replace that whole key-in-the-ignition thing. It can also make phone calls, keep your calendar and even do overtime as your home theater remote control—all without any cables or connections. Named after a 10th century Viking king skilled in the art of shmoozing (networking, get it?), Bluetooth will ultimately replace infrared on notebook computers, PDAs, cell phones and pagers, says James White of Telelogic, a member of the Bluetooth Special Interest Group. "And then it will be gangbusters." Within the next two years, just about everything electronic—from coffeepots to computers—will speak the same linking language. The first Bluetooth product, the T28 World cell phone from Ericsson (pictured in *Digital Destiny*, on page 132), arrived last month. A wireless headset attachment with voice-recognition capability will soon be available for the phone. And we saw a prototype of an expansion module that turns the T28 into an MP3 music player. Later this year, Toshiba will present Bluetooth versions of its Tecra and Portege notebook computers. And by the end of 2000, Widcom will unveil a trio of Bluetooth devices: a USB cable for desktops, a PCMCIA card for laptops and a module for the Handspring Visor that will allow you to synchronize files with your computer wirelessly. —JOEL ENOS

GAME OF THE MONTH

Special operative Joanna Dark is the sexy star of the year's most anticipated video game—**Perfect Dark.** Set in 2023, the Nintendo 64 title has Dark (think Carrie-Anne Moss in *The*



Matrix) rescuing a scientist who has been kidnapped by an evil corporation. Sounds like your typical video game plot. But there's a twist: Aliens are the good guys and they team up with Dark to complete what will undoubtedly be the first of many missions. The action is intense and the enemies are deadly. But so are your weapons—more than 40 of them. And, if you're peeved at someone in the real world, you can use the Game Boy Camera and Transfer Pack to insert his picture over the face of a bad guy. —BETH TOMKIW

WILD THINGS

Altec Lansing's Voice Pod (pictured here) lets you attach spoken-word files to e-mail, text documents and photographs—all with the touch of a button. You also can use the mouse-sized device for web-based teleconferencing and online chatting. Price: about $100.

• If you're looking for a notebook computer that's a little offbeat, check out Aqcess Technologies' Qbe (pronounced "cube"). This clipboard-shaped PC has all the bells ond whistles of a desktop model, including a Pentium III processor, plenty of RAM and storage and a 56kbps modem. But instead of a keyboard, Qbe comes with a stylus and touchscreen for tapping out orders. The innovotive Qbe has a DVD drive for spinning games and movies. It olso comes with a digital camera—all for about $5000. —MARC SALTZMAN

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 190.

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living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

MP3 WITHOUT TEARS

Dealing with downloadable music can be confusing. It's simple enough to grab MP3 or WMA files from **listen.com** or the incredible Napster program (get it from **napster.com**; Mac people use **macster.com**), but once you have a library of tunes squeezed onto your hard drive, what next? You don't want to have to sit in front of your computer to listen to them, and most programs for transferring MP3s to CDs are a chore. That's where the new RioPort Audio Manager version 3.0 comes in. This Windows program (available from **rioport.com**) lets you easily search, download, organize, play and convert your music files into a variety of formats. For example, as I write this, I'm downloading an MP3 of the Charlie Parker song *Slow Boat to China* from **jazzpromo.com**. I'll use the Audio Manager to store the file in a database that includes other songs I've downloaded, as well as songs I've copied from my CD collection. Then, I can select songs from the database and create a playlist, which I can burn onto a CD or upload to a portable MP3 player. The process is simple—just drag and drop song titles from one place to the other, without having to worry about which file format or kind of security has been built into each song. The Audio Manager takes care of all the ugly under-the-hood stuff. The program is free, but if you use it to make more than 50 CDs, you'll have to pay 10 bucks to unlock the software for unlimited CD burning. Start the music.

SMOOTH SURFING

I've been using a prerelease version of the new Internet Explorer 5 for Macintosh, and I love it. The 5.0 is a major upgrade—tighter and more stable than 4.5. The biggest improvement is that pages load quicker. New features are useful, too, especially the Auction Manager, which lets you track items you are bidding on without having to go to the auction site. The Internet Scrapbook lets you store web pages on your computer so you can read them any time, even when you aren't connected to the Net. The interface and tool bars are easy to customize—just drag control icons you want onto the menu bar. If you use a Mac, don't delay—grab IE 5.0 (free) from **microsoft.com/mac.**

TIKI BAR HOPPING

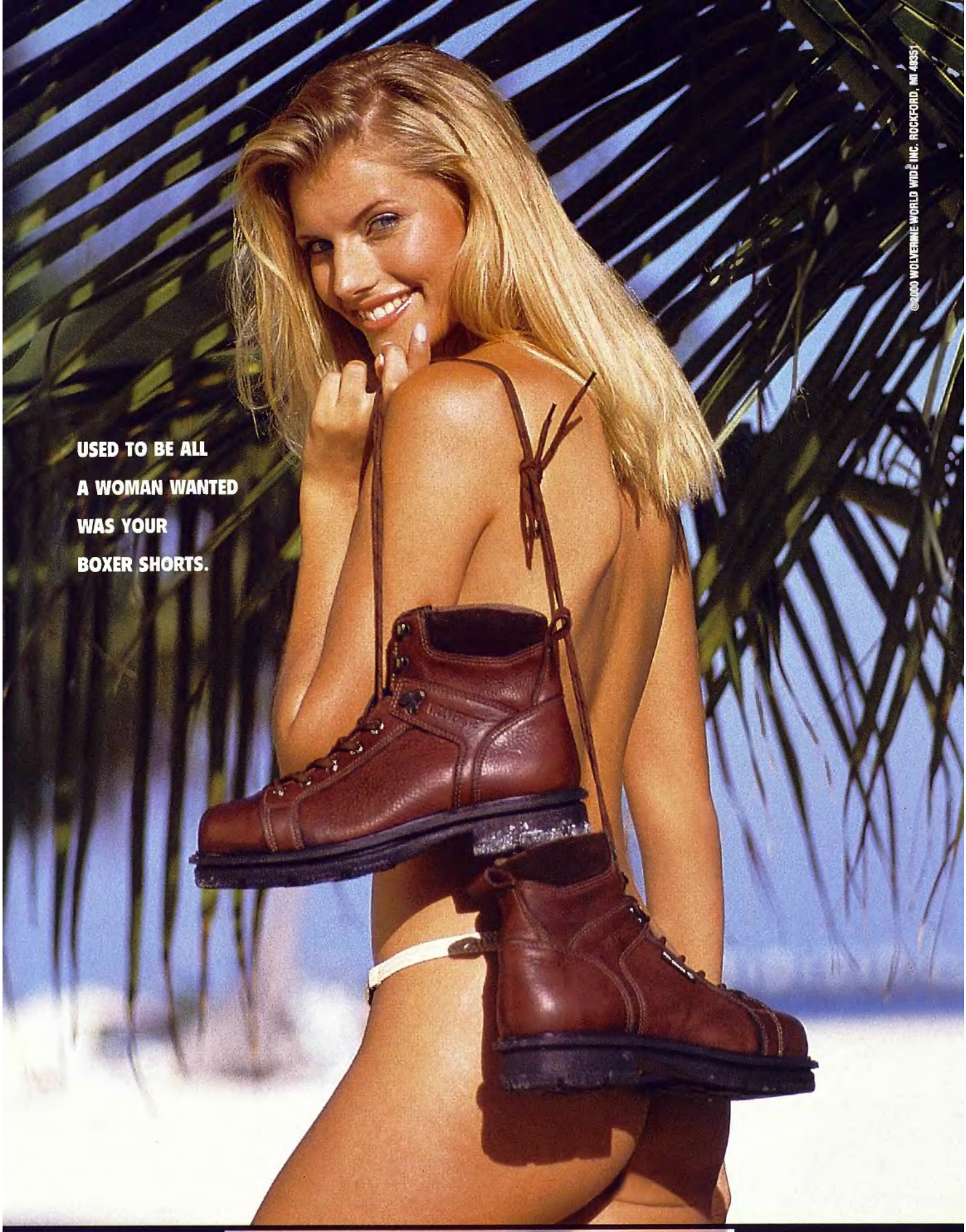
I missed out on the tiki bars of the Sixties, but the Polynesian kitsch craze is back, and I try to make a point of stopping at one in every city I visit. If you're as much of a sucker as I am for chandeliers made out of blowfish, carved stone gods, thatch-roofed huts, Martin Denny's Hawaiian lounge music and indoor lagoons, go to the Tiki Bar Review Pages at geo **cities.com/Tokyo/Fuji/2185/tikimain.html,** and learn about all the places where you can sip a mai tai from a ceramic volcano while nibbling deep-fried shrimp balls in fluorescent-red sauce. Ahh, you can't get more laid back than this without drugs. Anyone for crab rangoon?

INSTANT WEBSITES

Even the easiest build-your-own-homepage sites, such as Tripod and GeoCities, aren't a snap to use. If you just need a way to post images and text to the web, try **eBoard.com,** which works like an electronic corkboard. I created liv ingonline.eboard.com in about a minute. Once you have your own eboard, you can let other people post their messages and images on it, either by giving them a password or by making the board open to anyone. Create an eboard, and you can share pictures with far-flung friends or even publish your own newsletter.

CLICK AND LEARN

You're at a financial website, looking for ways to convert the $57 in your savings account into a couple of million by the time you retire. Trouble is, you can't understand what you're reading. What the hell is a derivative instrument? What's intertemporal fund allocation? Before you give up and head for the racetrack window, try downloading a couple of virtual research assistants that can help you as you surf. FlySwat (**flyswat.com**) and GuruNet (**gurunet.com**) analyze the web pages you read and create links to words in *(concluded on page 164)*



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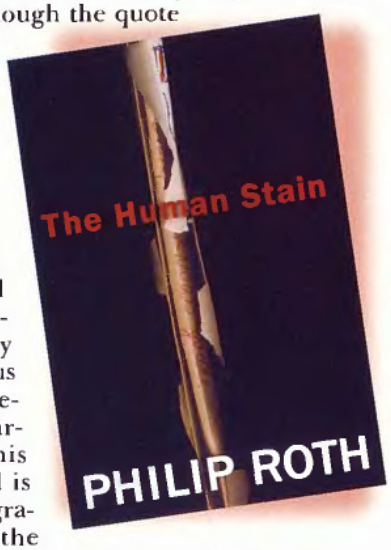
books

A LESSER PROFESSOR

Philip Roth's new novel, ***The Human Stain*** (Houghton Mifflin), is set in "the summer when a president's penis was on everyone's mind, and life, in all its shameless impurity, once again confounded America." Though the quote suggests we're in for a playful, satiric ride, *Stain* is serious stuff. It begins with the downfall of an aging professor at a small New England college who has been something of a campus star. When his innocent classroom comment is misinterpreted as a racial slur, the once-revered Coleman Silk is hounded by demonstrators and a jealous faculty into a bitter retirement that becomes unbearable after the death of his wife. His emotional load is briefly lightened by a Viagra-fueled secret affair with the school's female janitor (many years his junior), who has her own problems, but this, too, eventually becomes grist for the college rumor mill. Halfway through the book, Roth gives this tale of a modern Job an inventive twist. His literary alter ego, novelist Nathan Zuckerman, befriends Silk and discovers that he has been living a lie for all his adult life. Zuckerman's probing of the prof's past results in a surprising, provocative novel that underlines the point of much of Roth's fiction: A man has only so much control over his destiny. —DICK LOCHTE



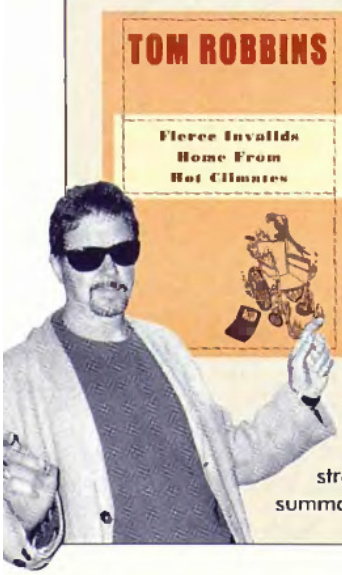
THERE IS PROSE IN SPANISH HARLEM

Tuff (Knopf) by Paul Beatty and ***Bodega Dreams*** (Vintage) by Ernesto Quiñonez are two new breakthrough novels. Both are set in contemporary East Harlem, and the rubble-strewn lots provide fertile ground for each. *Bodega Dreams*, Quiñonez' debut, has a conventional feel. Its vitality comes from a piquant mix of Spanish and English (Spanglish) and Quiñonez' homegrown appreciation of his subject. The whole neighborhood comes alive: There's the drug-running toad-faced thug Sapo; the narrator, Chino, who is caught between his adolescent past and responsible future; and Chino's wife, a Pentecostal beauty who can be a hard-ass. The American assimilation story runs head-on into a retelling of *The Great Gatsby*, with Gatsby recast as a reform-minded crack kingpin and Nick as Chino. It's a poignant fit against a backdrop of Taino culture and a history of the Young Lords movement. You'll close the book applauding Quiñonez' ability. To call Paul Beatty a writer of promise is to undersell the guy. His skills as a poet (a former poetry-slam champ) and writer (his first book was *The White Boy Shuffle*) are in full flower, but he has yet to turn in a perfect showcase for them. Beatty seems consumed with the breadth of modern culture, from New York street life to foreign films, and the range of modern language, from snaps to Beat imagery—all in one book. His satire drifts in and out of focus, but when the facade slips, he can be brilliant. Witness his painful description of a poor little girl, which is one of the most affecting passages we've read all year: "The grease-stained pink T-shirt was too small, and her bare midriff was bracketed by the bony rib cage of a lion cub starving in an African drought." Beatty's 320-pound antihero, Winston "Tuffy" Foshay, is more of an enigma. Tuffy is a case study in apathy—raw-smart and cynical. He is a bully, albeit a heroic one, and he belongs to a closed society. Even a black preppy rabbi, who is meant to serve as a bridge between Tuffy and the reader, is kept at arm's length. Finally, a plot meanders to the surface: Tuffy's surrogate mom, a Sixties radical who ran with Tuffy's Black Panther father, persuades him to run for city council. Social consciousness weighs heavily here, as it does in *Bodega Dreams*. The election comes and goes, with artful and hilarious scenes throughout, but the changes in Tuffy are practically imperceptible. —CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

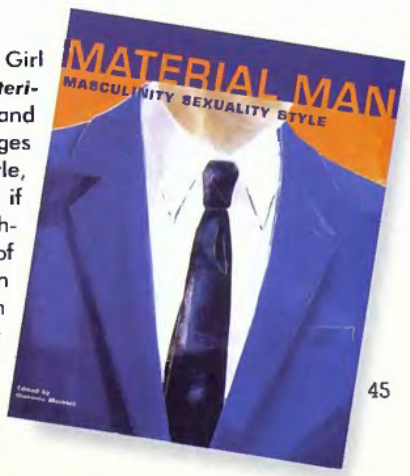
ERIC STRENGER

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

In his seventh novel, Tom Robbins announces thot he'll be "shunning the wantonly tongentiol influence of the natural mind and stopping only occasionally to smell the adjectives or kick some oss." A bold departure? Hordly. Switters, the addled hero of ***Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates*** (Bantam), practically bursts off the poge as he controdicts the author's sly pronouncement. Like any Robbins protogonist, Switters is the usual bundle of outrageous behovior and conflicting impulses. He's o rogue CIA operative with an insatiable thirst for virgins ond mind-exponding drugs and a soft spot for Broadway show tunes. After he's dispatched to Peru by his CIA bosses, he finds himself saddled with the difficult task of returning his grandmother's porrot to the Bolivian wilds. This seemingly benign errand is the launching point for all monner of traditional Robbins obsurdity. Robbins leads the reader on a dizzying chorge from the roin forest to the Middle East to Seattle, oll to the strains of *Send In the Clowns*—on apt summation for his novel. —JOSHUA GREEN



MAN, OH MAN:
Madonno bronded the Moterial Girl into Eighties culture; in the ***Material Man*** (Abrams), 19 journalists and scholars present provocative images ond essays on mosculinity in battle, sports, art, fashion and film. But if you seek odvice on sex, style, foshion or moybe even the meaning of life, arbiter of good toste Glenn O'Brien delivers the goods with rozor-shorp wit in ***The Style Guy*** (Ballantine). Styling was never so eosy. —HELEN FRANGOULIS



By ASA BABER

DAVID VOGT

PRESIDENT BABER SPEAKS!

What follows is the speech I hope to give to the nation on the morning of November 8, 2000 (the day after Election Day—which also happens to be my eldest son's birthday).

My fellow Americans: Let me express my sincere thanks to those of you who voted me in as president of the United States yesterday. I owe the millions of voters who placed their faith in me my deepest gratitude, and I promise that I am ready for the challenging job ahead. With loyal friends like you, I will never need to fear my enemies.

We certainly fooled the pollsters and the pundits, didn't we? Remember Gloria Steinem's condescending diatribe? "Asa Baber," she wrote in a *New York Times* op-ed piece, "epitomizes everything that is wrong with men in this country today. He has an adolescent's attitude toward sexuality and a male chauvinist pig's insensitivity to the welfare of women. Voting for Baber would be like voting for Hitler." To which I respond by saying, "Go suck a grape, Gloria. Who are you to judge me? I'm a man, not a pig, and I'm for equal rights for everybody, so *hasta la vista*, baby!"

I should point out that not all female journalists opposed me. Maureen Dowd's favorable reviews of my candidacy had a lot to do with my success—see, for example, her column from last Sunday, titled "Ace the Base Is Winning the Race, But That Doesn't Mean He Can Sit on My Face."

"Baber may be a jerk," Dowd wrote, "but I promise you, Ms. America, that he loves women. Treat him with kindness and he will lie down at your feet and slobber all over your slippers like a puppy in love. This guy can be controlled with the wink of a thigh, so feed him a dog biscuit when he's restless and watch him whimper!"

Thanks for those kind words Maureen. I think they made a great difference with your readers, and I won't forget them. (By the way, you are on my short list for ambassador to Ireland, so stand by for my call.)

My election is a genuine miracle. Never before in our nation's history has a write-in candidate been elected president. And never before has a man of such politically incorrect attitudes and socially awkward tendencies won the highest office in the land. Clearly, America is ready to move into the 21st century with confidence and hope.

That being the case, let me list a partial agenda for my first 1000 days in office. Here is some of the legislation I will introduce to Congress in my first State of the Union speech:

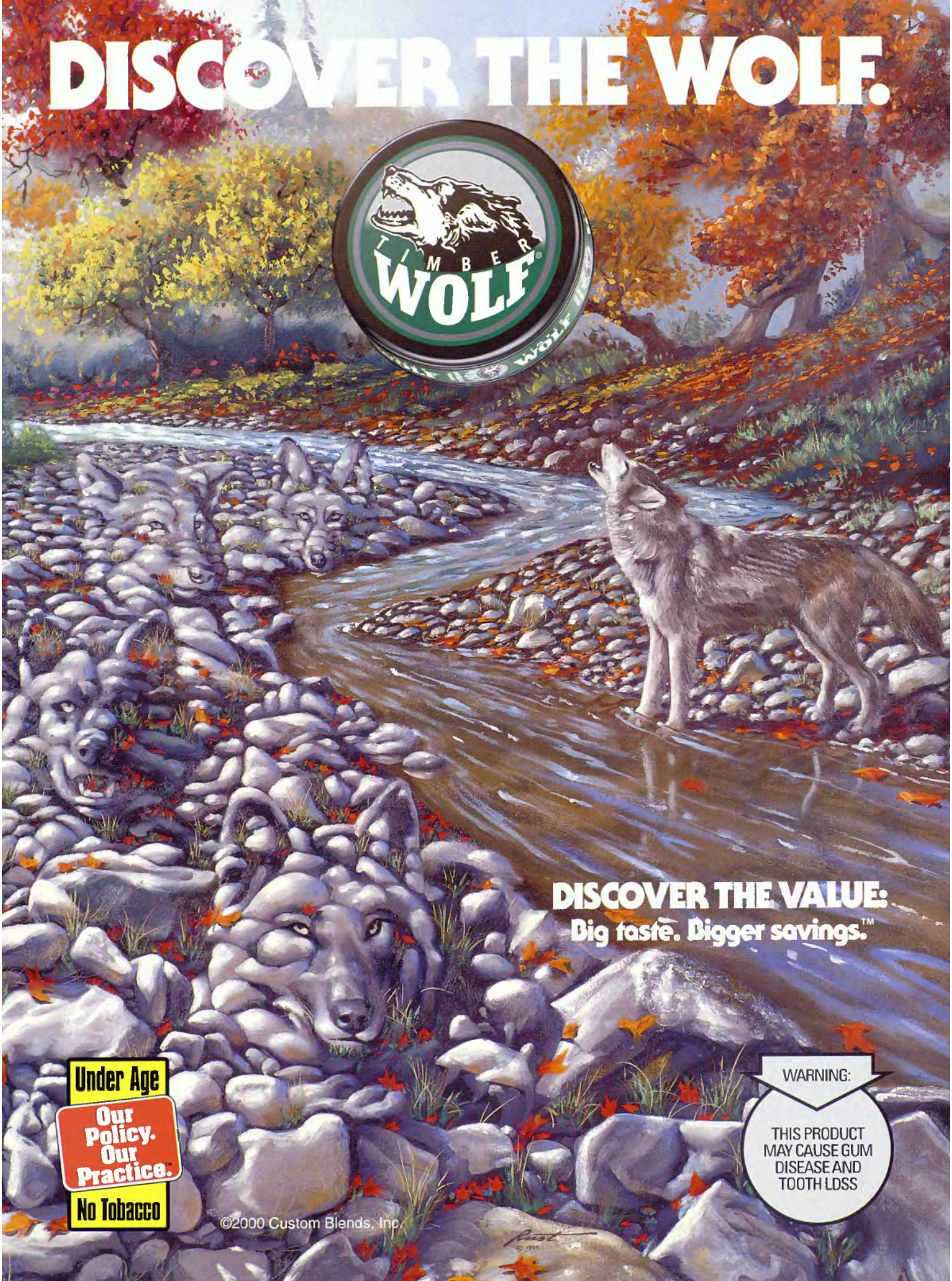
(1) *The Fathers' Rights Act.* No other chief executive has ever been willing to talk bluntly about this subject, but since when did that stop me? I have a news flash, folks: Fathers are people, too! My administration will be the first in our history to consider and publicize the problems that men face in this culture—and the disaffection and disappearance of fathers from the family scene is at the top of that list. The Fathers' Rights Act decrees that the bond between father and child is as vital and sacred as the mother-and-child relationship. This is the bedrock principle from which all divorce and separation lawsuits must begin. Call it the first family value!

(2) *The Freedom to Watch Sports on TV Without Having to Chat Like a Goddamn Girl Act.* There are many things in our society that are designed to drive men crazy (make your own list, if you dare!), but first and foremost is this agonizing problem: Most of the women we know think we owe them our attention and stimulating conversation as we try to watch our favorite teams compete on television. So let the word go forth from this time and place that we take our sports seriously, from the Super Bowl and the World Series down to the last frame of Bowling for Dollars reruns, and we claim the divine right to watch them all without interruption. Under this act, women who insist on being irritating Chatty Cathys during sports broadcasts—including all the ads, cable outages, bathroom breaks, telephone calls to buddies, time-outs, floods and famines—will be banished to Iceland until they promise to shut up and pass the popcorn. And if any of those shameless hussies argue that they are simply better at multitasking and that they should not be punished for it, they will be imprisoned for the duration of the event.

(3) *The Equal Life and Longevity Act.* Want to piss off a pointy-headed liberal who spends his time sympathizing with his radical feminist friends while totally ignoring the dilemmas of men today? Show him this proposed legislation and watch him shriek in indignation. Yes, you heard it here, my friends: Under the Equal Life and Longevity Act, all our funds for scientific and medical research will go toward eliminating the discrepancy between the length of men's and women's lives in America (on average, a seven-year difference). This means, for example, that money for breast cancer research will have to be matched by an equivalent sum for prostate cancer research. It also means that, perhaps for the first time in history, male life will not be considered cheap and expendable. What a revolutionary thought!

(4) *The Jerry Springer Memorial Holiday Act.* To have a male-friendly administration, I find it necessary to memorialize one of our country's heroes (for men, anyway). True, he is not John Wayne or Gary Cooper, nor is he a Medal of Honor winner or a former astronaut. But we owe Jerry Springer our eternal thanks for his cheap, tasteless and often amoral television show. At a time when Oprah was motivating millions of sobbing women to hate us and men were being told that we were politically incorrect slimeballs, when professors and preachers and shrinks and publishers and editors and news anchors were bashing regular guys with cruel abandon, Jerry Springer gave us refuge. In the privacy of our own homes, we could tune him in and climb back into the gutter, which is, at least half the time, our most natural habitat. Lives there a man with soul so dead he has not laughed at least once at the *Springer* freak show? I don't think so. (Springer's holiday will fall on March 17, which is both Saint Patrick's Day and my youngest son's birthday.)

(5) *The Asa Baber as Permanent President Act.* Believe me, good citizens, this act is designed for your own protection. Democracy has its limits, and now that I have reached the pinnacle of power, I see them more clearly. Like most men, I view myself as indispensable to the universe (I'm really going to miss me when I'm gone!), and I want to enjoy the perks of office as long as I can. Between the limousines and interns and conferences with my all-Centerfold cabinet, my work will never really be done . . . so may my ruffles be flourished eternally!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Hill and Gully Rider

There's more to driving in the rough than just pointing your car and pressing the accelerator, as you'll learn when you sign up for the off-road experience at "the West's Premiere Off-Road School." Though the facility is based in Livermore, California, the actual driving takes place outside Reno or in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The school's vehicles of choice are Land Rovers, and the lead car is fitted with an 8000-pound winch (see inset), just in case somebody goes a little too off-road—but any SUV you bring is fine. Prices start at $175 for a six-hour beginner's course. Other excursions, including one to the ghost town of Bodie, California, are offered (check offroadexperience.com for the latest events). Michael Green, ORE's owner, is available at 925-606-8301 to answer questions.

HOW TO BREAK IN YOUR BASEBALL CAP
1 CUT OUT MESH LINER.
INNER MESH
2 BEND BRIM AROUND FIST.
3 FOLD BRIM THROUGH HOLE IN BACK.
BRIM
STRAP
4 TRASH IT, WASH IT, STOMP IT.

Brim Shot

You've got yourself a new baseball cap, but you want it to look well seasoned instead of like rookie headgear just out of the box. First, do as the blueprint at left says and cut out the mesh liner behind the front brim. Your cap fits better already. Then bend the brim around your fist to get a good curve and fold it through the hole that the strap makes in the back. Now run the cap through the washing machine a couple of times, stamp it into the dirt and throw it at a tree. Now it's looking good.

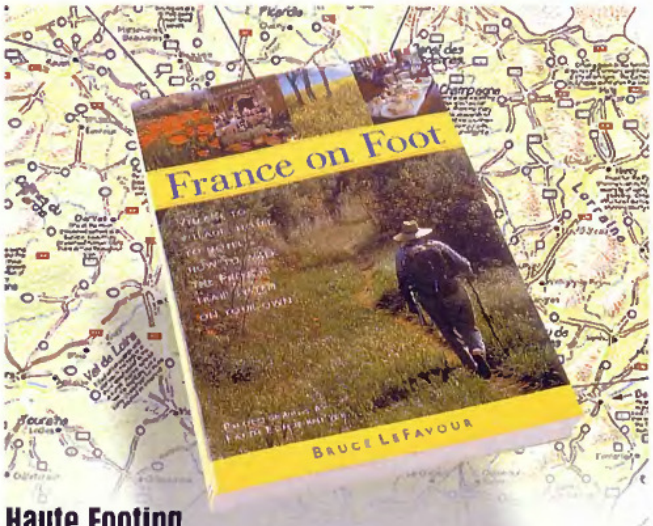
How to Grill Corn

One of the great treats of summer is grilled sweet corn. Here's a simple and foolproof method for preparing it. First, soak the ears of corn in water, in their husks, for at least 30 minutes. Arrange them on a hot grill. Dip an old bath towel in water, then wring it out until it no longer drips but is still wet. Place the towel over the corn. Close the grill top. The towel won't burn, but it will be full of soot. (If you plan to repeat this method, you may want to keep using the same towel.) Let the corn cook for 15 to 20 minutes. You can turn the ears while they cook, but it's not necessary. Remove the corn from the grill and pull back the husks (wear oven mitts and watch out for the steam). One of the benefits of grilled sweet corn is that it tastes sweeter because the intense heat caramelizes the kernels. You'll find that they won't need butter.

MANTRACK

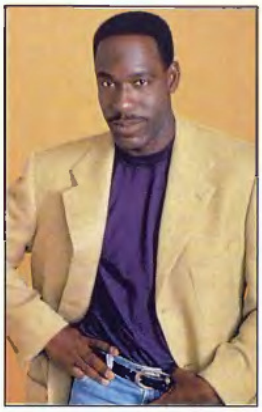
A Perfect 10

Gin is returning to popularity, and Tanqueray has just introduced a bottling for martini drinkers. The secret of No. Ten, says Tanqueray, is the swan-necked No. Ten still that the company uses ta capture the "heart of the gin" before redistilling it with fresh botanicals that include grapefruit, limes, oranges, chamomile, coriander and juniper berries. The result of four distillations is a smoath-tasting praduct that has the same proof as regular Tanqueray (94.6) but a fuller flavor. We alsa like No. Ten's elegant tapered green bottle, and its $25 price ($31 a liter) seems right for a premium gin.



Haute Footing

France has 110,000 miles of walking trails and it seems as though every one leads to a café, crêperie, bistro, auberge or the perfect picnic spot for bread, wine and cheese. At least that's the way you'll feel after reading Bruce LeFavaur's *France on Foot*, "How to walk the French trail system on your own." Incidentals addressed in the 230-page saftcover range from planning yaur trip to what to pack (a corkscrew for sure). In the back af the book is a walker's vocabulary in the form of cards that non–French-speaking hikers will want to clip and carry. ("We are lost" is "*Naus nous sommes perdus.*") The dozens af countryside photos by Faith Echtermeyer alone are worth the book's $24.95 price. Also check LeFavour's website, franceon foot.com/update.htm, for new listings, the answers to questions and other developments after publication.



Clothesline: James McDaniel and Gordon Clapp

James McDaniel (left) plays the no-nonsense buttoned-down lieutenant on ABC's *NYPD Blue*, but off camera he's upscale casual. "Over the years I've gone from no-name companies to Armani, and I also have a tux by Calugi e Giannelli," McDaniel says, confiding that he's big on shirts. "I own at least 150, and they're all colorful. Sometimes people say, 'Those aren't shirts, they're blouses.' My reply is, 'Only a real man can wear a blouse.'" Gordon Clapp (right), who plays a detective on the same show, is fram New Hampshire and loves blue jeans, hiking boots and flannel shirts. His Hollywood survival gear: a Sy Devore T-shirt and a Hugo Boss suit. His favorite article af clothing? "A 30-year-old leather motorcycle jacket. It's my vestigial piece of hippiedom."

Guys Are Talking About . . .

Canopy lighting. A new type of illuminatian developed by Steelcase distributes light evenly, thus reducing shadows and glare. Steelcase claims that the dimmable desk lamp pictured below illuminates over twa and a half times more work space than do the praducts af its competitors. The result: less eyestrain. *Price:* about $3B0. Other models are available.

- *Callaway Rule 35 golf balls.* The company that braught you the Big Bertha driver has introduced Rule 35 golf balls in bath Softfeel and Firmfeel models. A sleeve of five casts $22. Incidentally, there are 34 official rules governing play. Callaway created an unofficial Rule 35: "Enjoy the game."
- *Cell phanes and jogging.* Body Glove has created a neoprene phane case, called the wireless action pouch, that wraps around the upper arm. An extra pocket will hold keys, etc. The price: $25.
- *American vermouth.* Try Vya, the tasty new brand from Quady Winery in California.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 190.

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SHEEN ESTEVEZ

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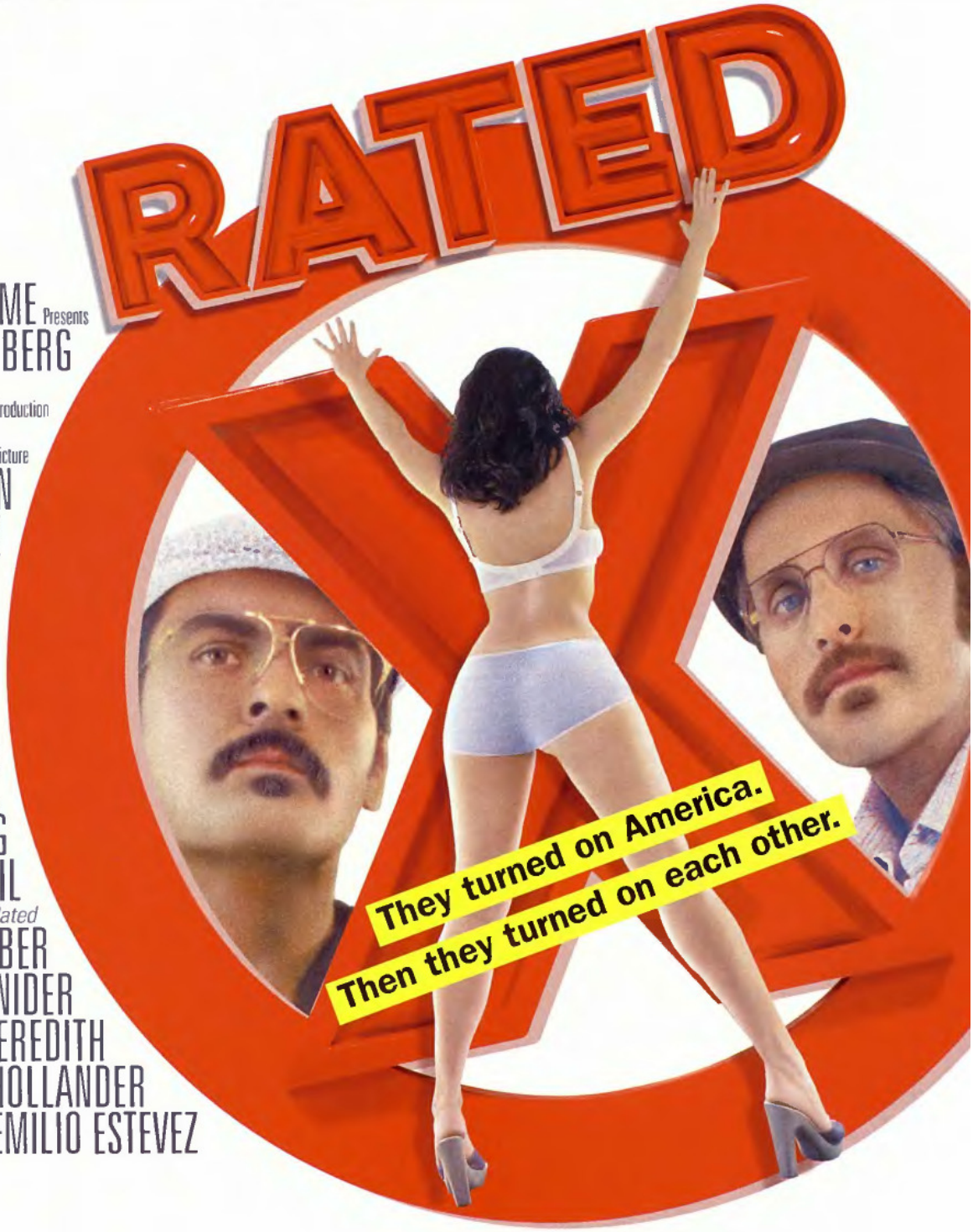

SHOWTIME Presents
A DICK BERG
and ALLAN MARCIL Production
An EMILIO ESTEVEZ Picture
CHARLIE SHEEN
EMILIO ESTEVEZ
"RATED X"
TERRY O'QUINN
Music by TYLER BATES
Edited by CRAIG BASSETT
Director of Photography
PAUL SAROSSY, CSC
Produced by DICK BERG
and ALLAN MARCIL
Based on the Book *X-Rated*
by DAVID McCUMBER
Screenplay by NORMAN SNIDER
and ANNE MEREDITH
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Saturday May 13, 9 PM (ET/PT)

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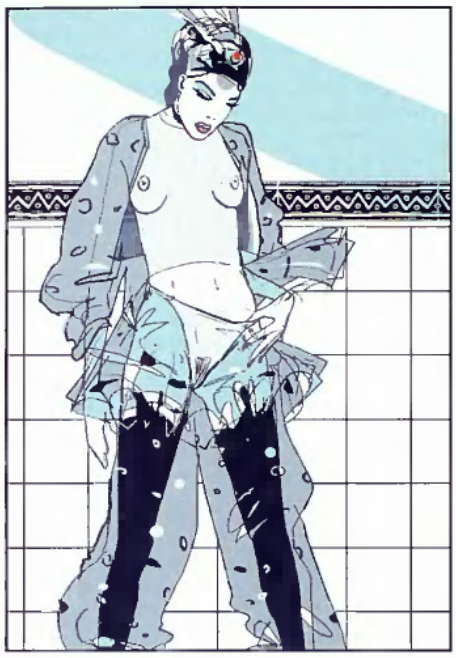
The Playboy Advisor

My friends and I split the cost of a pheromone-based cologne additive that claimed it would boost our sexual attractiveness. After using the product carefully and religiously, we concluded that it made no difference. Do pheromones work? The manufacturer claims its product is extracted from the armpit sweat of healthy young men. Should that have tipped us off that we were getting ripped off?—F.B., New York, New York

Not necessarily. If humans secrete sex pheromones, a sweaty armpit is a likely place to find them. In this case, however, you purchased a drop of science distilled in a barrel of marketing. Human pheromones can influence people in subtle ways, but they aren't powerful enough to convince a woman you're sexually desirable if she doesn't already believe that. Elsewhere in the animal kingdom, of course, pheromones are an essential part of the mating ritual. If a sow in heat gets a whiff of androsterone, a steroid found in boar saliva, she'll stop in her tracks, arch her back and present her genitals. How easy is that? Male underarm sweat contains a similar steroid, but if you lift your arm over a woman's nose, the only thing you'll see is the door. That's not to dismiss the idea of subliminal scents entirely. One study found that undetectable steroids produced by the body do elevate a woman's mood—as long as you dab them right beneath her nose. Distilled in a cologne or additive, these steroids are diluted enough that a woman would have to be close enough to kiss you to inhale them. If she is, you don't need help.

My girlfriend wants to move in with me. I think she hopes it will lead to marriage, and I'm not ready for that. But I could see how it goes and maybe have a change of heart. Plus, we could split the rent. What should I do?—C.F., New York, New York

Forget the rent. That's not a consideration. If this goes badly, you could be splitting expenses with your live-in ex. Of course, everything could go according to her plan: She moves in, you realize how much you love her, you pop the question and no one has to move. But ask yourself, What significant things don't I know about this woman that I'll learn from living with her? You've slept with her, you know how she handles money, you know her bad habits and her good ones. If she expects marriage and moves in, you'll likely have about two years before you hit the wall and the relationship starts to deteriorate. In the meantime, the uncertainty could put incredible stress on the household. Your girlfriend will be waiting for you to propose, and thinking, We're already living together, so what's the big deal? You may well feel pressured and avoid the topic. If you love this woman, don't put her through the paces. Every relationship reaches a point where one partner has to decide: Go or no go. You're at that point.



I've noticed that some compact discs have a code on them, either DDD or ADD. What does it stand for?—P.L., Cleveland, Ohio

It's known as the SPARS code (for the Society of Professional Audio Recording Studios, which originated it) and the letters indicate how the album was recorded, mixed and mastered. An ADD code means that the original was recorded in analog and mixed in digital. An AAD code tells you the album was recorded and mixed in analog. DDD says that the music has spent its recorded life as a series of ones and zeros. The SPARS code is voluntary, and not all companies use it. That's in part because it's not the best indicator of quality—the A doesn't tell you if the recording was taken from the original analog tape or something generations old. In the hands of a talented engineer, an original source ADD can sound even better than a DDD (purists argue that analog always sounds better). These days an artist also might create or mix using both analog and digital, for that crystal-clear scratchy feel.

I fantasize about being raped. Is that normal? If it is, how should I request playing out this fantasy from my fiancé? To tell him would ruin the element of surprise that turns me on. I'm also not quite sure how he would handle it. I've obviously never been sexually assaulted, or I wouldn't be fantasizing about it.—K.M., Houston, Texas

Being overpowered is a common sexual fantasy, though calling it rape is a misnomer. Rape is an act of violence over which the victim has no control. You always retain some control over the fantasy, because you can end the situation with a single word. It isn't going to happen spontaneously, because your fiancé isn't going to force you to do anything. You'll have to explain yourself. Tell him you want to be taken, to be overcome. Ask him to make demands, and repeat them, and ignore your protests unless you utter a preestablished code word (make it, say, "yellow" or "red" rather than "stop" or "no"). Then he can surprise you.

What is the lazy man's method for getting rid of dust in his bachelor pad?—M.G., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

He moves.

How can companies advertise descramblers that allow you to receive pay-per-view and premium cable channels without paying? Aren't descramblers illegal?—P.S., Boston, Massachusetts

In many states it's not illegal to sell or own a descrambler. In every state, however, it is illegal to use one without notifying your cable provider. That's the rub, and that's what you learn when you read the fine print. One mass e-mail claims you can build your own device with parts purchased at Radio Shack. A reporter for Playboy Online investigated and discovered what you'd expect: Radio Shack no longer stocks a critical part—the variable capacitor—because so many people were asking for it to build descramblers to cheat the cable company. Even if you could construct a descrambler, you'd probably be disappointed. One size doesn't fit all. Companies that sell these devices walk a thin line: A federal judge recently sentenced an entrepreneur who sold more than 84,000 descramblers by mail order to five years in prison. People who steal premium or pay-per-view service typically are caught and fined when a judge compels a distributor to turn over its customer list, or when a neighbor or ex-friend reports them.

My boss is a real bitch. I've worked for demanding people before, but this one also berates me at every opportunity. I came to this job with the expectation that I would be promoted quickly, and I have nothing but good intentions for the business and my colleagues. It's to the point, though, where I dread going to work and having to deal with her bullshit. I've tried talking to her, but she clearly is more interested in telling me what to do than in sorting out the tension. Another of my supervisors agrees that she is being unreasonable but has

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

left it up to me to work it out. I feel that I have three options: (1) Ignore her attitude and do my best to meet her needs until my promotion comes through, (2) quit, or (3) give as good as I get and be a dick to her, which could jeopardize my promotion. What does the Advisor think?—S.R., Toronto, Ontario

Why do you think so many people work at home? We'd do our best to implement plan number one. Unfortunately, you now work in customer service, with a lone, irate customer to serve. As the best service reps will tell you, a professional can't be provoked. They refuse to take it personally. Some bosses don't handle stress well, others dislike depending on anyone else, many have never played well with others. Your boss may not trust you, she may see you as a threat to her job, she may simply be short on patience. Pretend you're trapped in a sitcom and her excesses are punch lines. That might allow you to distance yourself, at least for the time being, and make the situation somewhat easier to bear. If that promotion doesn't happen soon, play your hand with human resources. If your boss isn't performing, she could go first. Her fears may be fueling her behavior.

Among wife swappers, what is the meaning of the term soft swinging?—M.D., Hartford, Connecticut

Don't call them wife swappers. Swingers are actually husband swappers, because the wives control all the sexual activity. (If you want to see girl power in action, attend a swing party.) Most people understand soft swinging to include nudity, massage and some sexual touching. You start by socializing and stop wherever you feel comfortable. Other soft swingers have intercourse, but only with the person they came with. In his new book, The Lifestyle: A Look at the Erotic Rites of Swingers, Terry Gould notes two other distinctions: Open swingers exchange partners with another couple in the same room, while closed swingers exchange partners and retire to separate rooms. Swingers never refer to themselves by these terms; they simply say yes or no, thank you.

I suspect my wife of six years is cheating on me. This woman means everything to me, and the doubt is beginning to wreck my personal and professional life. I heard about a show called *Cheaters TV* that investigates, films and confronts cheating spouses. Do you think we would ever be able to reconcile if I had my wife investigated by this show?—G.E., Dallas, Texas

Try as we might, we couldn't come up with a worse idea. You could make your wife infamous by exposing her as a cheat, but we doubt she'd view that as an act of devotion. Besides, an investigation won't solve anything. If a TV crew or investigator were to catch and confront her, your relationship would likely die quickly. If an investigator found nothing, you'd still have your doubts, and the relationship would continue to die slowly. Without trust, the marriage can't work. Confront your wife without the cameras rolling.

My friends and I were having a girls' night out at a local restaurant. We had a few drinks and dinner, then talked and passed around PLAYBOY. We haven't seen this question, so we decided to ask: When you are having sex with a guy and he says "talk to me," what is it he wants to hear?—N.C., Des Moines, Iowa

That's an easy one. He wants a pause in the lovemaking to analyze the strengths and weaknesses of your relationship, dissect a scandalous conversation you overheard at work and confirm that one of your girlfriends is indeed making a mistake by not inviting her mother's cousin's wife to her baby shower. Please. A guy who makes that request wants you to talk dirty. He wants to know he's turning you on. He wants you to tell him what feels good, why it feels good, how he can continue to make you feel good and what you're thinking about doing to make him feel good. He wants you to make demands—"Fuck me, now." He wants you to be overcome with desire: "Oh my God, that feels so good!" Turn off the sound during a porn movie and notice how quickly it goes from erotic to uninspired. That's because the female performers are accomplished actors—at least during the sex scenes. They moan, groan, coax, reassure, respond, plead and command. Some pretend to be aroused, some are aroused, some become aroused by talking as if they're aroused. There's a lesson in that. There are many formulas to talking dirty, and not all of them involve explicit language. In her guide to erotic talk, Exhibitionism for the Shy, Carol Queen suggests an exercise: Describe what's happening. It may start simply—"You're kissing my neck, you're tugging at my nipples . . ."—but it always becomes more heated as you progress. It's nothing more difficult than adding nouns and verbs to your moans.

What is the deal with no-carb diets? I hear people say that they eat nothing but protein and vegetables. This seems strange because carbohydrates are converted to glucose, which provides energy. It also sounds like a contradiction to what the experts were preaching five years ago. I was told that a plain baked potato is the perfect food because it has no fat and is almost 100 percent complex carbs. Now potatoes are taboo. At one time, fat was terrible and the experts said over and over to stop eating meat, eggs, cheese and milk. Now I read fat isn't so bad and we should partake of these foods for the protein. Didn't they just say we ate too much protein? Why doesn't anyone talk about calories anymore? I find it hard to believe that the body's needs change dramatically every few years. Advisor, please help.—J.H., Boston, Massachusetts

Diets come and go, and that's what a no-carb regimen is—a short-term way to shed pounds and sell books. It isn't a healthful substitute for the traditional, carb-heavy food pyramid (see www.eatright.org). You should receive no more than about 30 percent of your calories from fat, and some fats, such as olive oil, are better than others. The healthiest long-term weight-loss strategy is moderation: reduce calorie intake and exercise more.

If Guinness doesn't archive sexual records, is it possible that PLAYBOY does? My boyfriend and I have a unique relationship that we feel belongs in the record books. In certain positions, we have a direct penis-to-G-spot connection. By lifting my hips slightly, he can give me orgasm after orgasm. I once counted 25 in three hours, and we weren't even trying. This can be physically and emotionally draining, but we are somewhat competitive. If there is a record to be broken, we would be willing to give it a try.—S.D., Miami, Florida

Your experience is unusual but far from a record. Sex researchers have documented a woman having 134 orgasms in an hour, and that was in a laboratory setting. Guinness currently tracks records such as the most valuable postmortem penis (Napoléon's, $3800), the heaviest pair of breasts (12 pounds, four ounces) and the most breasts (10) but ignores individual sexual achievements. That may be because it's tough for horny overachievers to meet the burden of proof. The record book requires that each attempt be verified by two independent witnesses, preferably a respected local doctor, lawyer, politician or cop. Further, "certain records may require the judgment of an expert, such as a surveyor or a public health official" (your attempt may be one of them). You'll need videotaped and photographic evidence, which could be fun, plus news clippings if you can provide them. It may be easier to earn a spot in Geoff Simons' Book of Sexual Records or the online site at sexualrecords.com. Rather than pursuing 2.25 orgasms a minute, see how long your lover can make you not come (e.g., three hours of teasing and foreplay). Given how easily you climax, that would be a truer test of endurance.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or ad visor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

TEACHERS PET

should cavorting in front of strangers cost you your job?

By PAT JORDAN

There are dozens of swingers clubs in Florida, six of them in the Fort Lauderdale area. Upscale swingers clubs like Plato's Retreat and Trapeze II are thriving as never before. Each club boasts thousands of members, many of whom drive more than four hours from other parts of the state to party in orgy rooms. Such clubs charge a $50 annual membership fee and a $75 entrance fee for couples and single men (single women get in free or pay a modest charge) and regularly host more than 700 people on a typical Saturday night.

For years, Fort Lauderdale's swing clubs operated discreetly behind walls of tropical plants, off the main thoroughfares. There are no blinking neon signs visible from the street, as there are for the area's many strip clubs. For years, no one much cared what went on behind those doors.

On the nights of January 17 (Athena's Forum) and February 7, 1999 (Trapeze II), eight male and female undercover police officers paid their entrance fee to the clubs, disrobed and, after wrapping towels around their naked bodies, prowled the premises. They saw couples having sex in an orgy room and in a hot tub.

After hours of surveillance, cops rounded up about 50 people. Thirty were eventually charged with lewd and lascivious conduct, a second-degree misdemeanor, for having sex with their partners. Among those arrested were a Fort Lauderdale cop, a Broward County corrections officer and two Fort Lauderdale–area high school teachers.

Undercover deputies said they observed one of the teachers, Kenneth Springer, nude on a bed performing oral sex on his wife in full view of other patrons in the orgy room. The other teacher, Tonya Whyte, 34, was observed dancing with her fiancé in what the officers called a "lewd and lascivious" manner. The Broward County School Board suspended both teachers—a first step toward firing them.

And so began a closely watched legal debate on the perceived evils of public sex. At hearings at the Broward County Courthouse in Fort Lauderdale, police officers testified about the sexual activity they had seen at the clubs. On the witness stand, the officers appeared in hooded ski masks, the kind usually worn by cops who are trying to conceal their identities from Mafia kingpins and Colombian drug lords. A female officer said she had been so terrified when she stripped naked that she clutched a towel around her body in a "death grip" and hoped her male partner hadn't taken a peek at her. The officers testified that they had observed at least nine of the married couples having sex.

Prosecutor Catalina Avalos said that the clubs' "only reason for existing is so people can engage in open sexual activity in front of whomever may show up that night."

OK, but is that illegal?

Lawyers for the defendants said that such activities should have been no shock to the officers, since there were signs all over the clubs warning people that if they were offended by overt sexual activity to think twice before entering. Attorney Daniel Aaronson, who defended the Fort Lauderdale cop, says the clubs "are safe havens for people of like-mindedness—so that they can live their lifestyle in private, without anyone's being offended."

Defense lawyers for the 30 people charged raised a number of interesting legal questions. If swingers clubs are private, as the members claim, then people in them have the same reasonable expectations of privacy they would in their own homes. Also, does someone have to be offended in order for lewd and lascivious behavior to have taken place? If a man, naked under a trench coat, flashes guests at his home, and they are amused, not offended, is that lewd and lascivious behavior as defined by the law? Furthermore, need

a police officer be the only person offended by lewd and lascivious behavior, or must the offended person be a complaining citizen?

Many people assumed the whole affair would just go away, that those arrested would be so humiliated they would bargain their offense to a small fine. Some did, but many did not. They hired lawyers and vowed to fight the intrusion into their privacy. Some threatened lawsuits against the police for false arrest, malicious prosecution and emotional distress. The arrests polarized Fort Lauderdale's swingers in the same way that New York City gays were polarized when police raided the Stonewall. People who had always seen themselves as ordinary and "conservative" and certainly not the kind to protest against their government or burn a flag were now radicalized in a way that was both shocking and liberating. A lot of people in Fort Lauderdale agreed with the swingers. They ridiculed the police as morality cops on a witch-hunt who conducted the carnal equivalent of overkill, an Operation Coitus Interruptus, and locals demanded that the school board reinstate the suspended teachers.

Springer, 48, was a 16-year Broward County high school teacher who had once been named teacher of the month and presently taught an honors course. He regularly received excellent scores on his performance evaluations.

Springer told reporters that he was shocked when, in the midst of kissing his wife in the orgy room, cops yelled "freeze" and then handcuffed the couple. Springer claimed it was the first time he and his wife had ever gone to a swingers club, and that they'd done so out of curiosity. He admitted it was a poor decision, but he didn't think they were doing anything illegal. He said, "We were just two consenting adults in a private situation. We've been together for 20 years. We've never even gotten a traffic ticket."

Observers noted a double standard for public servants: The teachers were suspended, but the arrested policeman wasn't. (He claimed he had asked fellow officers if sex clubs were illegal before he went, and they had said no.) On January 12, 2000 Judge Gary Cowart ruled that, in the cases before him, someone other than undercover cops had to have been offended by the sex acts in the clubs to prove that lewd behavior had taken place there. Defense attorney Aaronson said the judge essentially had ruled that police officers "cannot be legally offended by another's behavior if one consents to viewing it, or being present."

Prosecutors subsequently dropped the criminal charges against Springer and his wife; legally the couple was guilty of nothing. However, in his teaching contract there was an ethics clause that forbids "conduct inconsistent with the standards of public conscience and good morals." That led the board to take action.

Simply put, most people don't care what the public servant who writes parking tickets and apprehends criminals does with his private life (just look at the ratings for *NYPD Blue*), but we want our teachers to be sexless spinsters and Boy Scouts.

One local paper referred to the school board as "besieged" by "the swelling ranks" of those who wanted the teachers returned to their classrooms. The mother of one of Springer's female students said, "What teachers do on their own time is their business." A colleague of Springer's said, "Maybe his sex life is out of the ordinary for some people, but it was a private club."

The school board relented and scheduled a second meeting to discuss the suspensions.

Lois Wexler, the board's chairwoman, said, "I'm afraid it's going to be a circus." She was right. An hour before the meeting opened, television news vans lined the street. The small meeting room was packed with reporters and hundreds of concerned citizens, most of whom had never before attended a school board meeting.

At first, board members discussed mundane business. Then they voted not to revisit the teachers' suspensions and tried to get on with other matters. But the audience erupted in shouts. "I would like to see my elected officials discuss this publicly," said one parent.

About 20 members of the audience spoke to the school board. Only one of them was in favor of the decision to suspend the teachers without pay. The rest were passionate, or rational, or charitable in their defense of the teachers. Parents complained that the ethics clause was "imprecise" and that the board should consider a lesser punishment than termination. "We are not talking child abuse or pornography or sexual harassment here," said one. Another said that lewd and lascivious behavior has to be public, such as "in a park," and that what the teachers had done was in private. Still others wondered why the board was wasting time on private morality rather than spending time on more noteworthy topics such as students' development.

Finally, Stephanie Kraft, the one board member to vote against the suspension, spoke. She suggested that the board reinstate the teachers and restore their pay until they can appeal their case before a state administrative judge, who could then recommend action to the board.

After all, Kraft said, "They are innocent until proven guilty."

The board then voted, seven to one, to accept Kraft's recommendation and return the teachers to nonclassroom positions until their case was decided. The audience roared its approval.

At a January 18 school board meeting, the board voted seven to one to reinstate Springer as an adult-education teacher. In a not-so-subtle assignment, he will teach inmates at the Broward County Jail. The job will pay considerably less than his former teaching salary of $41,166.

In two years, Springer can reapply for his high school teaching position. "We believe this is fair," said Superintendent Frank Till. "It protects the children, and it's fair to him."

A lot of people in the Fort Lauderdale area disagree with that assessment of a man who has never been convicted of a crime and yet is being treated like a criminal for having sex with his wife.

CRIMINAL MOVES

Tampa cracks down on nude dancers—feel safer?

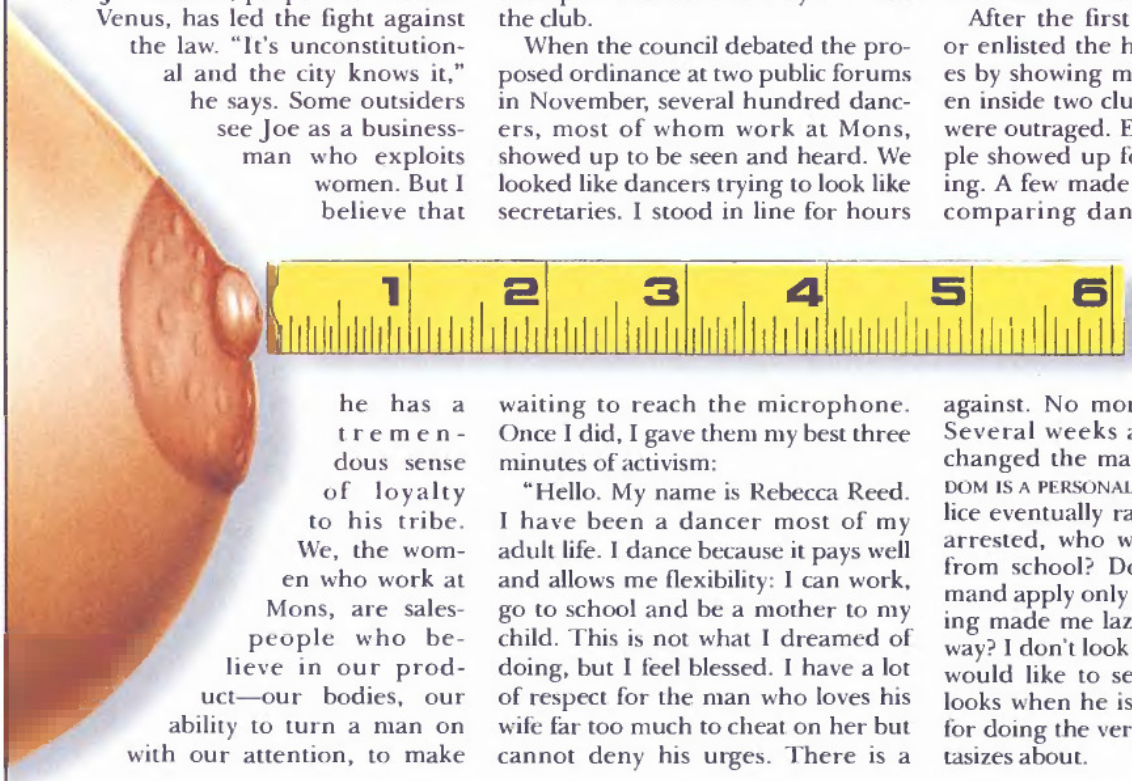
By REBECCA REED

It's usually about three P.M. when I arrive for my evening shift at Mons Venus, the club in Tampa, Florida where I work as a nude dancer. One day this past December, the marquee read MAYOR GRECO, YOU COWARD! ENFORCE YOUR ORDINANCE. It referred to a new law passed by the city that requires anyone who performs nude to remain six feet away from customers and other dancers. Club owners, dancers and customers who violate the law can be arrested and jailed for up to six months and fined up to $1000.

Despite the threat of arrest, at Mons Venus we have continued dancing and interacting with customers in close quarters. The city sent undercover agents to document our defiance, and, in January, the city sued Mons Venus and four other clubs, citing our sign and others as evidence that we were thumbing our noses at the law.

No kidding.

Business has suffered somewhat because some customers fear being arrested in the raids that have yet to come. The city seems to be targeting the clubs' owners instead of the dancers. Joe Redner, proprietor of Mons Venus, has led the fight against the law. "It's unconstitutional and the city knows it," he says. Some outsiders see Joe as a businessman who exploits women. But I believe that he has a tremendous sense of loyalty to his tribe. We, the women who work at Mons, are salespeople who believe in our product—our bodies, our ability to turn a man on with our attention, to make him feel comfortable. We live in a society obsessed with sex and we make the most of it. We do not pay Joe to work here. We are private contractors, and capitalists. And now, in Tampa, we are criminals.



PETER PALOMBI

Mayor Dick Greco says that Tampa "has to draw the line somewhere," but no one has explained how 10 or more dancers can keep their distance and still perform together. We don't dance in an auditorium. The ordinance is designed to shut the strip clubs down.

Greco and city council member Bob Buckhorn spearheaded the campaign, and I'm not sure why. Some nonsense about the spread of disease, and prostitution. How does a fully clothed man contract an STD? And why would a man looking for sex come to a dance club? Mons Venus is known for its lap dancing, but nothing more. Men from all over the country book business trips here and even plan vacations so they can visit the club.

When the council debated the proposed ordinance at two public forums in November, several hundred dancers, most of whom work at Mons, showed up to be seen and heard. We looked like dancers trying to look like secretaries. I stood in line for hours waiting to reach the microphone. Once I did, I gave them my best three minutes of activism:

"Hello. My name is Rebecca Reed. I have been a dancer most of my adult life. I dance because it pays well and allows me flexibility: I can work, go to school and be a mother to my child. This is not what I dreamed of doing, but I feel blessed. I have a lot of respect for the man who loves his wife far too much to cheat on her but cannot deny his urges. There is a need for this type of activity. This is neither our fault nor your shame."

What I didn't tell them was this: Sometimes we are ballet to our customers. Sometimes they are wine to us. Sometimes the only thing that separates a lap dance from lovemaking is the man's clothes. Sometimes the relationship is cold and empty. Sometimes the man with the least amount of money is my favorite. Most times, it is the opposite. Often the plainest-looking woman is the most popular. A beautiful woman with no visible soul fares poorly. I fall somewhere in the middle. Some men caress, others grab. I am fond of massagers; these are the men who enjoy watching us slip away. Do they treat their wives this well? Do their wives slip away? If they do, why do their sweet husbands give me their affection and money? Do the grabbers lack instruction? Is that why they come to us? I know so much about my world and so little about theirs. I am content with this.

I ended my speech with a request: "I understand and respect your values and your privacy. All I ask is that you understand and respect mine, and those of our customers."

After the first meeting, the mayor enlisted the help of area churches by showing ministers a video taken inside two clubs. Predictably, they were outraged. Eleven hundred people showed up for the second meeting. A few made ridiculous speeches comparing dancing to the illegal drug trade.

Despite our protests, the council's judgment was swift: six for, zero against. No more touching, ladies. Several weeks after the vote, Joe changed the marquee to read FREEDOM IS A PERSONAL THING. Will the police eventually raid the place? If I'm arrested, who will pick up my son from school? Does supply and demand apply only to stocks? Has dancing made me lazy, or am I lazy anyway? I don't look forward to jail, but I would like to see how a cop's face looks when he is arresting a woman for doing the very things that he fantasizes about.

READER

SWAT SINS

Many of the circumstances that James Bovard describes in "Flash. Bang. You're Dead" (*The Playboy Forum*, March) have caused SWAT teams and SWAT team leaders to review and evaluate their practices, techniques and philosophies. I commanded a SWAT team for six years before my retirement from the Imperial County Sheriff's Office, and many of us began to question the practice of serving high-risk narcotics search warrants. After considerable reflection and debate, I wrote an article for *The Tactical Edge*, the professional journal of the National Tactical Officers Association. In it, I argue that SWAT teams should use negotiation rather than battering rams. The technique is known as "contain and negotiate." You sacrifice the element of surprise, but that frequently results in panic, confusion and violent reaction. The dealers might destroy the dope, but that's not a bad thing. Destroying the dope is exactly what we want to have happen, and only the nickel-and-dime dealer will be able to destroy everything. And no matter how large or small the operation, a dealer isn't going to destroy his accounting records, his money, his scales or packaging material. You also have evidence such as controlled buys, which is how you obtained the search warrant, so you probably already have enough evidence to make a solid arrest. At the very least, you'll disrupt the dealer's business.

Bovard's concern that SWAT teams are overly concerned with officer safety appears to be reasonable on the surface. It is senseless to jeopardize anyone's life and safety to perform a law enforcement function that could possibly be accomplished in another way. In hostage rescue situations, the importance of officer safety is balanced against the lives and safety of endangered citizens, and their safety is paramount.

SWAT is a valuable tool in modern law enforcement, and SWAT officers are sometimes called upon to perform violent and dangerous operations. Most do so responsibly, lawfully and ethically, with the safety of the citizens they serve as their primary goal.

Michael Hackett
San Jose, California

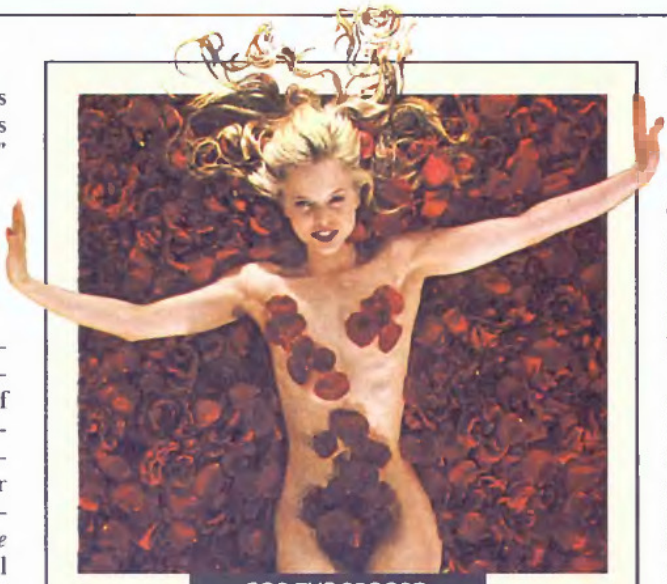
Bovard has written the best article I've read about the failure of SWAT teams during the Columbine shootings. How can 800 cops facing two teenagers possibly be outgunned? I found the entire episode nauseating. We recently had a bust here involving 30 federal cops and the local police. They banged their way in and arrested a couple suspected of making meth in their house. What bravery! It was a bust that could have been accomplished easily by two local officers.

Paul Rhodes
Richland, Washington

Bovard's article about SWAT teams is incredibly one-sided. We can't ignore these tragic incidents, and I feel for families who lose loved ones due to someone's screwup. But there's more to the story. I have been in law enforcement for nine years and have been part of a SWAT team for seven. Instead of writing off all SWAT officers as gun-crazed yahoos, Bovard should have examined the time, preparation and training that goes into putting a tactical team together. Few people would rush into a house knowing there might be an angry, violent individual with a high-powered assault rifle waiting behind the door.

Mistakes happen, and bad things happen because of mistakes, but let's not forget the little boy or girl saved from the arms of a kidnapper. The people who lay their lives on the line daily don't ask for recognition; just give them the respect they deserve.

Jon Sarabia
Goldsboro, North Carolina



FOR THE RECORD

TEENY BOPPERS

"It used to be that teenagers would go to the movies to see adults having sex. Now adults go to the movies to see teenagers having sex."

—Film critic Roger Ebert, on the growing prevalence of teen sex in movies.

LOAN SHARKS

Joshua Green unfairly disparages Republicans and conservatives for their attacks on drug users, in this case students who want government loans for college but are denied if they have drug convictions ("Loan Sharks," *The Playboy Forum*, March). As PLAYBOY has pointed out many times, the drug war is supported and funded by both major parties. At the same time, we shouldn't overlook the larger picture. We should be waging battle against all unnecessary government control over our lives, not just the war on drugs. It is just one of many examples of our society's intolerance of anyone who thinks or acts differently.

Thom Wright
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I've been a PLAYBOY subscriber for 10 years. I am tired of seeing you label all Republicans as racist, bigoted, homophobic, misogynistic, closed-minded religious fanatics. Joshua Green states that "many Republicans are loath to pass up a chance to punish liberals," but then points out that the drug law in question had been passed unanimously in the Senate and by a 414–4 vote in the House of Representatives. Your darling President Clinton then signed the bill into law. I wasn't aware that he and every senator and most representatives are Republicans.

Your readers are not of one mind

RESPONSE

when it comes to politics and its inherent abuses. I am a Republican not because I'm mean-spirited but because I believe government should be as unintrusive as possible—an idea that is anathema to Democrats who push their noses into every facet of our lives. I support legalization of most drugs, enthusiastically love women, believe in equality (not preferences) and feel that freedom from tyranny is our most precious right. If we agree on these things, why all the name-calling?

Mike Bjorgo
Austin, Minnesota

If you've been a reader for 10 years, certainly you've seen our many articles critical of Bill Clinton, Janet Reno and various other Democrats who annoy us. You're right about the drug war: We should spread the blame. But it's disingenuous to defend the Republican Party as a champion of freedom when its members consistently introduce and support the most outrageous violations of civil rights that have become the chief legacy of the drug war.

CHURCH AND STATE

Let me get this straight: PLAYBOY gave a First Amendment award to high school senior Nicholas Becker because he tried to deny the First Amendment rights of hundreds of people who wanted to hear the Lord's Prayer read as part of the school's graduation ceremony? ("The HMH Awards," *The Playboy Forum*, March). If the founding fathers "understood the need to separate church and state," as you put it, then why isn't that mentioned in the Constitution? And why did they begin each session of Congress with a prayer, and why do we print IN GOD WE TRUST on our currency?

Honoring this type of whining is tantamount to praising Mussolini for making the trains run on time. Censorship is censorship, regardless of whether it comes from the right or the left. PLAYBOY no longer has the balls to make the distinction.

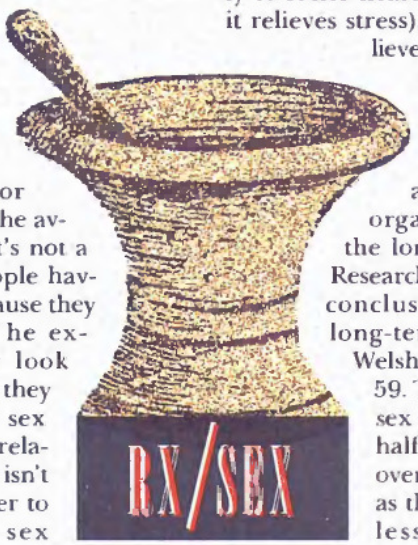
Eric Tilley
Studio City, California

Don't get us started on this topic. You won't find separation of church and state mentioned in the Constitution, but that's clearly what the founding fathers had in mind. In 1802, Thomas Jefferson wrote, "I contemplate with sovereign reverence that act of the whole American people which declared that their legislature should 'make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,' thus building a wall of separation between church and state." A year later he warned, "It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or their case may, by change of circumstances, become his own." James Madison was equally eloquent: "Who does not see that the same authority which can establish Christianity, in exclusion of all other religions, may establish with the same ease any particular sect of Christians, in exclusion of all other sects?" Early on, our leaders saw the need to keep religion out of schools. Ulysses S. Grant, in 1875, called for free schools "unmixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistic dogmas. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school. Keep the church and the state forever separate." The founding fathers feared the practitioners of mob religion—an example of which might be the behavior of the few hundred adults and students who felt it necessary for their belief to trump all others represented in the auditorium. Nicholas Becker showed sensitivity to this tradition of religious freedom, and he took a lot of grief for acknowledging that not everyone in this country is Christian, or finds it necessary to recite memorized prayers at public events to demonstrate his or her piety.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).

IS SEX GOOD FOR YOU?

Last year, Dr. David Weeks of the Royal Edinburgh Hospital completed a 10-year study of 3500 Americans, Brits and Europeans who look and say they feel 10 to 12 years younger than their age. He found that, on average, the participants had sex at least four times a week, or twice as often as the average person. "It's not a case of these people having more sex because they look younger," he explained. "They look younger because they are having more sex in loving, stable relationships." Weeks isn't the first researcher to conclude that sex does a body good. Psychologists at Wilkes University in Pennsylvania studied 111 college students and suggested that having sex at least once a week (but, oddly, not more than two times a week) boosts the immune system's ability to fight colds and flus. Other studies have indicated that people who are sexually satisfied are less likely to suffer heart disease (because it relieves stress), that sex can relieve back pain, arthritis and migraine headaches (because it releases endorphins), and that the more orgasms a man has, the longer he will live. Researchers reached that conclusion following a long-term study of 918 Welshmen aged 45 to 59. The men who had sex twice a week were half as likely to die over a 10-year period as those who had sex less than once a month. Critics point out that the study may only demonstrate that sick people don't have as much sex—but you can never be too careful.



BLUE BORDERS

Different nations have different attitudes toward sexual expression. Take our neighbors to the north. In 1985 Canada drafted a detailed obscenity statute that covers books, drawings, paintings, prints, photographs and representations of any kind. The law targets works that are characterized by "the undue exploitation of sex" or that link "sex with crime, horror, cruelty or violence."

The Canadian law also forbids "depictions or descriptions of sex with submission, coercion, ridicule, degradation, exploitation or humiliation of any human being." That includes "any pictorial representation of ejaculation if it degrades or dehumanizes another person." It bans depictions or descriptions of sex that include "extreme roughness of action," spanking and "shoving in a sexual context." It outlaws "depictions or descriptions of bondage, involuntary servitude and the state of human beings subjected to external control, in a sexual context."

Champions of the law defend its narrow (as opposed to narrow-minded) focus. In 1992, the Supreme Court of Canada upheld the law, relying in part on an argument drafted by radical feminists Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin. Briefly, the two argue that dirty photos perpetuate patriarchy, that porn is a form of hate speech, that private acts of fantasy affect the public status of women. To paraphrase a character in *West Side Story*, women are deprived because men are depraved.

American courts have rejected the MacKinnon–Dworkin argument, saying its list of politically correct sex acts amounts to thought control. In Canada, however, the 1992 ruling was hailed by many citizens as a triumph for women's equality. Less than a year later a Montreal bookstore got a customs notice that two books by Dworkin—*Woman Hating* and *Pornography: Men Possessing Women*—would not be allowed into the country. The agency later reversed its decision, thus defusing a delicious irony.

CANADIAN BUREAUCRATS WITH BADGES DETERMINE WHAT IS OBSCENE.

Those charged with interpreting the Canadian obscenity law have their hands full. Each day five female and three male inspectors at the Prohibited Importations Directorate of Canada Customs in Ottawa (along with 3500 inspectors at the borders) review imported magazines, books, audiotapes, videos and comic books for sexual material that "degrades or dehumanizes" their participants. Their guide is Customs Memorandum D9-1-1, which defines illegal sexual material, and a thick binder filled with images that previous inspectors have deemed unacceptable. In short, a bureaucrat with a badge—not a court—determines what is obscene.

Champions of the Canadian law claim that it does not prohibit erotica, that explicit sex is not the enemy. Those looking for logic will not find it in Canada Customs' lists of examined material. During the last three months of 1999, the censors considered and allowed such works as *Asian Beauties*, *Bra Busters*, *Fighting Females*, *Hot 'n' Older*, *Leg Love*, *Lesbian Licks*, *Monster Tits*, *Raunchy Couples*, *Shaved*, *Advanced Sexual Techniques*, *Chunky Chicks*, *Making Sex Fun With Games and Toys* and *She-Male Sorority*.

During the same period, the same inspectors rejected works such as *Betty Begs for It*, *Kidnapped Virgin*, *Doctor! I'm Too Big*, *Disciplined Divorcée*, *The Ravished Couple*, *Head Mistress*, *Panty Girls*, *Slave*, *Big Backdoor Collection*, *Filthy Fuckers*, *Red-Hot Blow Jobs*, *Sexorcist* and *Virgin Treasures*.

Apparently sex with overweight or well-endowed women is fine, but fooling around with virgins is not. Advanced sex techniques appear to be tolerated as long as they don't include fellatio. Certain words seemed to trigger scrutiny: One Canadian bookstore gave up ordering any U.S. book with "leather" in the title. The magazine *On Our Backs* seemed to rankle, as did one called *Bad Attitude*.

Canada Customs regularly stops copies of *Story of O* from crossing the border, even though a Canadian edition has been available for decades. Robin Metcalfe, whose collection of erotic writing has been published by Penguin in Canada, cannot order the American edition of the same work.

The government that passed the law sincerely believes that sexual images, especially those that originate outside its borders, have the power to harm. It kept a close watch on the border inspectors and actually commissioned a study of 91 of them to see if a daily diet of *Horny Biker Sluts*, *2002 Cumshots* and *Girls Who Suck Three Cocks at Once* affected their psyches. The researchers found that reviewing porn had no negative effect. They concluded: "The inspectors' sexual lives seem unaffected by their work. They are not haunted by deviant thoughts or desires, they are not worried about what they might do sexually and they appear reasonably satisfied with their present level of sexual activity."

Unfortunately, Canadian lawmakers haven't seen fit to apply these findings to the population as a whole.

DOES A WOMAN SKY-DIVING NUDE EQUAL BONDAGE?

Over the years this magazine has developed an interesting relationship with Canada Customs. One of our first run-ins was instructive. An inspector at the border thought a photo in our October 1986 issue of punk rocker Wendy O. Williams skydiving nude implied bondage. Yes, she is wearing a parachute harness, and in the final shot the chute's lines are draped across Wendy's reclining body. But to call it bondage seemed absurd. The inspector nonetheless stopped a truckload of PLAYBOYs from entering the country.

We still occasionally receive notice from Canada Customs that one or more articles or photographs have raised concern. Here is a typical letter:

Dear Playboy,

This will acknowledge receipt of

how canada customs regulates sex

PLAYBOY, May 1998, which you have submitted for review. We are deeply concerned with page 116, third column, eighth paragraph: description of bondage. Page 162, third column, seventh paragraph, description of sex with pain. Future issues containing similar material would probably be prohibited entry into Canada.

Sincerely,
Canada Customs

We flipped to pages 116 and 162 to see what Customs was referring to. The culprit was an article titled *25 Things Men Do Right in Bed*. A PLAYBOY editor had interviewed dozens of women, looking for acceptable paths to ecstasy. Adrian, age 28, revealed that she enjoyed the tying and untying of strategically placed restraints. (You can read more detailed accounts of this consensual act in Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*, available throughout Canada.) Liz, 23, confessed that she loved it when her boyfriend (censored) her hair, (censored) her back, (censored) her ass and (censored) her hard. We'll let you fill in the blanks.

In January 1999, a similar letter from Canada Customs warned that pages 60 and 61 of one of our newsstand Special Editions, *Playboy's Real Sex 2*, included "a description of sex with roughness."

We were concerned, and confused. The two pages contained four photos of a nude model leaning against a kitchen counter. Where was the sex? Where was the roughness? Then an editor pointed out the caption along the bottom of the pages, which quoted the woman: "Sometimes I like slow lovemaking, but other times I want wild sex." What followed was a succinct but captivating description of loud, boisterous intercourse. An energetic tussle, yes. Rough? Not really.

This past December, a letter from Customs took on a more urgent tone:

"This will acknowledge receipt of *Playboy's Wet & Wild*, January 2000. The magazine contains the following areas of concern: pages 10 and 11: depiction of incest. The importation into Canada of this publication is and will be prohibited."

We retrieved a copy of *Wet & Wild* and, almost afraid to look, turned to pages 10 and 11. There we found six photos of Mysti and Crysti Sherwood taking a bath together in an outdoor tub. Squeaky clean? You bet. Incest? No way.

PLAYBOY challenged the interpretation of the photo. We understand that the men and women of Canada Customs are censors not by passion but by profession. They are always polite and explain themselves as best they can, given the vagaries of the law they must enforce. In this case, we pointed out that the Sherwoods are not presented as siblings who plan to have sex with each other. We explained that the typical PLAYBOY reader would look at these photos and insert himself between the soapy sisters, perhaps even before he could remove his tie. A lawyer for Canada Customs appeared sympathetic and interjected that indeed, his first thought upon seeing the photos might be to soak with the Sherwoods. Unfortunately, our argument did not persuade the inspectors to reverse their decision. More than 47,000 copies of *Wet & Wild* were prevented from crossing the border.

At the time, PLAYBOY was preparing a Special Edition that would include photos of our January 2000 Playmates, the Bernaola twins. We sent three photos to Ottawa for an early reaction to the images. An inspector phoned the next day to report that one photo would not be allowed. It showed the sisters facing each other as if before a mirror, breasts and hands touching. The inspector said this photo depicted incest. "Their sex organs are touching," she explained.

Breasts are sex organs? Canada Customs seems to believe that two naked sisters equals incest.

In our May issue, PLAYBOY ran a pictorial of the Bentley twins, Mandy and Sandy. Given the climate, we thought it best to prepare a separate edition for Canada. Readers north of the border got to ogle instead a pictorial titled *Women of Canada*.

By the time you read this, the Canadian Supreme Court will have finally heard a 14-year-old case challenging the right of Customs to seize sexual materials. The Little Sisters Book and Art Emporium, a gay and lesbian bookstore in Vancouver, sued to stop the agency from routinely seizing its incoming stock. The bookstore argues that customs policies violate the right to free expression outlined in the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. It also believes the seizures discriminate against homosexuals. A lower court had ruled that customs agents lack the authority to decide what is obscene. That role, it says, belongs to the courts.

We agree.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BONER BANS

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—*A Republican state senator introduced a bill that would make it illegal for obviously aroused men to appear in public. Senator Tom King*

wants to ban all-nude strip clubs, so he introduced a bill that would forbid women from appearing topless in public or the display of "covered male genitals in a discernibly turgid state." (As originally worded, King's proposal would have criminalized thong bikinis on public beaches, but several legislators lobbied successfully for a change in the language.) Modeled after an Indiana statute, the proposed law would punish topless women and turgid men with up to a year in prison and a $2000 fine. Legislators in Arizona are pushing a similar law that would make it illegal to have an erection, covered or otherwise, in an establishment that serves liquor.

DRUG WAR CASUALTY

DENVER—*Ismael Mena worked nights at a Coca-Cola bottling plant, which is why he was probably asleep when a SWAT team arrived at his home one afternoon to search for drugs. As the officers burst in, the Mexican immigrant grabbed a handgun. He peeked out the bedroom door, heard the officers yell "Police!" and lowered his gun. According to the cops on the scene, Mena then asked, "Policia?" and inexplicably raised his gun again. An officer shot Mena; police said he returned three shots before being killed. Police found no drugs. They had raided the wrong home. Mayor Wellington Webb expressed regret but said, "If Mena did not have a gun or point it at police officers, he'd be alive today." Four months later, the district attorney charged the cop who requested the no-knock warrant with felony perjury, saying he "knowingly" lied when he claimed to have seen an informant approach Mena's home to buy drugs. None of the other officers were charged.*

THIS IS A LICKUP

PINELLAS PARK, FLORIDA—*While his accomplice waited in a getaway car, a robber stuck a plastic bottle in his coat pocket and ordered the clerk at the XTC Adult Super Center to empty the cash register. A police spokeswoman described what happened next: "In an apparent attempt to add further emphasis to his demand, the robber allegedly took what is known as a 'vibrating tongue' off the shelf and waved it at the clerk as he shouted for the money." Police, who had the bookstore under surveillance following a string of holdups, arrested the offenders.*

SAFER SEX

PHILADELPHIA—*Mayor John Street vowed to ban a booklet approved by the city health department for distribution to prostitutes. The pink brochure, titled Tricks of the Trade: Health and Safety Tips for Street Sex Workers, includes such advice as: "It is never a good idea to allow a stranger to tie you up or spank you. Always be in charge or on top." "Clothing and accessories should be attractive to customers but still safe. Do not wear anything that will slow you down if you have to run." "Negotiate services and prices outside the car and circle it completely before entering to see the number of riders and the location of door handles." And: "Have a price list and time limits and stick to them. Get your money up front!"*

MISSION CRITICAL

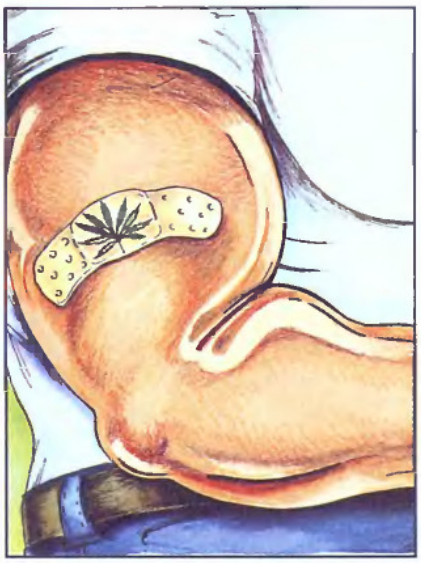
KANSAS CITY—*An investigation by The Kansas City Star revealed that hundreds of Roman Catholic priests around the country are infected with HIV or have died of AIDS. The newspaper reported that priests appear to be dying from AIDS at a rate at least four times that of the general population. Most dioceses and religious orders now require applicants for the priesthood to take an HIV test.*

STICKER SHOCK

GILBERT, ARIZONA—*The local cop who stopped Amber Tyler for speeding didn't take kindly to the bumper sticker on her Buick. It read,* IF THIS MUSIC IS TOO LOUD, YOU'RE TOO FUCKING OLD. *The officer, Michael Bishop, told her to remove or cover the word fucking or face arrest. He followed her to the elementary school where she worked and watched as she covered the word with tape. The next morning, Bishop spotted Tyler's car in the school lot with the tape removed. The officer arrested her for disorderly conduct and "interference with the peaceful conduct of an educational facility." The charges were dropped three days later, but Tyler sued the city. She alleged that Bishop had violated her right to free speech and asked for $300,000 in damages.*

POT PATCH

ALBANY, NEW YORK—*The American Cancer Society awarded a grant to a researcher at the Albany College of Pharmacy to develop a marijuana skin patch for cancer patients. Similar to nicotine patch-*



es, the "doobie derm" would deliver synthetic cannabinoids that potentially could relieve the pain, nausea and vomiting associated with chemotherapy. If the patch works, it will be a decade or more before it is available commercially.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PARKER & STONE

a candid conversation with the outrageous duo behind south park about corrupt studios, evil celebrities and why we should all see tom cruise's weenie

It started without much fanfare on a Wednesday night in August 1997. A new animated series debuted on Comedy Central—but this was animation that gloried in its crudeness, animation created not with computer programs but with construction paper, scissors and glue. On the screen, four primitive creations—third graders, they were supposed to be—stood around a bus stop talking. One of them called another a dildo. When somebody asked, "What's a dildo?" a kid in an orange parka explained—but his parka was pulled so tightly around his face that you couldn't understand a word he said. When the most obnoxious of the four (Eric Cartman, a hefty kid who insists, "I'm not fat, I'm big-boned!") told about a dream he'd had of alien visitors, the other kids decided that aliens had abducted Cartman and given him an anal probe—or, as one of them delicately explained it, "Aliens stuck stuff up your ass!"

That was the beginning of South Park, and the beginning of an unexpected ride that has been by turns gratifying, infuriating and remunerative beyond the wildest imaginings of the show's creators, Trey Parker and Matt Stone. A five-minute animated short they created as a lark turned into an unlikely television show; that show turned into a huge hit, a cause célèbre, and one of those pop-culture litmus tests that come along only every few years.

In South Park, the kids have foul mouths but (mostly) good hearts as they try to cope with the outlandish, the insane and the offensive. The show slams celebrities and celebrity, it pushes every hot button it can, and it borrows from the cut-and-paste animation style of Monty Python's Terry Gilliam to be as profoundly low-tech as possible. (Computers now do the work, but Parker and Stone are determined not to alter the show's "crappy" look.) South Park also happens to be as hilarious a half hour as can be found on television, and it has put Comedy Central on the map and made stars out of Parker and Stone—who reaffirmed their clout with last summer's movie South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut. They also became two of the first filmmakers to sign lucrative Internet contracts. Their new deal with Shockwave.com gave them a large equity stake in the company.

In all matters South Park, the two men are inseparable. But there are differences: Parker, who turned 30 last October, is the tall blond one who does the voices of Cartman, Stan and Mr. Garrison, among others; Stone, 29, is even taller, the Afroed one whose voices include Kyle and Kenny. Parker is the inveterate filmmaker who has been heading for a showbiz career since he was in high school; Stone is the buddy who's gotten sidetracked, swept up by and sucked into his pal's passions.

They both grew up in Colorado, in the suburbs near Denver. Parker was raised in Conifer, a mountain community outside Denver; Stone was born in Texas but raised in Littleton. Parker made movies on the weekends from the time he was 14, was active in his school's choir and theater department, and wrote and recorded an album of funny rock songs while in high school. Stone, meanwhile, was a math prodigy of sorts in grade school and high school.

The two met in film class at the University of Colorado. Students were required to work on one another's projects. Invariably, Parker and Stone would gravitate toward each other and spend the time doing funny voices and talking about future projects. While in school, they made a full-length musical about Colorado pioneer Alferd Packer, who was convicted of cannibalism; Parker wrote, directed and starred in Cannibal: The Musical, while Stone produced it. They figured they'd sell the video rights to the movie (which is completely amateurish, surprisingly charming and funny, and stupid in just about equal measure) for $1 million or so, pocket the $900,000 profit and make another movie. Instead, they found themselves with a little industry heat after some guerrilla screenings of the film at the Sundance Film Festival, so they came to Los Angeles and in short order acquired a lawyer, an agent and a script deal with high-powered producer Scott Rudin. The next couple of years consisted of lots of promises but little else. One fan, then–20th Century Fox executive Brian Graden, threw them $1200 to make a video Christmas card he planned to send to friends and business associates.

Besides featuring a battle between Santa

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

TREY PARKER: *"I fucking love women. I definitely got out of control in that arena, and I still have out-of-control binges in Vegas and shit."*

MATT STONE: *"I figure, people who make movies have sex once a year, and people who make television have sex three times a week."*

"You wonder, are you going to become George Lucas? I don't want to be that old guy still trying to do shit that's not working. I want to go away before that."

"Sometimes we get this slacker label put on us. Where the fuck did that come from? Look at the sheer volume of work we've done since we came on the scene."

Claus and Jesus for dominion over Christmas, the video introduced the animation style and main characters that would become South Park. Graden thought the hysterical but scatological piece was too rude to send to business associates, but he mailed it to a few friends, and bootleg copies started showing up all across Hollywood. On the basis of the video, Parker and Stone made a pilot episode for Comedy Central; when the network waffled, they went off to make Orgazmo, about a Mormon porn star. While they were shooting that movie, South Park was picked up.

Throughout the fall and winter of 1997–1998, the buzz grew. So did the ratings: One week South Park would be Comedy Central's highest-rated show of the week, the next it'd be the highest-rated show in the network's history, the next week it'd be the highest-rated show on basic cable, then it would beat one of the broadcast network's Wednesday night offerings—and so on and on.

The perks, they learned, were great. Parker and Stone went to the 1998 Super Bowl courtesy of Comedy Central and watched their beloved Denver Broncos win. They also met idols like Elton John, Robert Smith of the Cure, and the members of Monty Python. During a party at the Playboy Mansion to celebrate the release of Orgazmo, Metallica played for them in a tent set up on the grounds.

The growth couldn't continue, and it didn't. Ratings began to slip in the 1998–1999 season, while many critics dismissed the show as a fad that had run its course. It didn't help that Parker's and Stone's major-studio acting debuts in Baseketball (which they'd agreed to do, figuring that South Park would long since have been canceled) were widely panned and that the film did little business. It got to the point, they say, where the summer movie previews all said essentially the same thing: "Star Wars Episode One: The Force is with it! The Spy Who Shagged Me: It's shagadelic! The South Park movie: Who cares?"

But when the dust had cleared, South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut opened to much bigger business than expected, and to far better reviews. The New York Film Critics Circle voted it the year's best animated film, the LA Film Critics Association gave Parker and composer Marc Shaiman an award for the year's best score, and no less an authority than Stephen Sondheim sent Parker a letter congratulating him on creating the best musical in years. (This from a work whose songs include the deliriously obscene Uncle Fucka, the inspirational What Would Brian Boitano Do? and the Oscar-nominated Blame Canada.)

Previously sure that they'd be thrown out of Hollywood after making the movie, Parker and Stone were instead reinvigorated by the reception. They took a short break, then threw themselves back into South Park episodes, hoping to make the new season their best yet. And after years of dividing their time between television, movies and music (they've made three South Park–related albums, and they have their own band, DVDA), they've focused their efforts on the television show.

To catch up with the overworked bad boys, we sent freelance writer **Steve Pond,** *who first interviewed Parker and Stone for* PLAYBOY *during the initial season of South Park. His report:*

"From the start, Parker and Stone displayed their usual disregard for the niceties of showbiz etiquette. They gleefully showed off the bad scripts and pathetic pitch letters that had been sent their way, tried to give me gifts that had been presented to them by Comedy Central and never let diplomacy get in the way of a good anecdote. And when an assistant asked if they wanted lunch before we sat down for one of our sessions, they opted for takeout from two joints that don't register on the list of Hollywood power dining spots: Trey asked for an Enchirito from Taco Bell, while Matt requested an In-N-Out burger.

"We conducted the interviews in their office at the South Park headquarters, a brick building in an office complex on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Inside, the walls are painted in a Polynesian jungle decor, cardboard cutouts of the South Park characters hang over the cubicles, and the office that Parker and Stone share is an actual hut—a one-room structure in a corner of the warehouse with stucco walls, a thatched roof and bamboo window frames. Amid a haphazard jumble of South Park merchandise, musical instruments and other paraphernalia of the creative life, the two gleefully profane (but decidedly moral) provocateurs go about the business of upsetting as many applecarts as they possibly can."

In general, our boys, perverted little fuckers that they are, are good boys. Except for Cartman.

PLAYBOY: In recent episodes of *South Park*, Rod Stewart, Andy Dick and Sally Struthers have joined the long list of celebrities you've made fun of. How many of those people do you hear from?

PARKER: A lot of them. We're almost at the point where we know what will happen. We'll rip on someone, and the next day we'll get a call from their publicist saying, "So-and-so saw the show last night and just loved it, and really loves *South Park* and you guys. Thank you."

PLAYBOY: Do you buy it?

PARKER: They're trying to put out a fire, you know? Because they know they can call and say, "Fuck you," and then we'll rip on them more. Or they can say they love the show, thinking we'll be like, OK, that's cool, let's leave 'em alone. And it usually works. Because except for Barbra Streisand, there's really no one we rip on because we hate them. We really are just deconstructing stardom. That's why it's just any random celebrity—we don't go for the Backstreet Boys, because that's too easy.

PLAYBOY: But they can still sit at home and think——

PARKER: Why do they hate me? But it's even funnier when there's no reason to rip on them. We're not saying fuck that person, we're saying fuck stardom, fuck actors and actresses being touted as kings and queens. That's really what the show's about. Except for Barbra Streisand.

PLAYBOY: Why Barbra Streisand?

PARKER: It's a Colorado thing. In the early Nineties there was this whole Amendment Two [an antigay amendment] thing in Colorado. It was a big fuckup, and it turned out later that half the state didn't even know what the law was saying; they thought no meant yes and yes meant no. It was very confusing. But when it passed, Barbra Streisand went on one of her big crusades, because she's got a fucking $4 million condo in Aspen. She goes, "I am boycotting Colorado." And we were all like, "Fuck, yeah. Get your fucking ass out of Aspen."

STONE: She said, "If you don't change the law, I am never coming back to the state again." And it wasn't said like, "I'm not coming back because of this and this and this——" It was like, "If they don't do something, they're going to lose *me*."

PARKER: She fucking sucks, man. When we did Spooky Vision, that was the best. We did a Halloween episode, and all week we advertised, "Spooky Vision, Spooky Vision. . . ." All Spooky Vision was, is that in every corner of the TV you saw Barbra Streisand's face.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of celebrities you've ripped, you recently went to the Sundance Film Festival, where your band, DVDA, played a song called *Robert Redford Fucks Babies* in honor of Sundance's founder. Was that really necessary?

PARKER: Why the fuck not, man? The thing is, he started it. I've been to Sundance nine years in a row now, starting when we were film students who would drive there and sleep on the floor and try to make connections. We made a feature in college and sent it to Sundance and it got rejected. But after *South Park*, Sundance wanted to show our films. And we were like, "Where were you when we fucking needed you?"

STONE: The first year we went, *Reality Bites* was at Sundance. We were in this bar, and Danny DeVito and Winona Ryder were there. And we felt like, Why the fuck are *you* here?

PARKER: Sundance should be for 23-year-olds who go there with a film from college and no other way of getting it seen,

not for Ryder's latest film because they can get her to show up. So we talked about that to the press, and we went to Sundance every year to sort of stir shit up. And then last year our friend Jason started Lapdance, where you watch a short film and you get a lap dance while you're watching. The press interviewed Robert Redford and misinterpreted it and said that Lapdance was our thing, and they asked how he felt about that.

STONE: He said we were the lowest of the low. We're filmmakers, just like he is. Why are *we* the lowest of the low? We're not the ones who are putting out the Sundance fucking pottery catalog. I mean, he might have started the thing with the best intentions, but now it's just grown into this big fat pig. Basically, it's a bunch of people going, "Isn't this awesome? We make films and we're rich and we're in the snow."

PLAYBOY: So you put Redford in an episode of *South Park*.

PARKER: Yeah. We had him bring his festival to South Park, and then he drowned in shit. That's probably why he's a little upset. I think he was pissed off, too, because we drew him with a big, pockmarked, wrinkled pizza face.

PLAYBOY: Your career has been full of controversy. Didn't Mike Judge, the creator of *Beavis and Butt-head*, sit you down when you were starting out and tell you what was going to happen?

PARKER: Yep. And it has followed that completely.

STONE: Almost exactly.

PARKER: He said, "There's going to be this big rise, and then everyone will hate you. You just ride it out and do your job, and you're just a show." And we're finally there, because of the movie. Before the movie we were crashing down, and now we've leveled out. It's a good place to be, because there's not as much pressure. Once you go up and down, you realize it's all a bunch of bullshit.

STONE: The hype is bullshit, the crash is bullshit. Now we just sit around and do the show.

PLAYBOY: But the show's ratings are down quite a bit from the first season.

STONE: The whole thing about the ratings drop is bullshit, too. They took the highest-rated show ever, when we revealed who Cartman's father was, which got astronomical numbers. But also, that was when we were on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, we were on the cover of *Newsweek* and we had a huge article in *Time*. We were the thing for that month, right? And that kind of press buys you numbers. There were a lot of people watching the show who probably had no business seeing it. So now we're back down. It still gets great ratings for Comedy Central, makes them tons of ad money.

PLAYBOY: Is the process of fame really as predictable as Judge makes it sound?

PARKER: Oh yeah. I was just watching the *Behind the Music* marathon on VH1, and

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it's so funny how everyone goes through exactly the same shit.

STONE: Except for "Weird Al" Yankovic. You see "Weird Al's"?

PARKER: Yeah.

STONE: "Weird Al" is like, "Nope, I'm a pretty happy guy. Nothing's really going on——"

PARKER: See, that's why they can't do one on us. Because it would be like, "And then they started taking drugs, and things got a lot better." [*Laughs*]

STONE: "And then they made a lot of money, and they took more drugs——"

PARKER: "And now they're happier."

PLAYBOY: Maybe you owe your future biographers a resounding crash.

PARKER: We're waiting for that. I had a friend who went to work on *Behind the Music*, and he said that the stretch from the 30-minute mark to the 45-minute mark is called the Price of Fame. And whatever it is, they gotta find the POF. Our POF is coming, and I'm really nervous about what it's going to be.

PLAYBOY: At this point, what has been the biggest price of fame for you?

PARKER: The hardest time for me was a period from about April of last year until the movie came out. We were way overworked doing the series and the movie at the same time. But more important, it was the most stressed out I've ever been because that's when all the critics started saying, "*South Park* is over, the ratings are down, it's over." They were saying, "Oh, they're making a movie, but the show's over, the movie's going to suck, who cares?" I'd like to say it didn't bother me, fuck the press and everything, but I can't. It was hard, because we knew this movie had better fucking rock.

STONE: You start to doubt it. You think, God, maybe this is a dumb idea for a movie. But in a weird way, that might have helped the movie be better, because we were angry. I really felt it was our suicide note. We felt like, they're going to cancel the show after this movie comes out, but we're going to fucking do it our way. It'll be a big middle finger to Hollywood, and then everyone will hate us and we'll go back to Colorado.

PARKER: That was totally the idea.

STONE: You know how, when you're going to commit suicide, you get really happy the day before?

PLAYBOY: Not personally, no.

STONE: [*Laughs*] Well, you read about people who are so happy the day before they commit suicide, because they're free. That was how we felt: We're free, we're going down, fuck it.

PARKER: And then it was that much more satisfying when the movie came out and everyone was so shocked.

PLAYBOY: But you had also completely alienated the studio, Paramount, by that time.

PARKER: Oh, yeah, we sure had. Paramount was like, "You guys won't have a career in this town." And we were like, "We don't fucking care."

STONE: We burned so many bridges, especially with their marketing department. The production people at Paramount were great to us, and our producer Scott Rudin was a big reason why the movie turned out as good as it did. But then you had marketing battles, legal battles, all these battles. It was such a perfect lesson in why so many bands come out and their first album is really great, and then their sophomore effort sucks. Even with the clout of having this huge franchise that had earned Viacom hundreds of millions of dollars, the studio did everything they could to beat us down and beat the spirit out of the movie.

PLAYBOY: Can you give some examples?

PARKER: The best was the trailer. They made this trailer for the movie that was so bad. It was basically like [*sleazy announcer voice*], "Get ready for the *laugh*iest movie of the summer!" It was what *South Park* is completely against. We told them we didn't like it, and they said they were going to make changes. But they kept sending us the exact same trailer. So the third time, we broke the tape in half, put it back in the envelope and sent it back to them.

STONE: It was war. They were saying, "Are you telling us how to do our job?" And I was going, "Yes, because you're fucking stupid and you don't know what you're doing."

PARKER: Finally, Matt wrote a memo titled "A Formula for Success," and it said, "Cooperation + you doing nothing = success" [*laughs*]. And we fucking faxed it to everybody.

STONE: We were humongous dicks about it. Just humongous. They threatened to sue us.

PLAYBOY: Over what?

PARKER: They took the songs from the movie and did a video. And because it was for MTV, they cut all the R-rated parts out and edited it into this horrible little medley. All the funny shit was gone, and you watched it and you're like, "What the fuck is this?" But it was being made in our studio, so we just took away the tape.

STONE: Their people worked 24 hours a day all weekend to get it to MTV on Monday so MTV could put it on the air on Wednesday. So I put the tape in the trunk of my car and went home.

PARKER: Even Scott was saying, "You know, you're burning every relationship you have in this town." But we thought, either we're out of this town after this movie comes out, or the movie does really well and no one gives a fuck what we did. Which ended up being the case.

PLAYBOY: Did the movie's success make things better with Paramount?

STONE: No. They don't like us.

PARKER: But it doesn't matter. If we had sucked their balls, it would have been the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't Paramount still have

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the film rights to any future *South Park* movies?

PARKER: They do, but now it's a two-way street. In their eyes, a movie couldn't make enough money to be worth it to them to work with us again. And in our eyes, they couldn't pay us enough to work with them again.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'd find it better at a different movie studio?

PARKER: No. I don't think I want to make another movie. TV has sane people, especially at Comedy Central. Those fuckers at movie studios are insane, and they don't give a fuck about anything but money. It's scary.

STONE: I figure, people who make movies have sex once a year, and people who make TV have sex three times a week.

PARKER: And the thing is, Paramount's only one of our big obstacles. I think the main one would be the ratings board. We fucked them so hard and they got so burned by us that if we tried to go through them again they would just slobber over the fact that we were coming back. So we already know we're kind of fucked.

PLAYBOY: Besides the fact that they gave an NC-17 rating to your movie *Orgazmo* and initially gave an NC-17 to *South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut*, what's the problem with the ratings board?

STONE: It borders on antitrust violation. You have the seven big studios, which is the Motion Picture Association of America, controlling the creative content of all movies, whether it's a studio movie or not. It was a total shame that Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman didn't stand up to them in memory of Kubrick on *Eyes Wide Shut*.

PLAYBOY: But Jack Valenti would argue that the MPAA doesn't control the content of movies—it simply advises parents of that content.

STONE: That's bullshit. When *Orgazmo* got an NC-17, we were stupid enough to think, OK, we'll see what we have to change. We got on the phone with the MPAA and they're like, "We don't give specific notes." The only note they gave was: NC-17 due to its "overall sexual nature." And we're like, "Well, what do we cut out?" "We can't really tell you what to cut out." "OK, is there something we can leave in the movie that would assure us an NC-17?" "No, we don't go into that." So we went back and basically did a recut on the movie, tightened up some stuff we wanted to tighten up anyway. Sent it back. "NC-17, overall sexual content." We were just like, "Fuck it. We're not going to sit here and butcher the movie." And to October Films' credit, they released it NC-17—and took a bath on it. Then we did the *South Park* movie and sent it to the MPAA and it came back NC-17. We're like, "Why?" And they're like, "For this, this, this, this——"

PARKER: They gave Paramount a full list.

STONE: They gave Paramount specific fucking notes. To an independent distributor, they wouldn't give any notes. Why? Because they don't get any money. They won't even return your phone calls when you're putting out a *Happiness* or an *Orgazmo*. But when you are in a Schwarzenegger movie, they'll bargain with you.

PLAYBOY: You're saying they actually made deals with you and Paramount?

STONE: We submitted it seven times to the MPAA. The last submission we got back was NC-17, two weeks before release. And one of the marketing guys from Paramount calls and says, "Matt, Trey, you need to cut this again, because we need an R." So I called Scott Rudin and freaked out. Rudin called somebody at Paramount and freaked out on them. Somebody at Paramount called somebody at the MPAA and freaked out on them. And the next day the movie was rated R. Not one frame of the movie changed. That's what fucking bullshit it is. And we have it all documented. They can't take us to court for libel because it's fucking true. It is such a fucking shame that no one in this town has the balls to stand up to them. And we're stupid, and I'll probably end up dead in a fucking ditch tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Assuming the MPAA lets you live, would you really prefer government regulation of movie content?

STONE: You know, I used to definitely be on the side of Hollywood when I'd hear Al Gore and all these politicians say we need to do something about violence in movies. I used to be like, "Fuck you, First Amendment, blah blah blah." But when you start examining how fucked up the self-regulation in this industry is, then you start to see Al Gore's point of view. All he knows is that his kids can go see *The General's Daughter* and see all that depraved bullshit in a fucking terrible movie. Al says, "Hey, can you do something about violence in movies?" And Jack Valenti walks up with a little martini and says, "We're doing it, don't worry." They want kids to see R-rated movies, that's the bottom line.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STONE: Because they make a lot more R-rated movies, and they need kids to see them. People don't understand that the MPAA isn't just this cool not-for-profit holy organization. The MPAA *is* the studios. Jack Valenti is paid by them. It's a trade organization, it's a lobby, and he's a fucking hack. He paints himself as this moral arbiter, this guy who stands for the parents of America, and he's a fucking politician.

PARKER: And he is sucking the dicks of so many studio execs.

STONE: That's his job, to suck their dicks. His job is to protect Hollywood from Washington, not to protect the American public from Hollywood sludge.

PLAYBOY: At one point in the movie, you have one of the characters come out and say, "Just remember what the MPAA says: Horrific, deplorable violence is OK, as long as people don't say any naughty words."

PARKER: Oh yeah, it all ended up going into the movie. The movie became a whole story of what had happened over the last year. That's what's beautiful about *South Park*, that we could change things at the last minute.

STONE: We were able to put in a mention of Jar Jar Binks at the last minute. We're both huge *Star Wars* fans, and to watch that *Phantom Menace* atrocity was so depressing.

PLAYBOY: Trey, did you really go up to George Lucas at a party and say, "I haven't seen your movie yet, but everybody says it sucks"?

PARKER: I didn't quite word it like that [*laughs*]. I was drunk. I had met him before and he's such a nice guy that I fucking feel bad. He said, "I haven't seen your movie yet," and I said, "Yeah, I haven't seen yours either, after, you know, everyone said it's not really worth seeing." Or something like that. And then I just felt like, Oh fuck, what did I say?

STONE: Yeah, because he's George Lucas. He's not supposed to hit a home run every time. He's allowed to kind of miss it a few times, you know?

PARKER: [*Laughs*] He did not "kind of miss it," dude. It's a fucking shitty movie. I think he's just gone insane. And that's fine. It doesn't take away the trilogy, which is the *Last Supper* of fucking movies, and will be forever. But goddamn it, that movie fucking sucks.

STONE: Yeah, it's terrible.

PARKER: That's scary, too. When you're having success, you think about getting old. You wonder, are you going to become George Lucas? I don't want to be that fucking old guy still trying to do shit that's not working, you know? I want to go away before that, get a farm or something. It's so pathetic. There are a lot of people in this town who really should have left a while ago.

PLAYBOY: Late last year you turned 30. Was that a traumatic birthday for you?

PARKER: It was, and it still is. I guess I've always equated it to being a rock star, maybe because that's my own little fantasy. But I think in a lot of ways you have your best shit to say when you're in your 20s. Not your most intelligent shit, but you've got your edge and you don't give a fuck about anything, and that's why it's cool. And now, for whatever reason, suddenly I feel like it'd be nice to have some kids. Things are going on in my head that had never been in my head before. You just get older, you start caring about things. That's gay, but——

STONE: [*Laughs*] You have to.

PARKER: Unfortunately we all have to start caring about shit.

PLAYBOY: So what do you care about now that you didn't care about five years ago?

PARKER: Well, I'm not saying I do *yet*. I'm still kind of cool, so I don't really care about much. But I'm starting to care. I'll know it's over the first time Jewel says something and I think, Yeah, that's true.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there anyone you can look to who's sustained creativity into their 30s or 40s or beyond?

PARKER: No, and that's what scares me and makes me sad. I think creativity does go away. It's just like muscle tissue. I mean, just look at Sting's new song, *Brand New Day*.

STONE: Sting was the coolest. I'm the biggest Police fan in the world, it was my favorite band. The guy's gone downhill.

PARKER: And you can't say, "Well, he's just creative in a different way." How can he think that's a good song? He's lost it, whatever it is. I think it's just a fact of life. Even physicists, you know, most of the brilliant ones came up with that shit in their 20s.

STONE: Einstein did his special theory of relativity when he was 26, I think. Gödel did his incompleteness theorems when he was 24 [*laughs*]. You had Elvis being sweet when he was young. Arnold Schwarzenegger did *Conan*, that was sweet. *End of Days*, that's lame. And all the bands that were good either had youth or drugs. Led Zeppelin was great, and now they're old, they don't do drugs, they're all clean—and they kinda suck.

PLAYBOY: Are you advocating drugs as a creative aid?

PARKER: Not at all. Actually, one thing we thought could easily destroy *South Park* was if people thought we were total potheads. I haven't smoked pot in 10 years and I don't like it. I think it makes me stupid, and I don't like being around people who do it, because it makes them stupid and I have nothing to talk to them about. You can't do shit smoking dope.

STONE: Or drunk, or anything else. You can't do shit when you're fucked up. We say that in jest a lot of times. Somebody will ask, "Where do you get the ideas?" "Drugs." But I don't think any of the show's content is affected by drugs.

PARKER: You can't work this hard and party at the same time. And I definitely won't say I haven't had some great fucking times on drugs. I've had some great times, and I still do. But I wasn't doing anything when I was 13 and 14, when I didn't know what the fuck I was doing. That's actually one of the things I'm proudest of, that I had Chef say in an episode: "There's a time and a place for everything, and it's called college." I totally believe that. That's what I'd tell my kid: "Do whatever you want, just wait till college because you don't know what the fuck's up right now."

PLAYBOY: When *South Park* started getting popular, there must have been times when you partied like two kids in a candy store.

PARKER: There were. Especially, for me,

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with women. I fucking love women. I definitely got out of control in that arena, and I still have out-of-control binges in Vegas and shit. But again, I see some 40- or 45-year-old dude who is still going to clubs, and that's really when I start thinking, I need to get married. Because I don't want to become that fucking guy. You know, I don't want to become the guy who's still using his name to pick up chicks every night [*laughs*]. I'm stoked that I had the opportunity to live that lifestyle, but I don't want to be fucking Bill Maher, you know?

PLAYBOY: So you can see settling down and having kids sometime soon?

PARKER: Maybe. And if I decided I wanted to get married in the next year or two, I wouldn't take another TV deal. Because I know, creatively, I would be a very different person. And I don't want to see the shit I make when I'm that little fucking faggot pussy. Because when you have a family, then it's "I need money for my family." I'll do 1-800-Collect commercials, and you can say all the shit you want, but my son's going to fucking Princeton.

STONE: It's like when you see *Austin Powers 2*. I love *Austin Powers*, and I think Mike Myers was the genius comic of the Nineties, but to see *Austin Powers 2*, to see him milk the same things, was just sad. As strong as that character is, he almost ruined it.

PLAYBOY: You've complained about celebrities doing commercials, but you're in front of a three-foot Cartman doll. And there's lots more *South Park* merchandise where that came from.

PARKER: Oh yeah, definitely. Actually, the dolls are the one thing I was stoked about. But man, there was nobody in this world who hated the *South Park* merchandising more than the two of us.

STONE: We do make money off it, but not that much. And I would give back double the money if it all had never happened.

PARKER: That's what people don't understand: Comedy Central owns *South Park*, we don't. Comedy Central can go do whatever the fuck they want with these characters. Luckily we do the voices, so they can't have them sell Burger King unless we agree to do it. And they've made all this shit and these video games that we fucking hate, and that's been another big thorn in our side.

PLAYBOY: But after the show was a success, Comedy Central renegotiated your contracts to give you more money.

PARKER: Oh yeah. But compared with network money, with *The Simpsons*' money, we're still nowhere near it. With everything we do on this show, we don't make remotely near what a voice person on *The Simpsons* makes.

STONE: But we don't bring in what *The Simpsons* does. *The Simpsons* gets six times the audience.

PARKER: And in terms of what we know Comedy Central can afford——

STONE: In terms of what Comedy Central can afford, it's good money. More money than I ever thought I'd be making. And now I totally understand the pressure that Mike Myers feels. If you're rich and you get poor again, you're the biggest dipshit who ever lived. So you get an irrational fear of being poor. I really don't live that extravagantly, but now I feel like I need more money because I can't ever be poor again. Not because I need a Lexus or any of that shit, but because everyone would think I'm a total dick. And they'd be right. I'm more scared of people laughing at me than I am about being poor.

PARKER: And people think we're set for the rest of our lives. No fucking way. If we stopped doing everything, we'd be fucking broke in five years, easy.

PLAYBOY: But you do have a valuable franchise now.

PARKER: That's why we've changed, in a way. Before *South Park*, we felt like, we don't give a fuck, we'll fail like motherfuckers, because who cares? Who are we? And now all of a sudden we don't want to fail because we have our little place in time, and we don't want to fuck that up.

STONE: It's definitely a weird feeling of, like, *bam*, you're old, you dick. You're a pussy now.

PARKER: It's really funny—I wonder if we'll be 40 and read this article about us talking about how fucking old we are at 29 and 30. We'll just go, "What the fuck were we talking about?"

STONE: [*Laughs*] Yup. They'll use these quotes against us when we're making *Patch Adams 3*.

PLAYBOY: Let's back up. One of the central themes of *South Park*—and you've said this in the past—is that kids are little bastards.

PARKER: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Were you like that when you were kids?

PARKER: Yeah. Everyone I knew was, too. You're a completely selfish, self-centered asshole, and that's just the way it works. It's not until you're an adult that you really understand, wow, it really is about sharing things. It isn't about me getting presents at Christmastime; the feeling of giving other people presents really is cool. You don't know that shit until you're like 20. The kid world is all about "Give me your toy," and beating up the other kid.

PLAYBOY: Are we to conclude that you two were on the playground beating up other kids?

PARKER: Well, I was a pretty good kid, mostly because I was really shy. I got decent grades. I was in honors classes and stuff. I drank once when I was 18, and not again until I was 21. I just happened to find a group of friends, and we made movies every weekend.

PLAYBOY: What were you like, Matt?

STONE: Especially at math, I was super-duper-duper-duper-duper smart. I'm not kidding. I think I was as smart at math in sixth grade as I was when I graduated from college with a math degree. I basically never took a note in my entire life. And I always got Bs, because I wouldn't turn in my homework.

PLAYBOY: Were you popular in school?

PARKER: I had a real fucked-up situation, because I was head of the choir, and at my school that was the cool thing [*laughs*]. Evergreen High School was nationally known for its choir. We were shitty at every sport, so you were not cool if you played sports. And by the time I was a senior, I had the lead in all the plays, and was the head of choir, and then I was prom king. Of course, you go to college and say, "Yeah, I was in choir," and they start laughing at you.

PLAYBOY: We assume that the choir kids weren't cool at your school, Matt.

STONE: No way. If you were in the choir, they probably called you a fag. Which was too bad. I honestly don't think I would have been interested in choir or theater anyway, but that wasn't even on the list of options, because if you did that you were considered a big gaywad. Everyone likes to say, "Oh, I don't care what other people think about me." But of course I did. And now a bunch of high school people are going to call me and say, "I'm a fag. Fuck you, dick."

PLAYBOY: If you weren't interested in the arts, Matt, what did you plan to do after you graduated?

STONE: I was going to become a logician.

PARKER: [*Laughs*] Like Siegfried and Roy?

STONE: I read someplace that there were guys who made all this money doing high-level theoretical math for AT&T, and I thought that sounded kind of glamorous. That was my last thought before we did our first film. And now I'm sitting here with you, and I have no idea how I got here.

PLAYBOY: Did it seem accidental to you, Trey?

PARKER: No. I've been pretty driven since I was about 15. I was definitely the typical big-dream kid. My dad got me a video camera when I was 14, and every Saturday and Sunday for four years I made movies with my friends. It didn't seem like too much of a mistake to me.

PLAYBOY: But you also envisioned a career in music, didn't you?

PARKER: Yeah, exactly. Around 17 I turned toward music. But it was always about being funny. And I'm so glad I got into that whole music world, because of what I was able to do in the movie. To watch a fucking 50-piece orchestra play *Uncle Fucka* was probably the highlight of my entire life.

PLAYBOY: You made lots of different films in school, some of which are now selling on eBay.

PARKER: Really? That's too bad. It's funny, because we had to do foreign press

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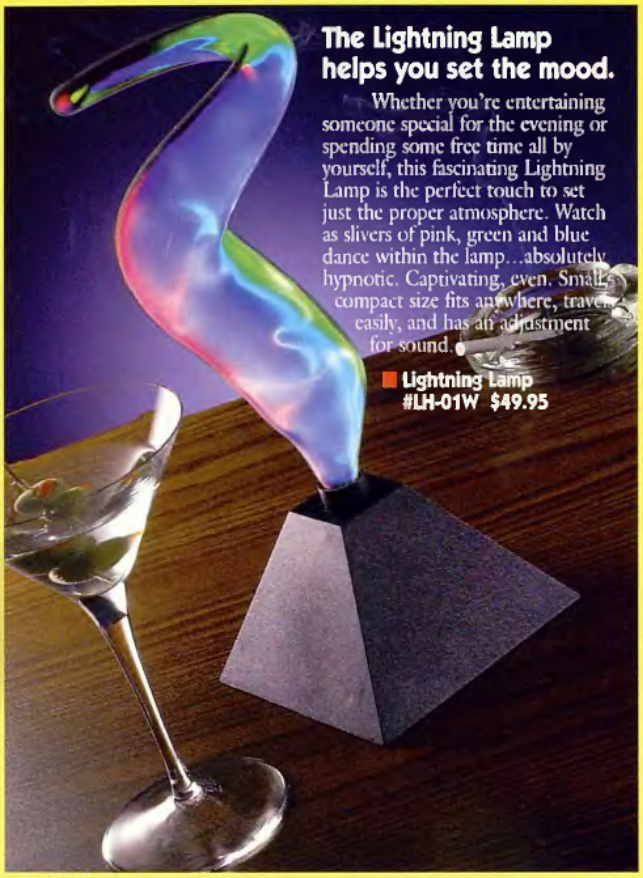

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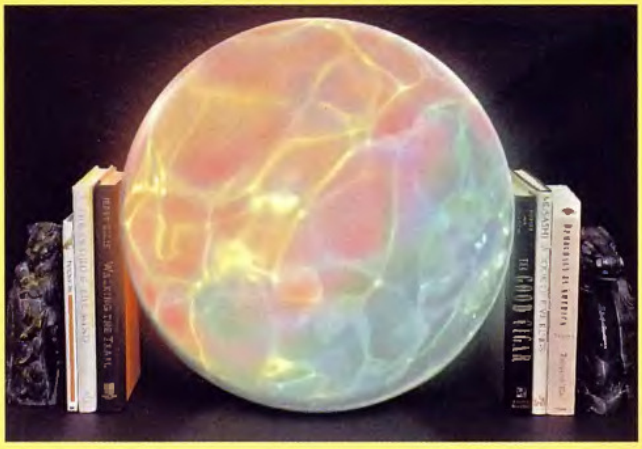

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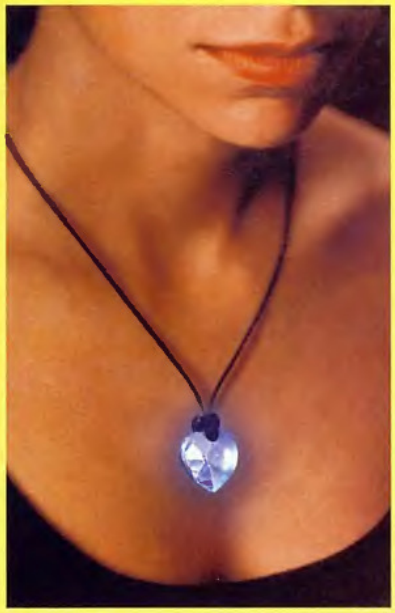

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recently, and this Swedish guy says, "Tell me about your first film, *Giant Beavers of Southern Sri Lanka*." And I was like, "Dude, I was 20, and it's a three-minute fucking thing. That's not my first film." I don't think most directors have to deal with that.

PLAYBOY: Did you know you were onto something when you started working with construction-paper animation?

PARKER: Yeah. It made me think, there's something, on a very basic level, that's appealing about this look. It was something kind of new in its crappiness. You see construction paper, glue and scissors, and you immediately are in third grade again. And it's about third graders. I think that was a big part of it. And still, I think *South Park* is total eye candy.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you first use the technique on a college short called *American History*?

PARKER: Yeah, it was for animation class. It was the biggest piece of shit that you've ever seen, but somehow everyone laughed at it and I won all these awards.

PLAYBOY: Including a Student Academy Award. What was that like?

PARKER: They fly you out to Los Angeles, they put you up at the Century Plaza Hotel, they drive you around in limos and you get your mini-Oscar. And I remember sitting in this auditorium filled with 1500 people, this big black-tie event, and I'm just going, "How the fuck did I get here?" Because I didn't even submit the fucking thing. Someone else did. And there are all these Cal Arts kids behind me who had submitted these beautiful watercolor and pencil things. And here's my shitty construction-paper thing—which makes *South Park* look like Disney, by the way. And they're all fuming. But I think, if I remember right, that I stiffed the Academy for a $500 bar tab.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, though, they've forgiven you. Trey, how surprised were you when you and Marc Shaiman got an Oscar nomination for writing the song *Blame Canada*?

PARKER: Pretty surprised. It's funny, because getting nominated for an Academy Award is like going to the Super Bowl. Everyone's excited and everyone congratulates you—but then if you lose, you're just another chump. Once you lose, you're the Atlanta Falcons.

PLAYBOY: So much for that old line, "It's an honor to be nominated." Still, the nomination itself must have been satisfying in some ways.

PARKER: I have mixed feelings about it. What it comes down to, it's not just a group of random old people sitting around deciding to give you the nomination. In that category, it's a group of composers. So if I think of it in that way, it's a bit more flattering. But I don't have any illusions. I mean, Aerosmith got nominated last year. If Aerosmith can be up for a fucking Academy Award, then it doesn't mean a whole lot.

STONE: There's a lot of stuff in the Academy Awards that are important achievements, and well deserved. But when it comes to songs, it's Aerosmith and Celine Dion and all that shit. Those are little gum-commercial moments—they have nothing to do with filmmaking, you know? You can't compare the amount of effort that goes into making a full-borne musical as opposed to putting an Aerosmith song under a scene starring Ben Affleck.

PLAYBOY: Did any of the other awards you won for the *South Park* movie mean more to you?

PARKER: Well, the letter I got from Stephen Sondheim is worth 20 Academy Awards to me. And the New York Film Critics Circle award was really flattering, because those are people whose writing I respect. The Academy Awards are just a spectacle. You think, Why is everybody watching this, and why does everybody care so much? So yeah, it was nice to be nominated, but there's still a part of me that totally wants to say, "Fuck this whole thing."

STONE: That's what I feel, too [*laughs*]. I know I'm never going to get one, so fuck them. You've got to be like the kid who can't play basketball because he sucks, so he's like, "I wouldn't want to play that fucking sport anyway."

PLAYBOY: Speaking of basketball, let's move to your major-studio acting debut, *Baseketball*, which was a commercial and critical flop. Looking back, was it a mistake to make that movie?

PARKER: No. I wouldn't go back and not do it.

STONE: Me neither. If we had to do it today, would we do it differently? Yeah, probably. But I don't regret doing it. And you know why *Baseketball* was sweet? Because it was a fucking stupid idea for a movie. That's what's so cool about it.

PARKER: It's not like this marketing machine saying, "It's Adam Sandler and an adorable little kid, and this will work." It was like, here are some shitty actors no one knows. Here's a stupid idea for a movie. There you go.

PLAYBOY: Who are your comedy idols?

STONE: Monty Python, definitely. Meeting them was one of the highlights of my life. Terry Jones wrote his home phone number on a napkin, and Trey framed it and put it over his fireplace.

PARKER: I was watching Python in third grade, when I was eight years old. It was like another planet. They even talked different. And in third grade, I thought they talked that way to be funny.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any kinship with other animated television shows, like *The Simpsons* or *Beavis and Butt-head* or *Ren and Stimpy*?

PARKER: Well, *The Simpsons* is such a great show that everyone is at least impressed by it. When *Beavis and Butt-head* was first on we were in college, and we watched it all the time. But stylistically, it's obvious that we're most influenced by Terry Gilliam. Because by the time *Beavis and Butt-head* and *The Simpsons* were out, I was kind of shaped.

PLAYBOY: Then again, *Ren and Stimpy*'s creator, John Kricfalusi, says you stole the character of Mr. Hankey, the talking poo, from his show.

PARKER: I honestly had seen like half of a *Ren and Stimpy* episode, and I just didn't dig it. I can't get into that thing where there's really nothing to care about. My favorite parts of *South Park* are the moments where you're like, "Oh, poor kid." You never feel that way watching *Ren and Stimpy*, because those characters are so over-the-top. And I hate those cartoon voices, and hitting people, even that style of drawing. I was into *Beavis and Butt-head* completely, but *Ren and Stimpy* I never got.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever envision concentrating on animation?

PARKER: Well, I always did little cartoons. I was always drawing fucked-up stuff. But it's never been, "Here's our goal: We want to be filmmakers," or "We want to be animators." We're just two creative people, especially when we're around each other. We did music. We did films. We went to bars and made people laugh. There was never really an agenda, and I think that helped us when we came out to LA, because we ended up not pigeonholing ourselves. People were like, "What do you guys want to do?" And we were like, "Whatever."

PLAYBOY: What were your first meetings here like?

PARKER: They were big. We met this lawyer who was married to someone at William Morris. We gave him the videotape of *Cannibal*. He watched it and loved it. Showed it to friends, and then showed it to his wife at William Morris and got us a meeting there. And then William Morris gave it to Scott Rudin, who saw it and loved it and brought me in. So we came in and had these big meetings, and we were like, "Here we fucking go."

STONE: And then, nothing. People still think we lucked out, and they say, "Hey, I wish I could do what you did." OK, here's what you do: Move to a new town with nobody except one or two friends, have no idea what you're going to do tomorrow, watch all your friends get jobs and get dental plans and health plans while you're sleeping on couches, give up any kind of relationship with anybody of the opposite sex, have no money and no security, have the faith of your parents tested. Do that for five years, and that's my life.

PARKER: Matt slept on his dirty laundry for, like, a year, because he didn't have a mattress. We were sleeping on floors thinking, Wow, another two weeks and we're going to be fucking rich. And pretty soon two weeks turns into two

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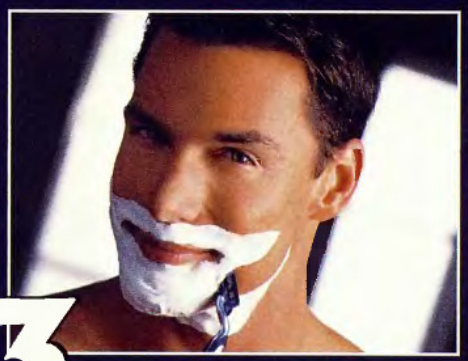

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months, and two months turns into two years, and you definitely stop listening.

PLAYBOY: So you weren't encouraged when *The Spirit of Christmas*, the video Christmas card that introduced the *South Park* characters, turned into a hot underground tape in Hollywood?

PARKER: No, not even when people were calling us after *The Spirit of Christmas* came out, going, "We want to make this a TV show, we want to make a big deal with you." We'd heard it a fucking million times. A big deal turns into six shows, turns into a pilot, turns into nothing. That's how things were working.

PLAYBOY: Even after *South Park* was a success, you kept doing other things: *Orgazmo*, *Baseketball*, albums, outside script deals. Did you say yes to too many things?

PARKER: Absolutely. Our philosophy was, sign every deal, because only one is really going to happen. And even when the show took off, we were like, "OK, while we're hot, we've got to take every fucking deal we can." So rather than focusing on the show, we were taking all these other things. But the show persisted. And it's weird, because right now we are in a position where we are going to decide the next three or four years of our lives. We've never been in the situation where we choose and it happens.

PLAYBOY: Are you still writing the script for a prequel to *Dumb and Dumber*?

PARKER: We'd rather keep it quiet, but we gave the money back. It was another thing we took at the beginning of *South Park*. And they were really patient with us, but when the *South Park* movie happened, I felt like, for the first time, I could define what a Trey Parker–Matt Stone thing was. I could say, "Here's what we're about." And we felt that doing *Dumb and Dumber* was a big step—not necessarily backward, but in a different direction, after we had worked so hard to define our style.

STONE: We felt like we just weren't 100 percent into it, and that we were going to dick over [New Line chief] Mike De Luca, who we respect and adore in every way, or the Farrelly brothers, or Jim Carrey. If we weren't going to go into this a hundred percent, then we're just gonna disrespect the last movie and make this piece of shit.

PARKER: And people were whispering in our ears, "Hey, people do this all the time. Get another writer, pay him, and you guys still get your fucking $2 million." But fuck that. We just wrote them big fat checks and gave them all the money back. And this is the best decision I ever made.

STONE: Our agents get on us and say, "People get paid in this town for doing nothing all the time." And we're like, "Yeah, but we don't." If someone pays me, I want to do something to earn the money.

PLAYBOY: So even with your newfound clout, the two of you haven't gone completely Hollywood?

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STONE: Well, I worked as a production assistant four or five years ago. And I'd just be sitting there picking up trash and looking at some 30-something asshole producer who thinks he's so fucking smart, walking around with his cell phone. We had this shoot a while ago that Trey was directing. I was there to maybe throw an idea or two, but I really didn't have a lot to do. And instead of helping out and trying to be cool and meeting everyone, I was on my cell phone the whole time, sitting in my chair with my sunglasses, going, "Yeah, maybe we should sign that deal." I turned into the fucking total typical asshole producer. And I could see the PAs looking at me, going, Fuck you, dude.

PLAYBOY: You have one hit, and look what happens.

PARKER: Yeah. We suck, man.

STONE: I totally suck now.

PLAYBOY: You say you suck, and you've said your work habits are terrible——

PARKER: Oh, absolutely. We have a bad work ethic. Give us two months to do something, and we'll hang out for six weeks and do it in the last two.

PLAYBOY: But the image of being sellouts who don't care about the work is really just a shield, isn't it?

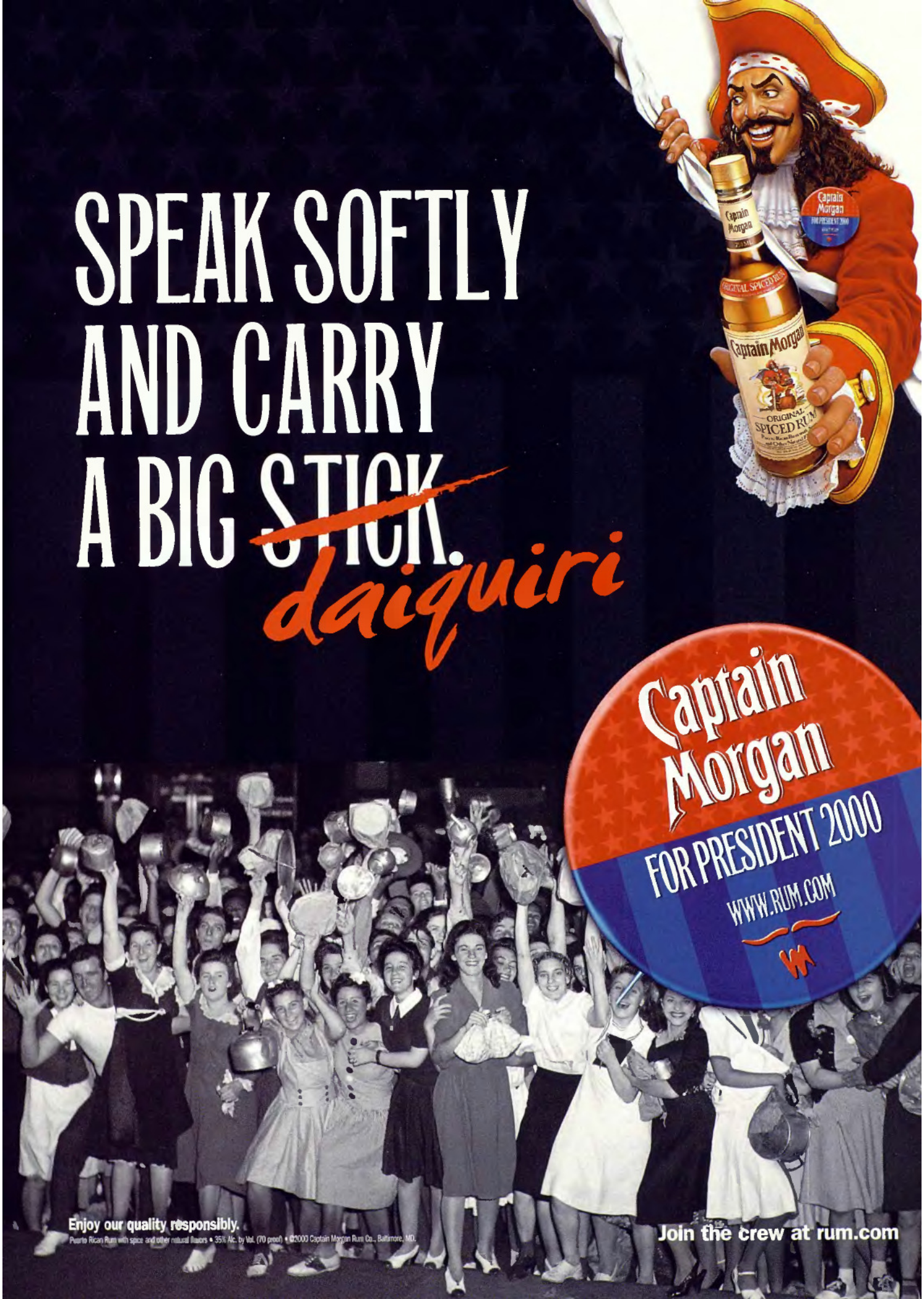
PARKER: Oh, we care. I am absolutely fucking driven. Anyone will tell you I'm a control freak. When it comes time to actually do it, I sit and fuck with every frame of the show. Given seven days to do something, we'll hang out for six, and then on that last day we will work harder and with more care than anyone in the fucking world.

STONE: Sometimes we get this slacker label put on us. Where the fuck did that come from? If you look at the sheer volume of work that we've done since we came on the scene, you'd be hard-pressed to find other people's names on more shit. Not that every moment is golden. But we've done 40 half-hour TV shows that we've written and produced and done all the voices for. We've done *Orgazmo*, which we produced and Trey directed and wrote and starred in. We've done a studio movie, acted in another studio movie, done three albums. To any journalist who uses the word slacker, I'd say, "Let's compare notes. What have *you* done in the last three years, motherfucker?"

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about another stereotype of the show: that it's all about foul language and bratty, obscene little kids. Some people were surprised to find that under all those vulgarities, the *South Park* movie contained the pretty honorable message that parents should speak to and listen to their kids.

STONE: What's amazing to me is that a lot of reviews said, "The biggest surprise is that the movie with the biggest message this year is the *South Park* movie." And for us that was like, You're surprised by that? Have you ever watched the show?

PLAYBOY: In the midst of these insane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DATA BOX

BORN ON DATE: May 1, 2000

MEASUREMENTS: 8½ x 7½ x 8½

WEIGHT: 12 oz.

HOMETOWN: St. Louis, MO

My family

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Beer or
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Light
BEER

situations, a lot of your main characters, from *Cannibal*, *Orgazmo* and *South Park*, have a real innocence and goodness about them.

PARKER: When we say that our thing is trying to take a fucked-up story and make it normal, that's the main way of doing it. In general, our boys, perverted little fuckers that they are, are good boys. Except for Cartman, they all do the right thing. And they are constantly telling adults what's right. Again, it goes back to the *Ren and Stimpy* thing. Yeah, you can be over-the-top and vulgar, but it's just noise unless you have something to ground it with. And I try to ground it with this sense of sweetness. You know, those boys are better people than I am.

PLAYBOY: If you had kids, would you let them watch *South Park*?

PARKER: Yes, I would. I would not let my kid watch most sitcoms on TV, just because they would make him stupid. I would let my kid watch *South Park*. But that's me. And that's the thing: I want it to be my choice as a parent. That's what we've said about the MPAA. I don't want the fucking MPAA telling me, "Your kid can't see this movie even if you accompany him." That's bullshit.

STONE: The MPAA tells us, "You can't see Tom Cruise's weenie in the Kubrick film." Fuck you.

PARKER: I want to see Tom Cruise's weenie.

STONE: But we don't want parents to think *South Park* is a fucking Saturday morning cartoon. It's not that we're trying to hide anything from parents, and that's the biggest misconception. We're trying to make stuff for people who understand, and we want people to know what they're in store for.

PLAYBOY: Have you been back to Colorado much since the shootings at Columbine High School?

PARKER: I haven't been back in over a year. There's a vibe there that really freaks me out, especially since Columbine. They were always a very uptight people. I mean, Colorado is so average. It's in the middle of the country, middle income, everyone's middle. It's so desperately average that it just makes people insane. And rather than embrace us because we grew up there and we're doing a show about Colorado, the media there take every fucking chance they can to rip us.

STONE: Two of the worst reviews for the *South Park* movie and the two worst reviews for *Orgazmo* and the two worst reviews for *Baseketball*, by far, were from Denver papers. Vicious. If you don't like *Baseketball*, fine. It's not the best movie ever. But the reviews in Colorado were like, "Fuck Matt and Trey. They're two fucking assholes. Their 15 minutes are up. Who the fuck do they think they are?" It was just all about us, and that we were shitheads.

PARKER: I've sort of disowned Colorado. I won't go back. I'm like Barbra Streisand. I'll boycott it. It's not my home anymore. That was a bad, shitty fucking thing that happened there, but they've responded to it in a really weird way.

PLAYBOY: How have these various tensions affected your relationship? The first time you spoke to PLAYBOY, Trey, you said it was inevitable that you'd end up hating each other.

PARKER: I probably said that jokingly, because I don't think we ever really believed that. But people have been telling us that from the beginning. Really, after the third episode, everyone was like, "So are you guys starting to hate each other?"

STONE: I just don't think either of us cared that much about it. Honestly, if it came to a point where the show had to end or our friendship had to end, the show would end. We care about it, obviously, but I don't care enough to get in a big fucking fight with my best friend.

PARKER: And for every moment where it's kind of like, OK, I've had enough of you for a little bit, there are a hundred more moments where I'm like, Thank God Matt's here. Everything from having to go on fucking Leno to having to deal with Paramount Pictures to going out and drinking.

STONE: I find it hilarious that bands like Guns n' Roses get to the point where they don't even talk anymore. That's stupid. So now they break up, and they suck. They could have stayed friends and sucked.

PLAYBOY: On the movies you've made, Trey has been the director, the writer and the lead actor. On *South Park*, is your collaboration more 50-50?

STONE: It changes. Every project we do, we take on different roles. It's about keeping that energy or that vision intact. People ask, "What do you do?" and I'm like, "I do all sorts of weird shit, you know?"

PARKER: I would not and could not do *South Park* without Matt. I still can't put my finger on it, but it intrigues me. I'm different around Matt than I am around my other friends, and we laugh at different stuff than we do with our other friends. And what we laugh about together, that becomes *South Park*.

STONE: And I'm not really funny around my other friends. Over New Year's I was hanging out with all these people and they were like, "You're not funny."

PARKER: I just went to Europe with my parents for two weeks, and it was shocking: When I'm with my family, I am the quietest, most straitlaced guy you've ever seen. And, absolutely, *South Park* is whatever this energy is between Matt and me. We could do stuff on our own, but it wouldn't be *South Park*. It's like, David Lee Roth and Van Halen fucking rock. And then David Lee Roth goes off and fucking sucks, and Van Halen without him fucking sucks.

STONE: It's like, you take dogshit and cat vomit and you stick 'em together, and you get rad pizza that tastes really, really good.

PLAYBOY: Who's who in that equation?

STONE: I'm dogshit. Trey's cat vomit.

PLAYBOY: You've got less than a year left on the deal you signed to make 73 episodes of *South Park*. After you finish those shows, do you envision making more?

PARKER: No. I mean, we could probably tell Comedy Central that we want to renew our contract for another five years and get the same amount of money, and they would do it in a second. But we're done. And it's going to be sad. When we start getting down to three or four shows left, we're going to be thinking, Cartman's never going to say anything anymore. It's pretty fucked up.

PLAYBOY: You could relinquish some of the control, turn the show over to your staff the way Matt Groening did with *The Simpsons*, and keep it going while you're free to work on other things.

PARKER: Yeah, but I don't want to see it become this bastardization. I don't want people to look back and think, Then they got into the third season and handed it over to somebody else, and it became rehashes. The thing that keeps me going is knowing that someday this is going to exist as 70 shows, and I want every one of them to be ours. And again, it comes from being such fans of Python, and watching what they did. You could see that they were losing interest at the end, so they just said, "Fuck it, let's blow this thing up." And that's definitely our mentality. Let's become weird and inaccessible. We'd rather have it blow up in our face than peter out.

STONE: *We'll* blow it up somehow.

PLAYBOY: Do you have plans after *South Park*?

PARKER: Kind of. We have one idea for a show that's pretty rad. But it's been a weird few months. You've probably heard this before, but I never even thought of it: You spend your whole life going, "This is what I want to do, this is what I want to achieve, this is my dream——"

STONE: And then you do it.

PARKER: And then all of a sudden you do it. And you think, Now what do we do? [*Laughs*] I don't even really know what I want to do with my life. But I know I don't want to be 40 years old doing pigfucker jokes. Not because I don't love 'em, because I do. I just don't think it'd be sincere anymore. When I do fart jokes now, I do them because I really think they're funny. And I don't want to be. . . . No, I'll still think they're funny when I'm 40.

STONE: Oh, yeah. I'm gonna be 80, on my death bed, farting and laughing.

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DOUBLESHOT

dangerous blondes are bond's business, but how would he deal with this pair of identical twins?

fiction By Raymond Benson

THE TRAIN rolled out of Tangier and headed south along the coastline toward Rabat. James Bond stared wearily at the passing scenery, which grew flatter as the journey progressed. He wished he could relax, but he was wound up like a coil.

It wasn't long before he craved a cigarette. He got up to leave his compartment, made his way through the narrow corridor and stepped out onto the rumbling platform at the back of the train. He removed his gunmetal case, took a cigarette and lit it.

Had his career finally come to an end? he asked himself. Was it time to give it up? Had he begun to pay the price for living on the edge for so long? He had seen it in other agents. Something in them finally snaps and they have to put in for early retirement. Was this happening to him? Was he absolutely certain he could beat this thing on his own? What if he really was going insane?

Stop it! he commanded himself. Don't be ridiculous.

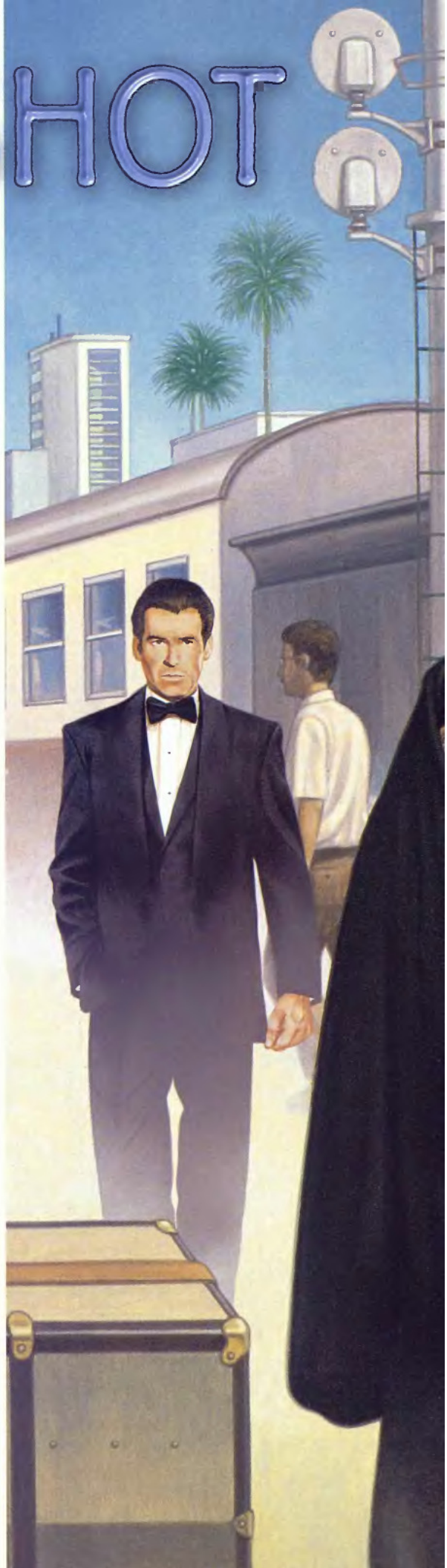
Bond's thoughts were interrupted when an attractive blonde opened the door and joined him on the platform. She didn't look at him or speak; she dug into a handbag, found her own cigarettes and attempted to light one.

"Allow me," he said. He produced his Ronson and cupped the flame close to her face.

She said, "Thank you."

For a moment they stood there in the open air, enjoying that exhilarating sensation of watching the tracks rush away from the train.

"I get claustrophobic on trains," she said. "Smoking in the corridor isn't cool, even though *(continued on page 90)*



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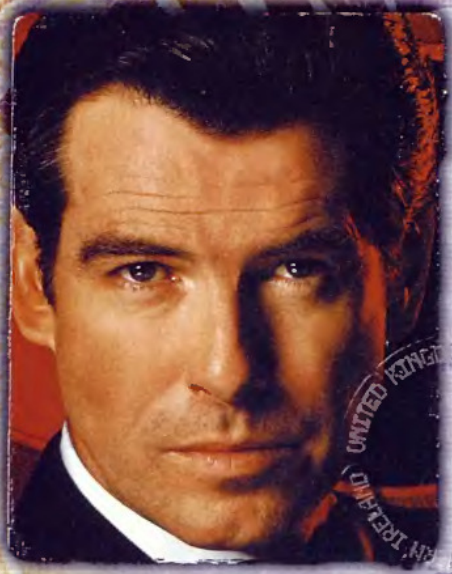


Surname/Nom
BOND
Given Names/Prenoms
JAMES
Nationality/Nationalite
BRITISH CITIZEN
Date of birth/Date de naissance
11 NOV 1924
Sex/Sexe M
Place of birth/Lieu de naissance
WATTENSCHEID, GR
Date of issue/Date de delivrance
02 FEB /FEBR 00
Authority/Autorite
UNITED KINGDOM PASSPORT AGENCY
Date of expiry/Date d'expiration
02 FEB /FEBR 02

Passport Passeport

A<GBRBOND<<JAMES<<BOND<<<<<<<<<<
007<000229GBR0070060050040030020001<<

THE BACKGROUND ON

007 BOND FILES

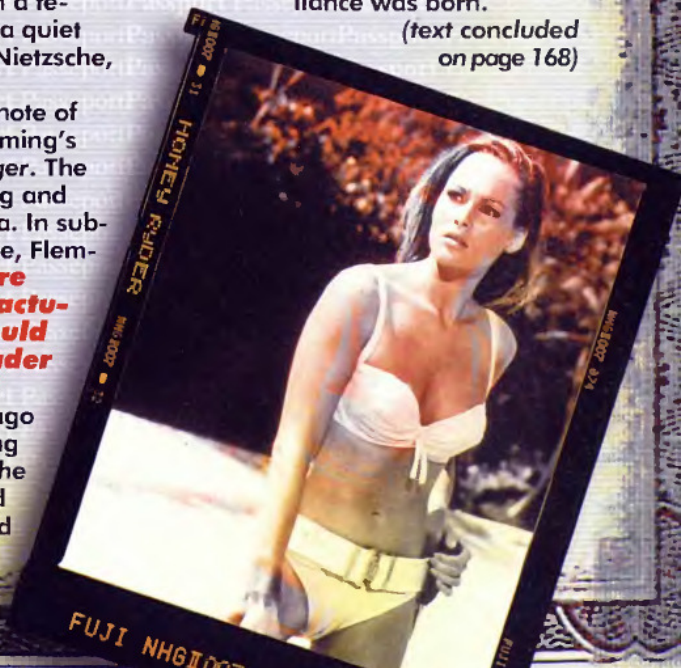
In 1953 two events occurred that reshaped the world and forever altered the concept of entertainment for men. Ian Fleming, a former intelligence officer for the British Navy, created a fictional alter ego named Bond. James Bond. *Casino Royale*, the novel introducing the stylish spy, appeared in a modest first printing of 4750 copies. In Chicago, Hugh Hefner, a former employee of *Esquire* magazine, launched PLAYBOY magazine. The first issue's print run was a modest 51,000 copies.

The fictional Bond was a man of sophisticated taste, a man who had not domesticated the rogue energy or wolfish charm that characterized men in the Forties. He was a product of WWII, a bachelor by circumstance and choice. He enjoyed women, fast cars, champagne and risk. Fleming had taken the idea of the adventure story and added the "advantages of expensive living."

Hef had taken the idea of a men's magazine and added style, stating in the first issue that he liked "mixing up cocktails and an hors d'oeuvre or two, putting a little mood music on the phonograph and inviting in a female acquaintance for a quiet discussion on Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex."

In 1959 PLAYBOY took note of Bond in a review of Fleming's seventh novel, *Goldfinger*. The editors wrote to Fleming and commissioned a novella. In subsequent correspondence, Fleming admitted, ***"I'm sure that if he were an actual person, Bond would be a registered reader of PLAYBOY."*** We gave Fleming a tour of Chicago when he was here doing research for his book *The Wicked Cities*. He dined at the Mansion. Hef and Fleming began a casual correspondence, discussing, among other topics, the wisdom of building a Playboy Club in hurricane-prone Jamaica. When Fleming's *The Hildebrand Rarity* appeared in the March 1960 issue, PLAYBOY became the first American magazine to publish Bond. An alliance was born.

(text concluded on page 168)

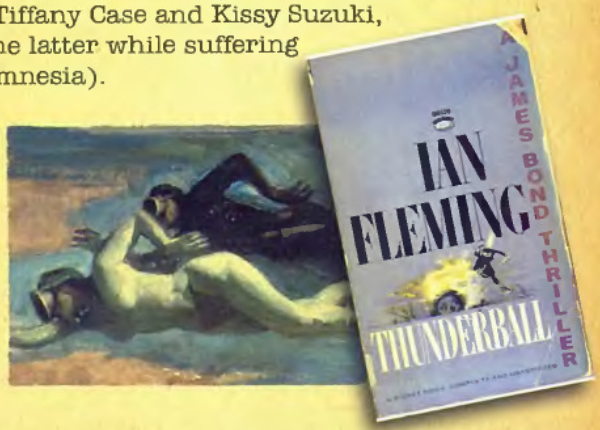


The Literary Bond

CLOTHES: Blue serge suits, white silk shirts, black knitted-silk ties, blue silk pajama coats, blue Sea Island cotton shirts, sandals or loafers.
ACCESSORIES: Rolex Oyster Perpetual watch (doubles as brass knuckles), black Ronson lighter, Gillette razor (doubles as weapon), Beretta, Walther PPK.

PERSONAL CAR: 1933 Bentley 4.5-liter convertible with Amherst Villiers supercharger and two-inch pipes (estimated price today: $75,000). In later novels, a Mark II Continental Bentley with a Mark IV engine.
COMPANY CAR: Aston Martin DB 3.
LODGINGS: A flat off King's Road with housekeeper. Seldom takes women home.
BLOOD PRESSURE: 160/90.

VICES: Gambling. Sixty Chesterfields a day, or hand-rolled Morlands with three gold bands. Martinis, wine, cognac, bourbon. Benzedrine in champagne. Benzedrine straight.
SPORTS: Boxing, motorsports (cars and motorcycles), climbing, skiing and golf. The military trained him in parachuting, small arms, knife throwing and card play, scuba and snorkeling. The literary Bond is not a pilot.
WORKOUT: From "Dr. No," written in 1954: "Bond fixed his training routine—up at seven, swim a quarter of a mile, breakfast, an hour's sunbathing, run a mile, swim again, lunch, sleep, sunbathe, swim a mile, hot bath and massage, dinner, asleep by nine."
BEST SEXUAL ACCESSORY: The mink glove (she uses it on him).
SEX AND DEATH: In print, Bond sleeps with an estimated 13 women, three of whom die. He does it in hotel rooms, at their places, on beaches and trains. He proposes to two women (Vesper Lynd and Tracy), lives with two others (Tiffany Case and Kissy Suzuki, the latter while suffering amnesia).



VS

THE HOLLYWOOD BOND

CLOTHES: The tuxedo (not fentured in fiction). How importunt? Brosnan signed n contrnct thnt stipulntes he cnnnot weur n tuxedo in unother film for four yeurs. Also, Brioni suits, handmade shirts hy Turnbull & Asser, shoes hy Church.
ACCESSORIES: A vnriety of wntches, most recently nn Omegn Seumnster (douhle us Geiger counters, mngnets, lusers nnd dnrt launchers). Culvin Klein 2007 sunglusses, Fujitsu computer, Ericsson phone (douhles ns stun gun, remote control for cnr).
PERSONAL CAR: The Bentley convertible.
COMPANY CARS: The Aston Mnrtin DB V (estimated value today, without nccessories, $90,000), BMW Z3 ($33,000), BMW 750 ($52,925), 1980 Lotus Esprit Turbo ($12,000), Aston Martin Volante ($100,000).

HOUSE: Seldom shown.
BLOOD PRESSURE: Ice.
VICES: Gnmhling. The martini (he orders one shaken, not stirred, some 27 times). He has heen known to order from room service u cnse of Bollingers.
INDOOR WORKOUT: Xeniu.
TRADITIONAL WORKOUT: Weight lifting.
SPORTS: Golf, hung gliding, hobsledding, jetskiing, suiling, snowhourding, ice hockey, hungee cord jumping, wnterskiing, powerhoating, rock climhing, hnse jumping without u pnrnchute, extreme motorhoating, flying, motorcycling.

BEST SEXUAL ACCESSORY: The mink glove (he uses it on her). The Orient Express. The Aston Mnrtin. Picnic lunches. Chnmpugne.
SEX AND DEATH: According to n report in the London "Independent" (updated to include the Brosnnn movies), the Hollywood Bond hus sex some 85 times, with 60 women, 21 of whom die. All told, in 19 movies, Bond does it in hotel rooms or hungnlows (21 times), his flut (twice), nt her place (17 times), nt someone else's pluce (once), nt her hoyfriend's (twice), in gypsy tents (twice), in forests (twice), in hospital settings (three times), in, on or under water (25 times)—specificnlly, on bonts (eight times), dinghies (three times), a gondoln and n punt (one euch), a hath, suunn, shower nnd two Jncuzzis. He does it twice in plnnes, once on n suhmarine, three times on trnins, twice in n car, once on a motorized iceberg and once in outer spnce.
Is he uny good? They say, "Oh, Jnmes" 16 times.
He marries twice: once to Trncy, once to Kissy Suzuki (ns part of n cover).

IAN FLEMING, ROLE MODEL

HERE'S WHAT HE TAUGHT US

1 CHERISH YOUR TOOLS: In May 1952, before he had sold his first novel, Fleming ordered a gold-plated Royal typewriter. This was steam-driven impact writing.

2 KNOW YOUR PRIORITIES: Profession. Partner. Place. Fleming chose place, buying a donkey race track in Jamaica after the war, designing and building Goldeneye. When it came to profession, he dictated the terms—two months of leave, from January to March. His work schedule in London was two days a week in London, the rest of the time at a flat in the country.

3 HAVE YOUR FANTASY LIFE IN PLACE, THEN MARRY: Fleming, at 43, wrote *Casino Royale* while waiting for his lover to get a divorce (she was pregnant with his child).

4 ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR FRIENDS: In a widely publicized moment, President Kennedy listed *From Russia With Love* as one of his 10 favorite books. Fleming returned the favor. Bond read Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage* in *The Man With the Golden Gun*. Ursula Andress, whose emergence from the sea in a dagger-clad bikini in *Dr. No* caught the world's eye, was one of the guests at Blofeld's private ski resort in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. In the movie version of the latter, Bond scans then steals the Centerfold of Playmate Lorrie Menconi while waiting for a safe-cracking device to find the right combination. In *Diamonds Are Forever*, a check of his wallet reveals that Bond is a member of the Playboy Club.

5 BE SENSIBLE ABOUT YOUR WHEELS: In his *Playboy Interview*, Fleming gave this definition of a good car: "Something I can leave out in the street all night and which will start at once in the morning and still go 100 miles an hour when you want it to and yet give a fairly comfortable ride." Fleming owned two Thunderbirds—"the good two seater and the less good four seater"—and an Avanti.

6 PAY ATTENTION: "Writing makes you more alive to your surroundings, and since the main ingredient of living, though you might not think so to look at most human beings, is to be alive, this is quite a worthwhile by-product, even if you only write thrillers."

No spell check? One man. One machine. A modern myth.

The

BEST VILLAINS

Auric Goldfinger (Gert Fröbe) in *Goldfinger*
Emilio Largo (Adolfo Celi) in *Thunderball*
Maximillian Lorgo (Klaus Maria Brandauer) in *Never Say Never Again*
Elliot Carver (Jonathan Pryce) in *Tomorrow Never Dies*

BEST HENCHMEN

Oddjob (Harold Sakota) in *Goldfinger*
Jaws (Richard Kiel) in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, *Moonraker*
Red Grant (Robert Shaw) in *From Russia With Love*
Xenia Onatopp (Famke Janssen) in *Golden Eye*
Rosa Klebb (Lotte Lenya) in *From Russia With Love*

BEST BALLS

The bungee cord jump in *Golden Eye*
Freefall fight in *Moonraker*
Ski chase parachute jump off Asgard in *The Spy Who Loved Me*
360-degree car jump in *The Man With the Golden Gun*
The ski, cycle and bobsled chose in *For Your Eyes Only*

BEST NAMES

Pussy Galore
Plenty O'Toole
Holly Goodhead
Octopussy
Xenia Onatopp

BEST FIGHTS

Bond and Red Grant in *From Russia With Love*
Bond and Oddjob in *Goldfinger*
Bond and sumo wrestler in *You Only Live Twice*
Michelle Yeoh and thugs in *Tomorrow Never Dies*
Bond and widow in *Thunderball*

BEST THEME SONGS

James Bond Theme, Vic Flick
Goldfinger, Shirley Bassey
Live and Let Die, Paul McCartney
Nobody Does It Better, Carly Simon
A View to a Kill, Duran Duran
For Your Eyes Only, Sheena Easton

Best BOND

BEST WEAPONS NOT ENVISIONED BY THE SECOND AMENDMENT

Dripping poison down a long cotton string into the mouth of a sleeping victim. *You Only Live Twice*

Roso Klebb's poisoned-tipped shoes. *From Russia With Love*

Xenia Onatopp's Thighmaster move. *Golden Eye*

The tarontula. *Dr. No*

The car crusher. *Goldfinger*

Sharks (used eight times), piranha, pythons, crocodiles, tropical fish, a tiger, a leech.

CO^2 cartridge. *Live and Let Die*

Flaming shish kebab. *Diamonds Are Forever*

The urine sample. *Never Say Never Again*

BEST EXOTIC LOCALES YOU CAN ACTUALLY VISIT

The beachfront waterfall in *Dr. No* (Laughing Waters Beoch near Ocho Rios, Jamaica).

The ski chalet in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (Schilthorn, Mürren, Switzerland).

The Orient Express in *From Russia With Love*.

The island hideaway in *The Man With the Golden Gun* (Phong Nga Bay, Phuket, Thoiland).

The highway in *Golden Eye* (Corniche Rood near Monte Carlo).

BEST GADGETS

The briefcase (*From Russia With Love*).

The underwater rebreather (*Thunderball*).

The key thot opens 90 percent of the world's locks (*Living Daylights*).

The laser watch (*Never Say Never Again*).

The espresso machine (*A View to a Kill*).

BEST HEALTH BULLETIN

In *Never Say Never Again*, M sends Bond to a health farm, saying 007 consumes "too much red meat and white bread and too many dry martinis." Bond's response: "Then I shall cut out the white bread, sir." M tells him to "kill all free radicals." Last winter the *British Medical Journal* published a study by two Conodian reseorchers, who found the Bond martini shoken contains more ontioxidants thon the stirred variety. Antioxidants fight free rodicals, the molecules that affect aging. Bartender!

BEST LINES

Bond: "Do you expect me to talk?"
Goldfinger: "No, Mr. Bond, I expect you to die." (*Goldfinger*)

Bond: "Who would pay a million dollors to kill me?"
M: "Jealous husbands, outraged chefs, humilioted tailors. The list is endless." (*The Man With the Golden Gun*)

Q: "Need I remind you, 007, that you have a license to kill, not to break the traffic laws." (*Golden Eye*)

Anya: "I must kill you. Do you have a lost wish?"
Bond: "Yes, can we get out of these wet things?"
(*The Spy Who Loved Me*)

Algernon to Bond: "Good to see you again, Mr. Bond. Let's get back to some gratuitous sex and violence, I say." (*Never Say Never Again*)

Staff psychologist sent to profile Bond complains about the high-speed car chase between Bond and Xenia: "I like a spirited ride as much as the next girl. . . . Who's that?"
Bond: "The next girl." (*Golden Eye*)

THE BEST BOND

Sean Connery: When United Artists first saw the footage of Connery, they sent a telegram to the producers: "Try again."

Pierce Brosnen: Quick. More catlike than Connery. Brings a Bogartian sense of glee to the action.

Roger Moore: Kept the fronchise alive through the Eighties. Droll. Let the stuntmen make the movies.

Timothy Dalton: Probably clasest to Fleming's Band, but after Connery, that wasn't enough.

George Lazenby: Monty Python wanted to cost him as Jesus Christ in *The Life of Brian*.

THE BEST BOND FLICKS

Goldfinger (1964):
The tuxedo underneath the wetsuit. Oddjob's bowler. The laser. The Aston Martin. U.S. admissions: 66 million tickets sold.

From Russia With Love (1963):
The briefcose. Tatiano. Fucking while being filmed. U.S. admissions: 33 million.

Thunderbell (1965):
The mink glove. Sex in the steam room. U.S. admissions: 75 million.

Golden Eye (1995):
All the money shows on the screen. U.S. admissions: 29 million. It sold 3 million DVDs.

On Her Mejeety's Secret Service (1969):
Candidate for interactive DVD: Scan your image over Lazenby. U.S. admissions: 16 million.

Dr. No (1962):
The evil doctor's islond blows up. Ursula Andress emerges from the water. The name is Bond, James Bond. U.S. admission: 23 million.

Tomorrow Never Dies (1997):
A villain who makes software with bugs? On purpose? Michelle Yeoh is the fearless Wai Lin.

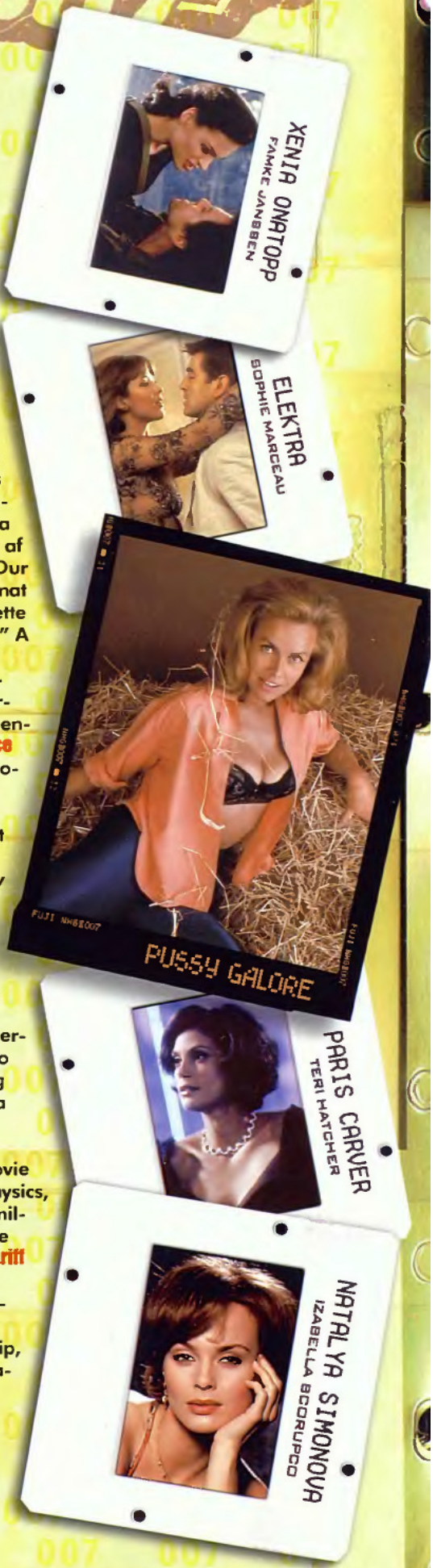
The World Is Not Enough (1999):
Give us more.

the BOND GIRLS

SEXPOTS AND PSYCHOPATHS

Fleming gave us beautiful women with whimsical names. They were athletic, independent and drawn into adventure, however briefly. A PLAYBOY writer called them "**one-mission stands**." They appeared usually one to a book. Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman created what we think of as the Bond girls, adorning each adventure with recognizable types—the Angel With a Wing Down, the Naive Beauty, the Comrade in Arms and the Villainous Vixen. In Agent 007's world, almost **every woman is a 10**, from the hotel attendant to the villain's girlfriend to the car rental girl to the female assassin, from the sexpots to the psychopaths. Ursula Andress was the archetype, said Broccoli, "the type of girl we should use for future leading ladies—an unknown with a new face who wouldn't demand an outrageous salary." Even with an eye on the bottom line, Broccoli did not ignore other attributes. Critics note that Bond girls have to "act out women's fantasies of **female erotic strength** while keeping the male audience happy." They have to be able to "do the action, wear the gown and be an equal match for Bond." The Bond girls are role models. They show what's wrong with the current feminist rhetoric, notes Camille Paglia. "These were fantastic images of women, very powerful, physically active and very sexy. The women are always portrayed as **libidinous**—there's an ease with which the women say yes. The sexual revolution has gone backward from here." The Bond girl has become a pawn in the world of sexual politics, as much as the Barbie doll or Miss America.

Critics evaluate their professions, their wardrobes, their eye shadow. A chart in *The New York Times* reports the average time to the first sex scene in Bond movies. In *Dr. No*, it's 15 minutes, 49 seconds. In *License to Kill*, made in the age of safe sex and feminist reprisal, it's one hour, 40 minutes and 55 seconds. That may explain the public reaction to Timothy Dalton's Bond. After Cubby Broccoli's death, his daughter and son-in-law took the Bond girl in a new direction. One member of the Eon team announced, "Our leading lady characters are not going to be played as bimbette **girls running around in bikinis**." A reviewer noted that Izabella Scorupco, the computer programmer in *Golden Eye*, portrayed "an intelligent, independent woman, not a **plot device with a serious cleavage**." A professor of pop culture interviewed by *The New York Times* made much of the fact that Michelle Yeoh got her own fight scene in *Tomorrow Never Dies*, noting that martial arts had replaced sex. When *The World Is Not Enough* showcased Denise Richards as part of a crew disassembling atomic warheads, one journalist interviewed a real-life physicist to determine if a 20-something actress is old enough to be a nuclear scientist. The woman replied, "No, but if one 11-year-old girl sees the movie and is motivated to study physics, it's worthwhile." And if 20 million 11-year-old girls see the movie and decide to get **midriff tattoos**, it's even better. Our favorite Bond girl? Lois Maxwell's Miss Moneypenny, of course. A 14-film relationship, fewer than 200 words of dialogue, and she is still first.



Obviously, we have a special relationship with the Bond girls who have appeared in PLAYBOY—Ursula Andress, Barbara Bach, Kim Basinger, Maryam d'Abo, Barbara Carrera, Jane Seymour, Corinne Clery and Maud Adams, to name a few.

G H I J K L M Mc N O P Q R S T U V W Y

BEST BAD GIRLS

- Pussy Galore (Honor Blackman) "Goldfinger"
- Elektra King (Sophie Marceau) "The World Is Not Enough"
- Fiona Volpe (Luciana Pal-luzzi) "Thunderball"
- Xenia Onatopp (Famke Janssen) "Golden Eye"
- Fatima Blush (Barbara Carrera) "Never Say Never Again"

BEST PASSING FANCIES

- Jill Masterson (Shirley Eaton) "Goldfinger"
- Aki (Akiko Wakabayashi) "You Only Live Twice"
- Paris Carver (Teri Hatcher) "Tomorrow Never Dies"
- Magda (Kristina Wayborn) "Octopussy"
- Tracy (Diana Rigg) "On Her Majesty's Secret Service"

BEST GOOD GIRLS

- Ursula Andress (Honey Ryder) "Dr. No"
- Tatiana Romanova (Daniela Bianchi) "From Russia With Love"
- Claudine Auger (Domino Derval) "Thunderball"
- Michelle Yeoh (Colonel Wai Lin) "Tomorrow Never Dies"
- Carey Lowell (Pam Bouvier) "License to Kill"

DOUBLESHOT

(continued from page 82)

everyone does it. I'm in a smoking car, but it's just too crowded. I like to smoke, but I don't like to live in a cloud of it. I had to get some air."

She had an American accent. She seemed to be in her mid to late 20s.

"I know what you mean," Bond said. "You're welcome to join me in my compartment. It's nonsmoking, I'm afraid, but there's no one else there."

She eyed him up and down, then smiled. "That was the quickest pickup line I think I've ever heard."

"Forgive me," Bond said. "I didn't mean it that way. My name's Cork. John Cork."

She looked him up and down again, then smiled once more. "Hello, John Cork. My name is Heidi Taunt."

"It's a pleasure," Bond said. "What brings you to Morocco from the States?"

"How do you know I live in the States?"

"I assumed you're American."

"I'm a California girl, born and raised, but I don't live there," she said. "We live in Tokyo."

Hell, Bond thought. She's married.

"My sister and I," she added. Heidi looked back through the window into the corridor. "What about you? You sound English."

"I live in London," Bond admitted.

"You don't look English."

"How does one look English?"

"I don't know," she said. "I just meant that you don't look English *here*, in Morocco. You have that 'dark, handsome foreign stranger' quality." She shrugged and smiled.

She was flirting with him!

Heidi Taunt was tall and well built. She was wearing designer jeans, which tightly outlined her long legs without revealing enough to offend the Moroccan social sensibilities. She had on a white blouse with the sleeves rolled up. The top two buttons were undone, exposing substantial cleavage.

Her shoulder-length blonde hair was fine and straight, parted in the middle. Her dark brown eyes exhibited intelligence and a sense of humor. Bond found her incredibly sexy.

"So what brings you from Japan to Morocco?" Bond asked.

"My sister and I are travel guide writers. We've done a series of books on various countries. Perhaps you've seen them? The *Small World* books?"

"I can't say that I have. Sorry."

"That's all right," she said. "We've only done four. This is our fifth. We're published in America and Britain."

"That sounds like a fun job."

She finished her cigarette and tossed the butt onto the tracks. "It is. It's more work than you think, though. It's not just traveling to exotic places. The business side of it is overwhelming. But you're right, it's great fun to travel. We hope to visit every country in the world."

"That's quite an ambition."

"I know it's impossible, but we like to imagine it."

"Where are you going? Rabat?"

"No, Casablanca. To Marrakech after two nights. Rabat on the way back. What brings you here?"

"I'm an importer and exporter," Bond replied.

"What do you import and export?"

"Junk, mostly. A whole lot of nothing."

She laughed.

Bond offered the cigarette case to her, but she shook her head. "No, thanks, I'm going back inside. It was nice to meet you, Mr. Cork." She held out her hand. Bond took it.

"Call me John. It was a pleasure, Heidi. Where will you be staying in Casablanca?"

Her hand was smooth and cool. She allowed him to hold it.

"The Royal Mansour Meridien."

"What a coincidence!" Bond said. "That's my hotel, too."

"Small world," she said, smiling wickedly.

Actually, Bond hadn't thought about where he would stay, but he knew the hotel. It was one of the best in Casablanca, a large five-star hotel. And if he happened to have a girlfriend? A perfect cover, one the police weren't looking for.

She withdrew her hand, turned and opened the door. "Maybe I'll see you there."

"Heidi," Bond said, stopping her. "Would you care to have dinner with me at the hotel tonight? It has a lovely restaurant."

"Why, thank you, John, that sounds terrific. I'll see you later, then."

And she was gone.

Bond congratulated himself. His way with women had not changed. Screw the headache, he thought. There was desire in that girl's eyes!

Bond finished his cigarette and went back inside the train. He made his way back to his compartment, which was still empty, and collapsed heavily into his seat. He put his feet up on the opposite seat and looked out the window at the passing landscape and rows of cacti, which seemed to be more plentiful as the train went farther south. The color of the earth changed, too, as the climate became hotter and more arid.

He shut his eyes and felt merciful waves of drowsiness pull him toward unconsciousness. The movement of the train, combined with physical exhaustion, lulled Bond into a fitful but badly needed sleep.

•

When he opened his eyes, the train was still rocking and rumbling toward its destination. He immediately felt another presence in the compartment with him.

Heidi was sitting across from him, with a seat between hers and the one where his feet were propped. She was reading a romance novel and had on reading glasses; otherwise, she was still dressed in the tight jeans and white blouse.

"Hello there," Bond said, sitting up and straightening his jacket. "I must have dozed off."

She glanced at him, gave a cursory smile and nodded but kept silent. Her eyes went back to the book.

Odd, Bond thought. What was the matter with her?

"So," he said, "what time are we having dinner?"

The blonde looked up at him over her glasses. "I beg your pardon?"

"Dinner? Tonight? At the hotel? What time?"

Heidi opened her mouth as if she had just been insulted. She closed her book and stood. "I think I'll go back to the compartment I was in before." She opened the door and stepped into the corridor. Her parting words were, "You have some nerve, asshole." Then she walked on.

What the hell? Bond rubbed his eyes. Did he dream that?

He felt foolish and confused.

Dizzy woman, he thought. Well, she was from California. She had probably grown up on the beach, wearing skimpy bikinis and giving all the teenage boys inflexible frustration. To hell with her.

The train stopped in Rabat, Morocco's capital. There was a half an hour wait before it departed, so Bond took the opportunity to don his sunglasses and baseball cap and stretch his legs. Rabat's station is larger and has more amenities than the one in Tangier. He scanned the international newspapers in the gift shop but couldn't find one in English. A French paper proclaimed that war between Britain and Spain was imminent. There was a photo of Domingo Espada, who was surrounded by bodyguards, giving a speech at a bullring. Several matadors were standing beside him.

Bond rejoined the train after eating a dry roast beef sandwich and drinking a Spéciale Flag beer. His compartment now had three new people in it—a man, his veiled wife and a small boy,

(continued on page 170)

"You're not on the golf course now, Charley; the more strokes the better."

Carré's COMEBACK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

this fallen angel is finally ready for her second coming

LOOKING AT Carré Otis now, it's hard to believe that a woman blessed with so many assets could have ever hit rock bottom. After a successful modeling career, Otis dove into acting with 1990's fleshy *Wild Orchid* and suffered a critical evisceration unmatched until Elizabeth Berkley performed in *Showgirls*. Meanwhile, Otis married her co-star, Mickey Rourke, and (along with us) followed the details of their stormy relationship in the tabloids—tales of disputes, gunshots, drug addiction and rehab. She eventually divorced Rourke, but, strung out on heroin, Otis ballooned to 170 pounds and thought of herself as a lost cause. Remarkably, the 31-year-old beauty has reemerged clean, stronger and more striking than ever—determined to give life in the spotlight another go.

PLAYBOY: Film critics were pretty harsh about your first foray into acting. Did you care what they wrote?

OTIS: At that age? Hell, yeah. I read everything, and it was heartbreaking. Talk about totally blowing your ego! It's like, "So you think you're hot shit?" Whoops! Thank God I can look back and laugh. It's been almost 10 years—I've had to let all that time go by.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to dispel the rumor once and for all that you and your ex-husband,

Mickey Rourke, actually had sex on camera during the filming of *Wild Orchid*?

OTIS: Yeah! I'd like to dispel it. Don't critics do that with every movie that has a really erotic scene? You know [*in a dramatic voice*], "They had sex in front of camera and crew." I mean, yeah, we were totally making out. But did anything more severe happen? No.

PLAYBOY: You got addicted to heroin after you and Rourke became tabloid headliners. What enabled you to turn things around?

OTIS: I've been a practicing Tibetan Buddhist since I was a teenager. If I didn't have some spiritual connection in my life, I don't think I ever would have had a chance.

PLAYBOY: Now that you are Mickey-free, are you seeing anyone special?

OTIS: I wish I could say I was. It's really best that I don't take on anybody while I'm in the process of taking care of myself. I think a woman needs to know her worth before she sells herself short. To give yourself away is something sacred, and our culture is so out of whack with that. You can have a meaningful relationship without fucking somebody.

PLAYBOY: What kind of acting roles are you looking for?

OTIS: Something that downplays sexuality and looks. I just got a part in a tiny film called *Going Away*, about a TV reporter who takes six men back to Vietnam. It's nitty-gritty, nothing flirtatious or sexy.

PLAYBOY: If you were writing the screenplay of your life, how would it end?

OTIS: I'd probably have to shoot a couple of endings. All I know is, it's not over. I have so much more to do.

"I think women feel intimidated by me, but I am a loyal friend," says Otis. "I don't know whether it's my ex-husband, or the motorcycles ond leother jockets. Just because you foll in love with someone doesn't mean you foll in love with whot he does."

"I have tattoos that represent different times in my life," says Otis. "I can go back and remember where I was, how I felt, who was with me and what I ate that day. They're like a map of my life, but I haven't added to my collection in years."

Enabler

whatever guys say they want, they get sex here and the problem's solved. call me a compassionate genius or a slut, your choice

fiction By Chuck Palahniuk

My three o'clock appointment shows up clutching a yellow bath towel, and around his finger is the white groove where there should be a wedding ring. The second the door's locked, he tries to give me the cash. He starts to take off his pants. His name is Jones, he tells me. His first name, Mister.

Guys here for the first time are all the same. I tell him, pay me after. Don't be in such a rush. Keep all your clothes on. There's no hurry.

I tell him my appointment book is full of Mister Joneses, Mister Smiths, John Does and Bob Whites, so he'd better come up with a better alias. I tell him to lie down on the couch. Close the blinds. Dim the lights.

I say, shall we get started?

Even if a guy says he isn't after sex, I still tell him to bring a towel. You bring a towel. You pay in cash. Don't ask me to bill you later or bill some insurance company because I just can't be bothered. You pay me cash, then you file the claim.

You get only 50 minutes. Guys better know what they want.

This means the woman, the positions, the setting, the toys. Don't spring anything fancy on me at the last minute.

I tell Mister Jones to lie back. Close your eyes.

Allow all the tension in your face to melt away. Your forehead first, let it go slack. Relax the spot between your eyes. Imagine your forehead smooth and relaxed. Then the muscles around your eyes, smooth and relaxed. Then the muscles around your mouth. Smooth and relaxed.

Even if guys say they're just looking to lose some weight, they want sex. If they want to quit smoking. Manage stress. Quit biting their nails. Cure hiccups. Stop drinking. Clear up their skin. Whatever the issue, it's because they aren't getting laid. Whatever they say they want, they get sex here and the problem's solved.

If I'm a compassionate genius or a slut, you don't know.

Sex pretty much cures everything.

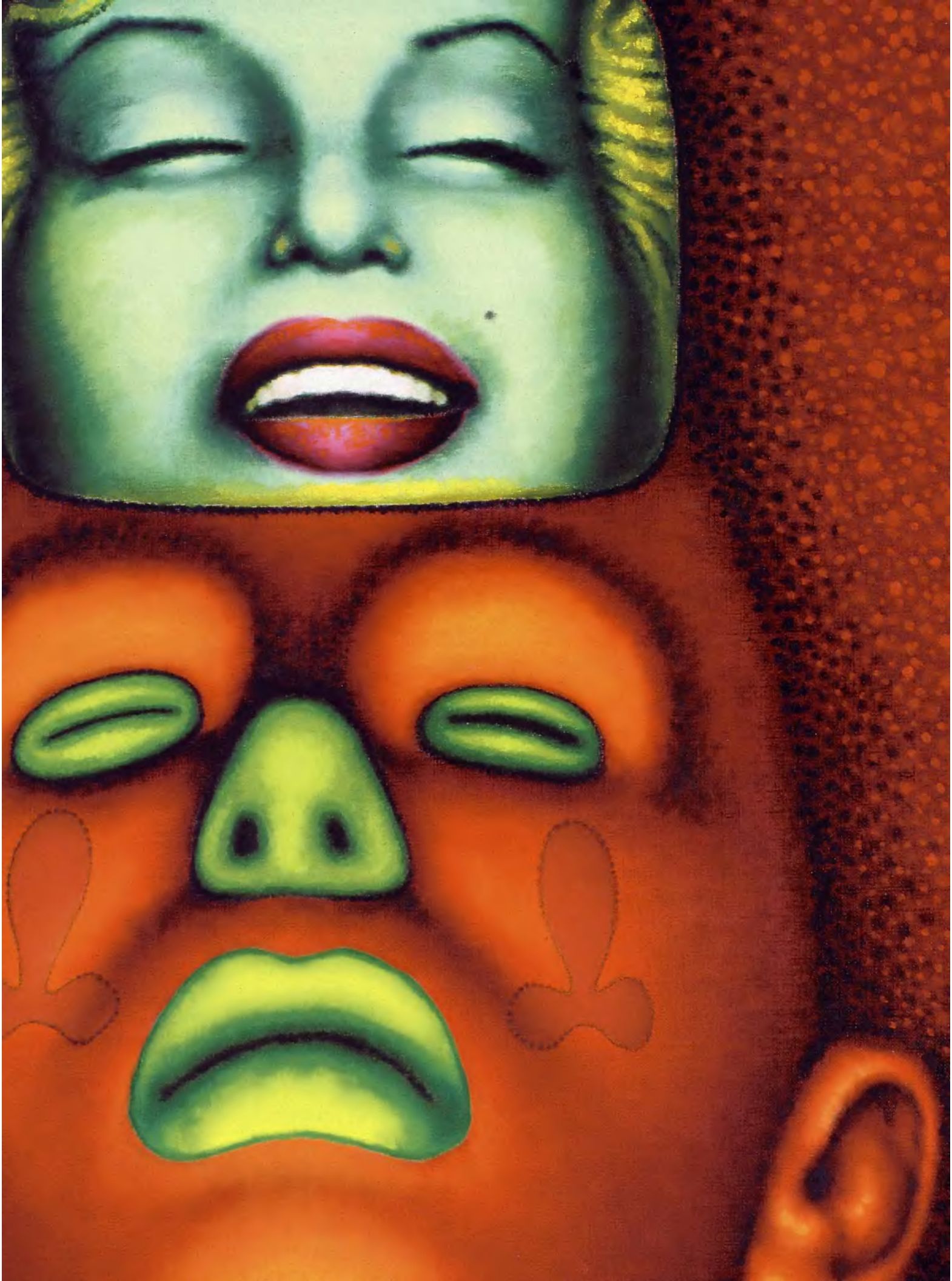
I'm the best therapist in the business, or I'm a whore that accepts Medicare and Medicaid. I don't like being so slam-bam with my clients, but I never wanted to earn my living this way.

This kind of session, the sex kind, first happened by accident. A client who wanted to quit smoking, wanted to be regressed to the day he was 11 and took his first puff. So he could remember how bad it tasted. So he could quit by going back and never starting. That was the basic idea.

In his second session, this client wanted to meet with his father, who was dead of lung cancer, just to talk. This is still pretty much normal. People want to meet with famous dead people all the time, for guidance, for advice. It was so real that on his third session, the client wanted to meet Cleopatra.

To each client, I say, let all the tension drain from your face to your neck, then from your neck to your chest. Relax your shoulders. Allow them to roll back and press into the couch. Imagine a heavy weight pressing your body, settling your head and arms, deeper and deeper into *(continued on page 188)*

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE



PORN AGAIN MOVIES

hollywood is ripe for x-rated parody

Quick-witted adult filmmakers can usurp a legitimate movie title faster than you can say mob-related business. Here's a collection of our favorites.

Most Likely to Be Shown on Fox Next Season
Touched by an Anal
World's Biggest Tits and Dicks
Eight Is Never Enough
Anus and Andy
The Sopornos
Three Is Company

Best Rear Entry
For Your Ass Only
Planet of the Gapes
Sorest Rump

Sleaziest Sci-Fi
Attack of the Killer Dildos
Boobarella
Star Prick: The Next Ejaculation

Best Retro Remake
Fistful of Hooters
A Midsummer Night's Cream
Streetgirl Named Desire
Citizen Shane
Saturday Night Beaver

Most Patriotic
Porn on the 4th of July
American Booty
A League of Their Moans

Best All-Male Ensemble
All About Steve
Shaving Ryan's Privates
A Tale of Two Brothers
Coal Miner's Son
The English Student
There's Something About Larry
A Few Fresh Men

Most Inventive
Gentlemen Prefer Bronze
A Pussy Called Wanda
Romancing the Bone
The Blow Bitch Project
Interview With a Vibrator
Snatch Adams
A Dick Runs Through It
Honey, I Blew Everyone
Sheepless in Montana

"No, silly, casual dress day is Thursday. Friday is casual sex day."

DADS & GRADS

THE BEST GIFTS FOR THE BEST GUYS

DADS Now that juniar has graduated, here are some ways Pop can reward himself for all those years of wallet drain. Left to right: A box of 32 rare Opus X double coronas from the Dominican Republic, by Fuente (about $500). Silver-plated table lighter in an engine-turned barley finish, by Alfred Dunhill ($350). Panasonic's model DC2590 PalmCam with a compact modem card for sending photos to a fax machine or a computer (about $800). A trip to Jamaica's Hedonism II (about $1300 for a week, not including airfare). You can read all about this resort in *The Naked Truth About Hedonism II* by Chris Santilli ($24). The scale model Honda S2000 represents what father wants best—the real McCoy, with all the options (about $32,000). Intel's QX3 handheld microscope projects images onto a PC monitor ($100). The Louis Vuitton leather wine tote ($1070) holds two bottles of the Abbott Sneyd Anderson 1998 Bordeaux blends: cirrus cobordes and cumulus shiraz minervois (about $12 each). Bong & Olufsen's Beocenter 2300 displays the titles of 100 CDs and can be programmed to skip tracks (about $1900). It's connected to Beolab 2500 speakers, with grill covers in six colors ($1150 a pair). Callawoy's new Big Bertho Steelhead-Plus driver with a firm flex shaft ($295).

BIG BERTHA
STEELHEAD
PLUS 9°

GRADS Here's what to spend your first big paychecks on. Clockwise from top left: Calfskin attaché case by Alfred Dunhill ($2300). Cobra's ESD 9850 rador detector verbally alerts drivers to nine types of surveillance and warns of emergency vehicles ($250). Hondspring's Visor is on organizer that runs the Palm operating system. An expansion module lets you add on MP3 player, o pager ond modem copabilities (obout $250). Awake to coffee with the progrommable Swiss-made Capressobar, which also brews espresso in 50 seconds ond quickly produces steam for coppuccino, by Capresso (obout $370). Sony's Vaio Slimtop LCD computer is designed for moviemaking with plenty of RAM ond storage, plus an I-Link 1394 interface for connection to a digitol camcorder (about $2700, including monitor). The National Outdoor Leadership School offers trips that ronge from four weeks in the West ($2725) to three months in Patagonia ($8900). The ostrich and stainless steel flask ($115) and four matching cups ($115), are all from Beretta Gallery. Nokia's titonium Worldphone functions on five continents ond offers voice-activated dialing (under $1000). The SoundSpace 3 by Nakamichi includes a CD player, AM-FM tuner, speakers and a subwoofer (about $500).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO
WHERE ANO HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 190.
ONLINE: TRY EDITORSPICKS.PLAYBOY.COM.

NOLS
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9:39

ONLINE TRADING CREATES A SLACKER STAR

Ameritrade's generation-busting "Stuart" ads feature a hyperactive, curiously coiffured office boy who teaches his elders about the joys of trading online. Stuart has achieved cult status among young traders, who mimic his patter ("Let's light this candle," "You're riding the wave of the future, my man") as they handle other people's money. This inventive and talented actor turns out to be not too different from Stuart. He's hard to track down, but here's what we know about him.

Real name: Michael Maronna.

Age: 22.

Education: Studying film at the State University of New York in Purchase.

Investment style: Says his money manager has him fully invested in mutual funds.

Current project: Working on a documentary about geriatric driving. "It's oldies paradise," Maronna explains.

Fun fact #1: Doesn't own a computer.

Professional history:

Started acting at the age of five, played Macaulay Culkin's brother in 1990's *Home Alone* and starred in the Nickelodeon series *The Adventures of Pete and Pete*. He has also worked as a bike messenger and a part-time bartender.

Increase in number of Ameritrade's accounts since the inception of Stuart commercials: 160,000.

Car: A used Volvo station wagon.

Another current project: Growing his own dreadlocks. Dying parts of his hair in a riot of colors—including colors he describes as "flamingo pink and alpine green."

Fun fact #2: His lines and gestures with Stuart's boss, Mr. P., were improvised. Of course.

"I'm on fast-forward. My husband's on rewind."

they're bigger
and stronger.
they break
more records
every day. who
is creating
these new
monster jocks?

ARTICLE BY ALLEN BARRA

the new super athlete

A LITTLE OVER A CENTURY AGO, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, a French nobleman, began the drive for an Olympic revival with a speech at the Sorbonne, coining the Olympic motto Citius, Altius, Fortius—Swifter, Higher, Stronger. The baron had no idea how literally his motto would be taken. He did, however, live long enough to see his athletic ideal corrupted by the twin evils of professionalism and science. "Body building?" he said to an English friend in dismay after watching Olympic athletes in training. "Do we really wish to create a human thoroughbred?"

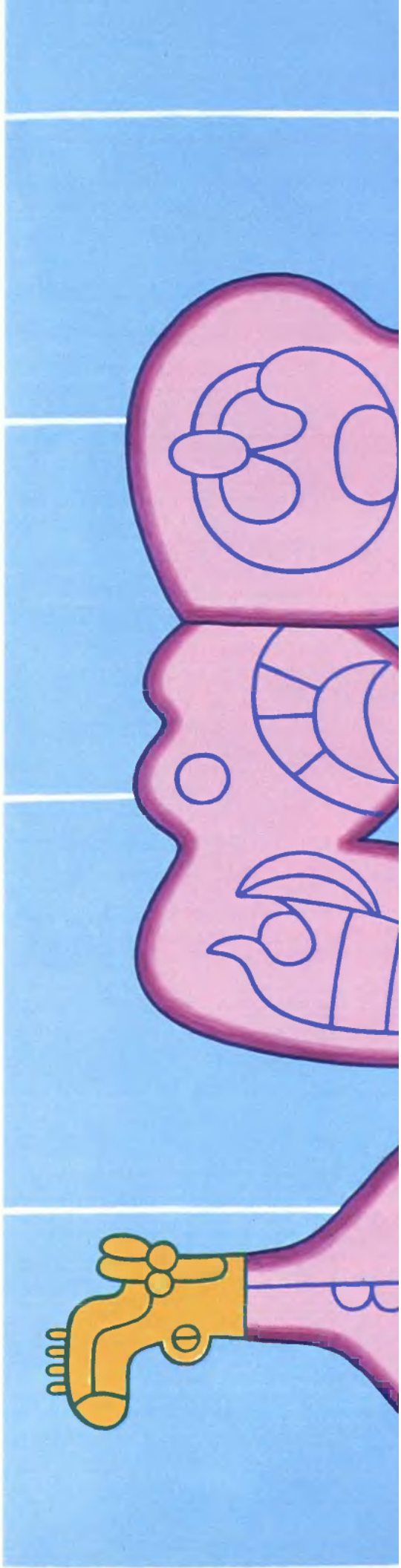
This would prove to be an unfortunate comparison. When Secretariat set the Kentucky Derby speed record in 1973, he clocked less than two seconds better than Twenty Grand had 42 years earlier. In fact, horse evolution seems to be working in reverse: 1999 winner Charismatic was nearly four full seconds behind Secretariat's mark of 26 years ago. Human progress is a much different story. Last June, Maurice Greene, the new World's Fastest Human, broke the record for the 100 meter dash by a wider margin than anyone since the advent of electronic timing in 1968.

Want something longer than 100 meters? In 1954, Roger Bannister became the most famous track star of the decade by becoming the first runner to shatter the four-minute-mile barrier. In 1997, Daniel Komen of Kenya became the first to run two miles in under eight minutes (7:58.61, to be exact).

Athletic thoroughbreds? If Baron de Coubertin could see today's athletes, he might wonder how long it would be before men were racing against horses instead of on them.

Swifter, higher, stronger. Also, better fed, better prepared, better trained and better coached, to say nothing of better equipped. Evolution in athletics is racing forward at an astonishing rate. Records in all major sports have been dropping at, well, record rates, and it's likely that the trend will continue in the next decade at a pace that will make record books obsolete as fast as they are compiled.

Dramatic advances in the science of weight training have giants such as Tim Duncan gliding down basketball courts like point guards; new methods of flexibility training have offensive linemen like the Rams' Orlando Pace moving with the kind of agility once associated only with swivel-hipped 195-pound halfbacks. And miracles in sports medicine have injured pitchers (who once would have been seeking careers as bartenders) coming back stronger than before. Toronto Blue Jays fireballer Billy Koch went out in 1997 with a torn elbow and came back in the lineup with a 100-mph fastball. The San Francisco 49ers' All Pro defensive tackle Bryant Young went down in 1998 with a devastating double break of his right tibia and fibula and last year won the NFL Comeback Player of the Year award.

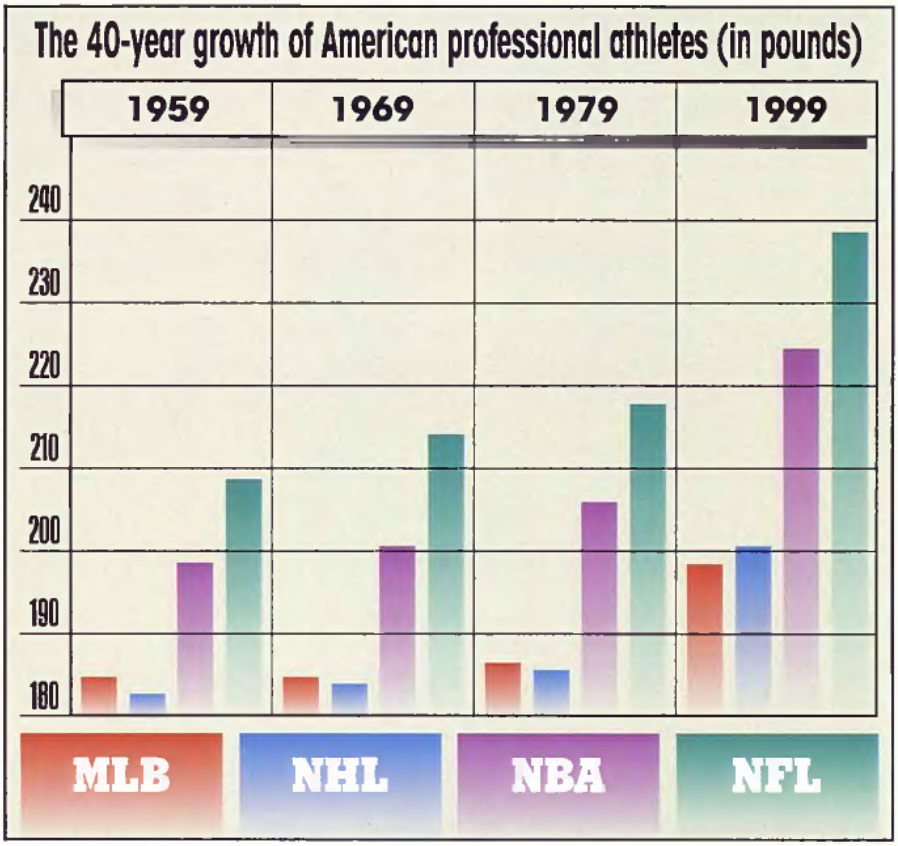


PAINTING BY KARL WIRSUM

Mark McGwire's shattering of Roger Maris' single-season home run record—the most famous record in American sports—gave us just a sampling of what's to come in team sports. Babe Ruth's mark of 60 stood for 34 years before Maris surpassed him in 1961 by a single homer—and not to start the asterisk argument all over again, but Maris needed eight extra games to do it. McGwire didn't just surpass Ruth's and Maris' totals, he obliterated them, and he didn't need eight extra games to do it. McGwire took a record that had stood for 37 years and was thought to be unbreakable and topped it by nine home runs.

There are those who simply can't accept such desecration when it comes to sacred numbers. They write off the boom in home runs to the decline of pitching (though today's pitcher is required to have a far more sophisticated array of pitches than in Babe Ruth's or Ted Williams' day) or "easy" ballparks (as if the Polo Grounds and Ebbets Field–style bandboxes of Ruth's day were more challenging), or even McGwire's controversial use of andro and creatine (as if McGwire, who hit 49 home runs in his rookie year, needed help to reach the fences). They are missing the point in a big way. McGwire was a good bet to break the record long before he had heard of creatine. And if he didn't break it, there are a great many others who could have. In fact, one other did—twice.

That two players, McGwire and the Chicago Cubs' Sammy Sosa, could have surpassed such a longstanding record by such wide margins is a vivid illustration of how quickly athletic performance is improving. There are those who take issue with the statement that today's athletes are better, but you can't quarrel with the fact that they're bigger. The average major league baseball player is nearly 15 pounds heavier now than his counterpart 30 years ago. The average NHL player is 18 pounds heavier. The average NBA player is 24 pounds heavier. And the average NFL player is 26 pounds bigger than his counterpart in 1969.



In other sports, the change is even more dramatic. In boxing, for instance, the Sixties began with Floyd Patterson holding the heavyweight boxing title. Patterson had won the crown in 1956 weighing in at 182 pounds. The previous champ was Rocky Marciano, who fought most of his career around 187. That was pretty consistent with the weights of fighters in boxing's biggest division: Most heavyweight champions were in the same 180-to-190 range as John L. Sullivan and James Corbett, the first two heavyweights to fight under modern rules. But the last seven men who have claimed the heavyweight title—Mike Tyson, Buster Douglas, Evander Holyfield, Michael Moorer, George Foreman, Riddick Bowe and Lennox Lewis—have averaged about 230 pounds, more than 40 pounds above the average of most men previously considered the best heavyweights ever. "If Jack Dempsey and Rocky Marciano were active today," says boxing writer Bert Randolph Sugar, "they wouldn't be heavyweight champs. They wouldn't be heavyweights at all. They'd be stuck in the cruiserweight division, boxing's limbo."

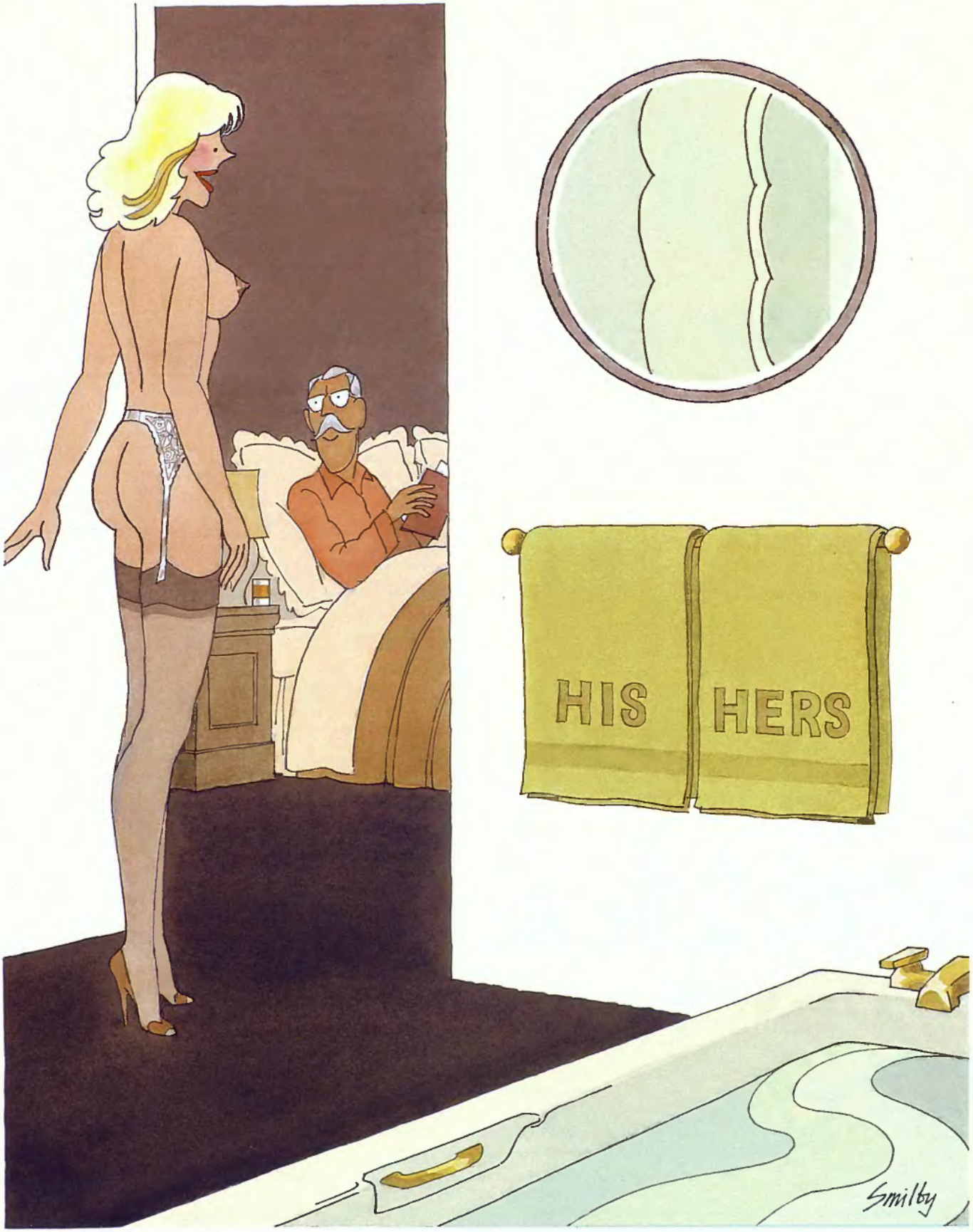
Tennis? Phenom Venus Williams outweighs former women's champ Chris Evert by almost 50 pounds. In fact, Williams nearly outweighs longtime men's champ Pete Sampras.

According to federal government statistics, the average U.S. citizen has grown nearly seven pounds heavier over the past 30 years. When it comes to professional athletics, however, evolution would seem to be on steroids. But Ball State's William Kraemer, one of the nation's leading experts on sports health and conditioning, thinks that the much-publicized use of illegal substances has little, if anything, to do with the new superathletes. "People who dwell on steroids are missing the point," says Kraemer. "Steroids are used by some athletes for a quick fix. That's not what the boom in sports performance is about. My guess is that if you got rid of every illegal steroid out there, it would have no impact on performance levels. The real point is that today's athletes are far stronger than in times past, and not just bigger but stronger pound for pound. They have also gained quickness, agility and endurance."

We all know why these athletes are bigger: Weight training has become a virtual science, with trainers and equipment tailored not only to specific sports but to individualized body types within each sport. But weights aren't the only reason today's athletes are bigger and stronger. Rich Tuten, strength and conditioning coach for the Denver Broncos, says weight training has always been a great part of professional sports, "but it didn't become a genuine science until trainers learned to combine it with flexibility and agility training. Remember the old phrase 'muscle-bound'? That's practically disappeared from the language, at least in terms of athletes. Some guys used to pump iron to the detriment of everything else; their muscles were so huge they were actually working against other muscles. They were overdeveloped. You don't see that today, at least not in pro sports. Nowadays, we stretch and pump in the same programs, and the result is athletes who are weapons."

Tuten should know. The 1998 and 1999 Super Bowl winners have one of the best offensive lines in the NFL, and they average out at 291 pounds. And

(continued on page 160)



"Which towel should I use, Mr. Wetherby?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

STEWART'S BLEND

shannon is the perfect mix of small town and big city

THE ROAD WEST out of New Orleans passes a host of scenic wonders both man-made and natural, from Lake Pontchartrain and the plantation houses that line the Mississippi River to the bustling port of Baton Rouge and the miles of bayou. For the past 22 years, the country roads outside Baton Rouge have also been beautified by Shannon Stewart, a small-town southern girl and occasional beauty queen who's now going nationwide in the pages of PLAYBOY.

At home in Louisiana, Miss June tries to fend off persistent finger nibbling from her tiny Maltese, Ivy (one of a menagerie of pets), long enough to tell her story.

Q: As a small-town girl, how are you adjusting to life in the fast lane?

A: I'm getting addicted to Los Angeles. At first I hated it. It was so fast that it freaked me out. But when I go home now, everything is so slow.

Q: Where is home?

A: I grew up in a little town outside of Baton Rouge. We're smack-dab between Lafayette and New Orleans. It's pretty rural, and small enough that the people you've known since kindergarten are usually the people you keep in touch with all your life.

Q: What do these people you've known all your life think of your appearance in PLAYBOY?

A: I think everybody kind of expected it

Shannon is crazy about animals, but she much prefers dogs, horses, ferrets and even apes to the alligators and leeches of Louisiana's bayous. "That whole swamp-girl-in-rubber-boots thing is cute," she says of the shot below, "but I'm not a swamp girl. I don't even like mud."

[*laughs*]. News travels quick in small towns. But I don't think anybody really believes it until they hear it from me.

Q: You've been modeling and appearing in beauty pageants almost all your life, haven't you?

A: My mom started me in pageants when I was a baby. And growing up I did fashion shows and runway modeling. I kept doing pageants until I was in about eighth grade. I won a lot of state titles. But when it stopped being fun, I quit.

Q: Why did it stop being fun?

A: It really got catty, and it just started to seem vain and stupid to me. I think it's horrible to base your self-esteem on whether people you don't know think you're prettier than the next girl.

Q: And how did you hook up with PLAYBOY?

A: I had come out to LA for a modeling job, and it fell through. I was ready to go home and let the whole modeling thing go. I was going to go to school, get my degree in animal behavior and work at a zoo or something. And then a friend said I shouldn't go home until I gave PLAYBOY a shot. So I went into Playboy Studio West, and it all started happening [*laughs*]. Now I've got the bug again.

"It's awesome to be chosen out of the thousands of women who submit their pictures to PLAYBOY," says Shannon, who has come to enjoy posing nude. "The first 10 minutes were kind of weird, but everybody was so professional that after a while you just have fun, and you sort of forget you're naked." She laughs. "I wouldn't run around my hometown naked or anything, but it definitely gets easier."

Q: So your focus is back on modeling and acting?

A: I still want to go to school, but this opportunity came out of the blue for a reason, and I'm definitely not going to let it pass. I'm going to try to keep a level head at the same time. I don't want to get lost in the whole LA thing. It's not me.

Q: In other words: You can take the girl out of the small town, but you can't take the small town out of the girl?

A: Right! People tell me, "Don't forget where you came from," but I don't think I could. I mean, I have teachers from the third grade I still keep in contact with. The friends, the neighbors, the people I grew up with—I can't forget them. They're the ones who've supported me from way back when, and they're still around.

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shannon N. Stewart

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 5-25-78 BIRTHPLACE: Baton Rouge, Louisiana

AMBITIONS: To live out all of my dreams and goals to the fullest and with plenty of success.

TURN-ONS: Humor is a must! Sensitivity, understanding, compassion, nice hands, Athleticism, good kisser.

TURNOFFS: Insensitivity, insecurity, ego trips, bad jokes, narcissism, little-man syndrome.

MY PHILOSOPHY: Be Strong. Even if you're not, pretend. No one will know the difference.

DREAM JOB: To run my own wildlife center for orphaned and abused exotic animals.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN L.A. AND LA.: Lots more concrete, no grass, no cows or chickens, TOO MANY CARS!

MY SUPPORT: My wonderful parents, David & Candy. And my beautiful guy, Shane. I ♡ y'all always!

Cute and young!

MS. HT Contest Las Vegas, 99

Look Out Hollywood!!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After meeting her at a party, the stockbroker persuaded the sexy young woman to come home with him. They shared a few drinks, and before long things got romantic. As passion built, he asked her to "go downtown." She got on her knees in front of him and started peering at his penis, tipping her head this way and that. After a couple of minutes, he said, "What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm doing what I always do when I'm downtown with no money," she explained. "Just looking."

Police officers George and Mary and their police dog had been assigned to walk a beat. They had been out only a short time when Mary said, "Damn, I was running late this morning after my workout and shower and I forgot to put on my panties! We have to go back to the station to get them."

"We don't have to go back," George replied. "Just give the dog one sniff, and he'll go fetch them for you."

Mary lifted her skirt for the dog. After ten seconds of sniffing, Fido took off toward the station house.

Twenty minutes later they heard sirens. Suddenly the dog rounded the corner with a dozen police cars in pursuit—and the captain's balls in his mouth.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A husband and wife were getting ready for bed one evening. "Honey," the fellow asked, "do you want to have sex tonight?"

"No, dear, not tonight," she replied.

"Is that your final answer?"

"Yes, that's my final answer."

"In that case," he said, "may I phone a friend?"

A father asked his 10-year-old son if he knew about the birds and the bees. "I don't want to know!" the child said, bursting into tears. "Promise you won't tell me."

Confused, the father asked what was wrong. "Oh, Dad," the boy sobbed, "when I was six I got the 'there's no Santa' speech. At seven I got the 'there's no Easter Bunny' speech. When I was eight you hit me with the 'there's no tooth fairy' speech. If you tell me that grownups don't really fuck, I'll have nothing left to live for!"

A bus driver was on his regular route one morning when a big hulk of a guy got on, glared at him, rumbled, "Big John doesn't pay!" and sat in the back. The slightly built driver didn't argue with the man, but he felt angry and humiliated.

For the next several days the same thing happened: Big John got on, made a show of refusing to pay and sat down. The driver became increasingly upset over being taking advantage of. Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore. He began a bodybuilding regimen and signed up for karate classes. By the end of the summer, he had become strong and confident.

The next time Big John got on the bus and said, "Big John doesn't pay," the driver stood up, glared back at the passenger and yelled, "And why not?"

Surprised, the big guy stopped in his tracks, turned his head and replied, "Because Big John has a bus pass."

How many boxers does it take to change a lightbulb? None. The promoters will fix it.

A man walked into a bar, spotted a beautiful, well-dressed woman sitting alone and took a seat beside her. "Hi there," he said. "How's it going?"

She fixed him in the eye and said, "I'll screw anybody at any time, anywhere—your place or mine, it doesn't matter to me."

"No shit? What law firm do you work for?"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The young American blonde on her first trip to Paris decided to test the French male's fabled lovemaking expertise. That night she asked her date what he intended to do with her. "First," he replied, "I will remove ze dress. Zen I will carry you to ze bed. And zen," he added with an air of triumph, "I will kiss ze navel."

"I'm supposed to get excited about that?" the blonde said. "I've had my navel kissed hundreds of times."

"Ahh, but of course," shrugged the Frenchman. "But from ze inside?"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

Rules For The Perfect Relationship and why you need to break them all

article By Steven Slon

Way back when, in your dad's time, a man knew what was expected of him. The rules were simple: You played fair and paid your debts. You were nice to girls. Trouble looked like a German panzer division creeping over the rise, or Marilyn Monroe slinking through the front door.

Today things are more complicated in both love and war. Whether it's battles in the Balkans or disputes in the bedroom, you can safely expect tons of dialogue but nary a hope for lasting peace. It's like trying to solve problems with smart bombs and no ground war.

It's not a man's world anymore. You've got women's magazines doping us out as an endlessly fascinating rehab project. Recent cover lines: SNEAKY WAYS YOU CAN BREAK DOWN ALL HIS LOVE BARRIERS and THE MALE MIND EXPLAINED. You've got countless psychologists saying men need major retooling to be of any use as mates. And you've got Adam Sandler, who seems to prove their point.

You can't blame women for this sorry state of affairs. It's our own damn fault. We've bought into the pop cultural view that men are inept. As Garrison Keillor wrote in *The Book of Guys*, "They are trying to be Mr. OK. All-Rite, the man who can bake a cherry pie, go play basketball, come home, make melon balls and whip up a great soufflé, converse easily about intimate matters, participate in recreational weeping, laugh, hug, be vulnerable, be passionate in a skillful way, and the next day go off and lift them bales into that barge and tote it. A guy who women consider Acceptable. Being all-rite is a dismal way to spend your life, and guys are not equipped for it anyway."

We heartily concur. There's no profit in perfection. Don't we have enough to worry about trying to keep up with spiraling demands, information overload, the oeuvre of Jackie Chan? When it comes time to consider the challenges of love and marriage, a man's best bet is to go with his instincts and keep things simple. It is in this spirit that we offer PLAYBOY's seven rules for the perfect relationship—and why you should break every one.

RULE ONE: NEVER GO TO BED ANGRY

Don't let things fester is the logic here. You should attack all disputes as they arise, not sweep them under the rug of your subconscious. Let's say you and your gal have been out at an office party and she reveals on the way home that in *(continued on page 140)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSE LUIS MERINO

6

DIGITAL DESTINY

wall stereos, tv cell phones, dvd to go—satisfy your lust for tech stuff

BY BETH TOMKIW **Gadgets can weigh a man down. Which is why the big plan among electronics manufacturers is to make digital devices do multiple tasks. Future cell phones will do quadruple duty as television remote controls, MP3 players and electronic organizers. Televisions will be computers that let you web surf and channel surf, plus download movies and music and store them onto a huilt-in hard drive. And every home will be wired, enabling you to stash all of your hardware—DVD player, satellite receiver, stereo components and computer gear—in one spot, yet power it via remote from any room (even through walls). We're already seeing evidence of this melting plot. Later this year, Samsung will introduce the ultimate commuter phone: a digital cellular model that lets you catch up on the news via an LCD television and tuner built into the handset. Proton has unveiled a bedside theater that combines an alarm clock with a television, CD and DVD player and speakers that create virtual surround sound. And Sony's latest Digital 8 Handycam has an onboard color printer for producing on-the-spot snapshots. Of course, if you prefer to amass lots of stuff, there are plenty of one-trick ponies debuting this year. Wafer-thin portable DVD players with wide-screen liquid crystal displays. Equally slender stereo systems designed to hang on the wall like a picture. Pen-size devices for listening to Internet tunes on the fly. It's all on the way. So up that credit limit on your plastic, pronto.**

WALL TUNES: If you've chosen the perfect spot for o wall-honging television, consider reserving o little extra spoce for Nokomichi's SoundSpoce 5 stereo system. Nakamichi calls the setup Very Personol Audio. We call it very cool. The three-piece system above (in brushed oluminum with green-tinted gloss) combines o top-loading three-disc compact disc chonger, on AM-FM tuner, o power omp ond o poir of extremely shorp-looking speakers. You get to select your choice of chorcool, hlue or green grill covers and the option of plocing the system on o tobletop or mounting it on o woll. Either woy, you'll enjoy sonic performonce on o por with a full-size stereo system ot a terrific price—$800.

MOVIES IN MOTION: Listening to an FM radio stotion while driving to work is so 20th century. The new woy to kill trovel time is with o cor theoter. These souped-up mohile oudio-video systems teom LCD monitors (cleverly mounted from the ceiling or on the reor side of front-seot heodrests) with DVD ployers, video gome systems ond even mobile sotellite receivers. Most of the mojor cor stereo monufocturers offer voriations of car theoter. Ponosonic is the first to introduce an in-dash DVD audio and video player with a Dolby Digital decoder. The CQ-DVR909 (below), which also plays CDs, distributes 5.1-channel surround sound through your vehicle and feotures o center-chonnel speaker that flips out when a DVD movie is spinning. About $2000.

COUCH COMMANDER: If television and the Internet collide as predicted, man's desire to channel surf will intensify. Navigating the zillion-station expanse will require an extreme tool—namely, Philips' Pronto TS1000 (left). This $400 intelligent universal remote control can be programmed (by way of a touch screen) to command an unlimited number of audio and video components. If you're really anal, you can hook Pronto up to a PC and create custom surf commands. Either way, it's a learning remote that accepts one-touch programs that perform many tasks.

SEE AND SAY: It's not enough that you can place calls from virtually anywhere on cell phones these days. New models have to offer entertaining diversions. Nokia started the trend two years ago by adding video games to its digital cell phones. Now Samsung is taking the phone-and-fun mix to new heights. Its TV Phone (right) is similar in size to a Motorola StarTac and features a 1.8-inch liquid crystal display for watching television on the go. (Special switching technology enables the mobile phone to receive both cellular and television.) It also features a battery designed to optimize talk and viewing time. Sorry, there's no price yet.

BEDSIDE CINEMA: A jumbo television and surround-sound setup can make you feel as though you're at center court during the N8A finals or in the front row at a Foo Fighters concert. Big. Bold. Perfect for the living room. But when it comes to watching movies or listening to music in the bedroom, subtlety counts. And that's where Proton's Pro-10 A/V Bookshelf System comes in. Similar in size to most compact stereos, the Pro-10 (pictured at right) serves your late-night entertainment needs with a 6.4-inch liquid crystal display, 181-channel television tuner, CD and DVD player and speakers with virtual surround sound. Plus, it wakes you up in the morning to either AM-FM radio or an alarm. The price: about $1200, including a handy remote control.

SHOOT AND PRINT: We're all for instant gratification, and Sany's new DCR-TRV820 Digital 8 Handycam affers it in spades. The $1300 video shaater (right) has an anbaard calor printer that pumps aut wallet-size photos ar stickers with the press af a buttan. The camcorder shaots digital videa anto standard Hi8 and eight-millimeter tape as well as still phatos, which are stored on Sany's Memory Stick media cards. A four-megabyte Memary Stick cames with the camera and stores up to 60 pictures. Additianal Memary Sticks are available in eight- to 64-meg capacity (priced fram $30 to $140, depending on your choice).

SOUND AND VISION: By year's end, virtually every majar electranics manufacturer will affer a portable Internet music player. Panasonic will release a madel later this year that's designed ta be worn watch-style on your wrist. Pioneer has shown prototype players that are no bigger than a Zippo lighter. And Sharp's MD-MT15 works with Vaquette's Netlink PC interface to stare MP3 files onto minidisc. But Samsung is taking the technology to the next level with its Phata Yepp (pictured at left). This pocket-size device holds downlaaded Net tunes and stores and displays photo files and text. So when yau listen to a track by same unknown band fram Iowa, you can also punch up a group phata and sang lyrics. Price: $400.

DO-IT-ALL DIALER: Ericssan's $300 T28 World (right) is a digital cellular phone that functions on five continents and gets 10 hours of talk time an a fully juiced battery. It's alsa one af the first products that work with a new shartrange radia frequency technology called Bluetaath that enables gadgets, household appliances and car security devices to communicate without cables ar connectians. Available saon: a headset that works up to 30 feet from the handset.

NICE RACK: Despite the frenzy over Internet music, interest in recordable compact disc players remains strong. JVC has introduced a new stereo rack component, the XL-R5000BK, which includes a three-disc CD changer plus one recordable CD deck. The $670 unit offers a variety of high-speed recording options as well as the ability to program up to 32 instructions for storing tracks onto CD or just listening to them. A bonus: The component does double duty as a karaoke machine with a microphone input that lets you croon along with your favorite tunes—and record your voice onto homemade mixes.

MORE TUNES TO GO: Sony consistently creates some of the industry's slickest-looking products. Witness the Vaio Music Clip ($300). The size of a fountain pen, this digital music player stores up to two hours of audio downloaded from any Windows-compatible computer. For longer playback, Sony also offers the MS Walkman, a $400 digital music player that stores files onto Memory Stick media cards. Either way you go, an hour's worth of tracks travels from PC to player in about three minutes via a speedy USB connection.

DVD ANYWHERE: You're midway into a six-hour flight to San Francisco. The food's been served and the flight attendant announces that *The Thomas Crown Affair* will begin shortly. Here's our advice: Instead of watching the airline's watered-down version of the 1999 remake, pop the unedited DVD into Sony's DVP-FX1 and enjoy Rene Russo in all her naked glory. The supermodel-thin DVD/CD player has a seven-inch LCD wide-screen display, stereo speakers and a headphone jack. Its lithium ion battery will get you through two normal-length movies when fully charged. And when you arrive at your hotel, or back home, you can connect the player to a television for big-screen viewing ($1500).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 190.
ONLINE: TRY EDITORSPICKS.PLAYBOY.COM

How To Survive A Night In Tijuana

TRAVEL BY

ROBERT B. DESALVO

The Facts: Tijuana is the ultimate border town, geared toward day-trippers and night crawlers looking for cheap drinks, nightclubs, legal gambling, no-prescription pharmacies, Cuban cigars, odd souvenirs and a wild time. More than 36 million people cross from California into Tijuana every year, earning Tijuana the title of the world's most visited city.

Getting There: Plan your trip on Friday or Saturday when the girls pour into the city to party. Take Interstate 5 south from Los Angeles or San Diego until you see signs for the Camino de la Plaza exit (you're close when you start seeing the road signs that feature the silhouette of a family running, designed to warn motorists of the illegal aliens who may dart across the freeway). Exit and park at one of the several lots on the American side and walk across. You'd be a fool to drive into TJ if you're staying for just one day—your U.S. insurance policy is mostly worthless in Mexico (so you'd have to buy Mexican insurance first), and you'd join an infinite line of cars waiting to come back over the U.S. border.

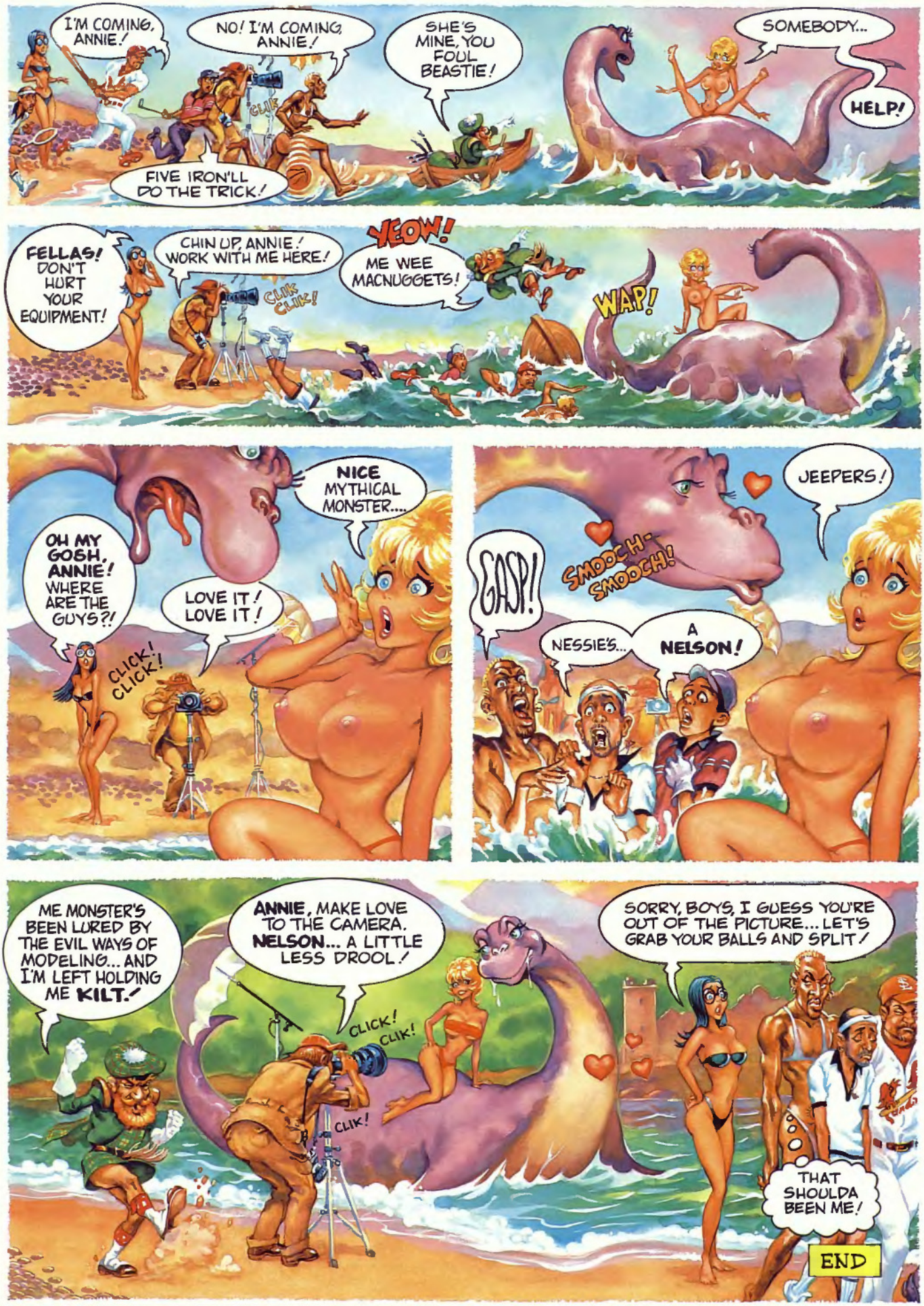
Crossing Over: The first thing that you'll notice when you enter Tijuana is the army of cabbies jockeying to take you to the main drag, Revolución. Skip them—it's only a few blocks and you'd miss the Plaza Fiesta, where you can ride a mechanical bull in the middle of a huge courtyard, much to the delight of drunken tourists. Don't bother converting your dollars into pesos—American money is preferred—and don't spend it all on sombreros, knickknacks or Mexican artwork. Walking to Revolución, you'll pass off-track betting lounges where you can gamble on anything that moves, shops that proudly display WE'VE GOT CUBAN CIGARS signs, and pharmacies where you can get drugs dirt cheap. Not only do you not need a prescription, but some of the drugstore owners actually sell morphine and Dexedrine as well as cocaine and LSD. Don't be stupid—you may be able to just walk into Mexico, but getting back entails a march through the U.S. Border Patrol building.

Sidewalking: Revolución itself is jam-packed with nightclubs pumping pulsating music onto the street. The Cave, People's Sports and Rock, and Iguanas Ranas are the clubs that attract the best-looking crowds for a party that usually lasts until well after two in the morning. Two-for-one margaritas are the norm and cover charges are unheard of. Beware the waiters who blow their whistles—they love to grab your head, pour tequila down your throat and shake you around a bit. It's 100 percent low-rent, but everyone is having a blast. It helps to think of Revolución as your Yellow Brick Road—the best thing you can hope to find by exploring the side streets is a donkey bar where locals watch strippers fornicate with livestock.

Aftermath: After stumbling out of a bar in the wee hours of the morning, it's inevitable that one of your wild-card friends will suggest crashing at one of the questionable hotels on Revolución like the Caesar or the Nelson, most of which offer rooms for under $40 a night. March onward, soldier—the USA, a Denny's and some good old-fashioned American motels are just a 15-minute walk away. Run for the border!

Little Annie Fanny
BY RAY LAGO AND DON WIMMER
ANNIE, THE UNANIMOUS BABE OF CHOICE FOR SPORTS GUY ILLUSTRATED'S FABLED SWIMSUIT ISSUE, POSES IN THIS YEAR'S SKIMPIEST OUTFITS BY THE LEGENDARY WATERS OF SCOTLAND'S LOCH NESS. ANNIE'S JOINED BY WANDA, SHUTTERBUG AND SOME OF SPORTS' GREATEST ATHLETES, ALL HOPING TO UNCOVER THE MYSTERIES OF LOCH NESS.... AND, OF COURSE... ANNIE.
KEEP STILL, ANNIE! WE'VE GOT A LOT MORE SHOOTING TO DO!
BRRR! IT'S COLD, BUG! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SHOOT THE ATHLETES?
WE'RE TRYING TO SELL A SPORTS MAGAZINE...THERE'S NO PLACE FOR JOCKS!
HEY, BIG BOY! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET TO THIRD BASE?
I ALWAYS PASS IT ON THE WAY HOME!
THAT SHOULDA BEEN ME!
I'M HERE TO SERVE.
I'D LIKE TO SHOW HER MY PUTTER!
WHAT GOES ON HERE? THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, LASSIE!
JEEPERS! A REAL LIVE SCOTSMAN!
I AM MAC MACNUGGET! THESE BEACHES ARE NOT FOR TOURISTS!
WE'RE FROM SPORTS GUY ILLUSTRATED...
THIS IS OUR SACRED ISSUE WITH AN UNLIMITED BUDGET!
THIS IS SACRED LAND!
OK, NOT THAT SACRED! 600 POUNDS A DAY!
SI

BUT TAKE HEED, STRANGERS! FOR THE LOCH ABOUNDS IN NASTY DOINGS... TAKE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS, BUT WAKE NOT THE MONSTER!
GO WHERE I SAY AND NO FURTHER. IT'S MIGHTY SLIPPERY!
WHOOPS!
MIGHTY SLIPPERY, LASS... DO YOU FEEL THE DANGER?!
TUG TUG TUG
I FEEL SOMETHING!
WATCH YOUR FOOTING, LASSIE!
HOW EXCITING!
STEP ON THAT SMOOTH ROCK, ANNIE!
OK, ANNIE... COME A LITTLE CLOSER!
JUST A SEC, BUG. MY TOP'S A LITTLE LOOSE!
THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH! HOLD THAT POSE!
?
BUT I HAVEN'T...
NO! NO! YOU'RE MOVING MUCH TOO CLOSE!
I'M NOT MOVING!
WHAT A GREAT SHOT!
CLICKETY CLIK!
HOLY HAGGIS!
SHE'S TREMENDOUS!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!
INCREDIBLE!
HUMONGOUS!
WOW!
NOW THOSE ARE HIGHLANDS!


I'M COMING, ANNIE!
NO! I'M COMING, ANNIE!
SHE'S MINE, YOU FOUL BEASTIE!
SOMEBODY...
HELP!
CLIK!
FIVE IRON'LL DO THE TRICK!
FELLAS! DON'T HURT YOUR EQUIPMENT!
CHIN UP, ANNIE! WORK WITH ME HERE!
CLIK CLIK!
YEOW!
ME WEE MACNUGGETS!
WAP!
NICE MYTHICAL MONSTER....
OH MY GOSH, ANNIE! WHERE ARE THE GUYS?!
LOVE IT! LOVE IT!
CLICK! CLICK!
JEEPERS!
GASP!
SMOOCH-SMOOCH!
NESSIE'S...
A NELSON!
ME MONSTER'S BEEN LURED BY THE EVIL WAYS OF MODELING... AND I'M LEFT HOLDING ME KILT!
ANNIE, MAKE LOVE TO THE CAMERA. NELSON... A LITTLE LESS DROOL!
CLICK! CLIK!
CLIK!
SORRY, BOYS, I GUESS YOU'RE OUT OF THE PICTURE... LET'S GRAB YOUR BALLS AND SPLIT!
THAT SHOULDA BEEN ME!
END

Relationship *(continued from page 130)*

Wine? She thinks you drink too much. Cars? You have a hidden savings account, code name: Jaguar.

her opinion, you devoted a little too much time to Ms. Jennings, that long-legged beauty from accounting. You're tired and don't really want to talk about it. But she's bright-eyed and accusing, and she wants to work this out. Tonight. According to the rule, you should splash your face with cold water and patiently listen to the catalog of your transgressions. Failing to address the matter at hand will create a small rift in your relationship. Further problems will turn the minor rift into a major rent. And who's going to pay that rent? You are, bub. Or else one day she'll be packed and standing on the corner, waiting for a cab.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RULE

Problems can't be solved unless both parties are in the mood to solve them. If you're not ready to talk, chances are the talking won't be productive anyway. Plus, you're distracted by thoughts of your 7:13 tee time. "In the middle of the night, who has the necessary clearheadedness to navigate an important and intensely felt issue?" says marriage therapist Robert Beck of the Baylor College of Medicine. "Couples who believe that an all-nighter of struggling over some unfinished business will lead to a satisfactory outcome are likely to end up disappointed."

Common sense and experience support Beck's thinking. "There's a point at which you have to say, 'Argument over for the night. We can pick this thing up in the morning,'" says James, 24, a Washington-based reporter who's been happily living with his girlfriend for two years. "In my experience, when you wake up in the morning, you have a clearer perspective on whatever was pissing you off."

"It's OK to go to bed angry, as long as you don't try to duck the problem altogether," says Marty Klein, a California sex therapist who runs the website www.sexed.org. What you should do if you're not in the mood to talk: Call for a time-out. Make a promise to reconvene and address the issue the next morning—or within two days at the outside.

Then get some sleep.

RULE TWO: GOT A PROBLEM? OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SAY "I"

For years now, therapists have been preaching a technique called active listening. The idea is to resolve conflicts using "I" statements. "I" statements are empathetic ("I feel your pain"). "You" statements are accusing ("You dirty rat").

Let's say you stayed out all night with your buddies and your mate was upset about it. If you were in counseling together, she'd be encouraged to go home and tell you, "I felt abandoned when you stayed out all night shooting dice." This is less confrontational than what she's undoubtedly thinking: You worthless slimeball.

"I" statements are so entrenched in our culture that today you can use the all-purpose "I hear you" to painlessly prop up just about any conversation—whether it's an old college buddy ranting about the depletion of the ozone layer or your boss complaining about the destruction of your work zone.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RULE

It was Sixties psychologist Carl Rogers who devised this communication system for use in therapy. If a patient says, for example, "I hate my wife. She's such a nagging bitch," the therapist will reflect nonjudgmental empathy by saying, "I hear you saying that your wife nags you and you hate that." The idea is to create an environment in which the patient feels safe expressing his inner thoughts but doesn't hide behind a wall of blame.

Since marriage is also a relationship in which each partner should feel safe, it seems like a good idea to preach this kind of unconditional acceptance and understanding for use at home.

There's one small problem.

"It doesn't work," says psychologist Bernie Zilbergeld, author of *The New Male Sexuality*. "When you're angry, the rules go right out the window."

Let's say she starts in with, "You're a cheating piece of shit, an ignorant little asshole and a lousy lay." What are you supposed to do, not take it personally? "Honey, I hear you saying you have issues with my fidelity and intelligence and that you'd like us to put more energy into our sex life."

In a relationship between two human beings, there are going to be some rough spots. If things are going badly and she's hurling insults at you, what you really want to do is break the pattern of the argument and try to cool things down. "A genuine apology isn't a bad idea," says Zilbergeld. "If you left her standing in the rain for two hours, it costs you very little to tell her you're sorry."

It's not the words you use but what your intentions are. If she says something that really pisses you off, ask for a time-out to keep things from getting out of hand. Take the dog for a walk or something. Tell her you need 30 minutes to think things through. Just be damn sure to return when you said you would.

RULE THREE: YOU NEED TO IRON OUT ALL YOUR DIFFERENCES

What used to be thought of as problems—arguments about finances, the in-laws, sex—have become "issues." "We've got issues with money," a couple might say these days to explain their differences. At one time, the simpler "we're broke" sufficed.

Underlying this semantic shift is the belief that all conflicts in relationships can be solved. If she's sloppy and he's neat and it drives him nuts, this difference becomes a project for both to work on. If he's trying to squirrel away their hard-earned cash for a rainy day and she has a tattoo that reads BORN TO SHOP, they're led to believe they have a future together only if they keep working on it and talking it out.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RULE

"Most problems in relationships simply cannot be solved," says Zilbergeld. "The conflicts that come up between couples tend to be deeply rooted in upbringing and personality."

That's not a bad thing. It's just a fact. If she's a morning person and you're a night owl, chances are you'll argue about why she doesn't have the stamina to hit the clubs with you for the duration of your relationship. Psychologist Dan Wile says it best in his book *After the Honeymoon*: "When choosing a long-term partner, you will inevitably be choosing a particular set of unsolvable problems that you'll be grappling with for the next 10, 20 or 50 years."

It can actually be a comfort to know that the dictates of modern relationships do not require turning your mate into Ms. Perfect. And, when you think about it, you know she's not going to get anywhere trying to change you.

What's really important is how you deal with your differences, says John Gottman, a professor of psychology at the University of Washington and author of *The Seven Principles for Making Marriage Work*. Gottman and his team studied 650 couples and tracked their marriages for up to 14 years.

Let's look at one couple, Andy and Melinda. The pair has a recurring argument that shows no signs of letting up in their lifetimes, yet they remain

(continued on page 165)

AWESOME VISION

hit the road with mercedes-benz, jaguar and aston martin

cars By David Stevens

The Vision SLA sports car pictured here is only a concept vehicle. But remember, Mercedes-Benz is pumped up after selling 189,437 vehicles in the States last year. Anything could happen. The SLA is a foot shorter (its wheelbase is only 92.5 inches) than the production SLK230 roadster, it weighs a mere 2090 pounds and it's powered by a 1.9-liter, 125-hp engine that will send the little devil from zero to 60 in 7.8 seconds. Not a rocket ship, but fast enough. Some of the scoot comes from M-B's clever use of aluminum in the body structure and plastic for the exterior. "Its flat windshield, large doors and gently sloping rear

DAVE'S GARAGE

The SLA concept roadster pictured at left and top is what Mercedes-Benz envisions a two-seater for tomorrow's masses might be like. A pint-size yet sophisticated vehicle, it "brings the driving sensation of our SL models to the compact car class."

styling are reminiscent of the legendary Mercedes-Benz Silver Arrows of the Fifties," says the company. In the face of today's retro mania, M-B is looking back to the future. With leather seats, perforated aluminum interior trim and a suitcase that straps to the trunk, the only things missing from this equation are a blonde and a winding road.

In case your website is planning to float an IPO in a few years, M-B also just unveiled a roadster version of its SLR concept coupe, promising that the car would go into production around 2003. We'll be reporting on it more extensively in the future, but here are a few dangling carrots. (1) The car will be built in conjunction with McLaren, the company famous for vehicles that cost more than the gross national products of some third world countries. (2) The power plant will be a supercharged 5.5-liter V8 that develops about 550 hp. Zero to 60? Four seconds or so. (3) The SLR will be a premium sports car, priced "well above" the SL coupe and roadster. Those cars sell for about $100,000, so that IPO had better be good.

KEN GROSS REPORTS: Jaguar and Aston Martin just upgraded their already outrageous coupes and roadsters. Not-so-subtle styling changes reflect the ample helpings of increased horsepower in both true Brits. The new Jaguar XKR's bold twin-barred grille resembles the sneering lip of an English bulldog. Boosted by a supercharger, its four-liter, four-cam V8 leaps from 290 hp to 370. You'll recognize the Aston Martin Vantage by its shark-mouthed air intake, straight-bar grille and enormous, race-bred running lights. In hot pursuit of Ferrari's 550 Maranello, Aston has replaced the DB7's 335-hp blown six with a 5.9-liter, 420-hp V12. Both models will hit 60 mph in five seconds or less. In defense of its $140,000-plus price, the Aston will top out around 170 mph; the more affordable $76,800 Jag is electronically limited to 155. Handling that increased power are performance features that include revised suspension tuning, special chassis stiffening and race-inspired disc brakes, plus a choice of a five-speed automatic or a six-speed manual in the Aston and a manually shiftable five-speed automatic in the Jag. Both the Vantage and the XKR are available in coupe or convertible formats. High-speed cruising is their forte, but neither will embarrass you when roads get twisty. With their 102-inch wheelbases and weights of nearly two tons, these are sizable sports cars. But after just a few minutes on the road, they shrink to fit and soon elevate an owner's driving ability.

The $140,000 Aston Martin Vantage (above) possesses that incomparable British knack for understatement. With a high-pitched supercharger whining away under the hood and a throaty exhaust note, the $77,000 Jaguar XKR (top) is a bit more in-your-face. The gleaming burled walnut and yards of Connolly leather in both cars are reminiscent of a British men's club.

Why is the Aston nearly twice the price of the Jag? Aston Martins are painstakingly assembled, one by one, in a Midlands factory. Jaguars, built on a conventional assembly line, are more off-the-rack. Aston offers just a few hundred Vantage V12s yearly; Jaguar builds several thousand XKs. You pay for that exclusivity.

PARKED IN DAVE'S GARAGE: Nissan Exterra: The 14-inch loosey-goosey shifter and vintage-type twist-and-swear emergency brake put me off at first, but then the charm of this Huck Finn truck took over. Going frogging down at the swamp? Take Huck. With their let's-go-get-messed-up-together looks and easy attitude, Exterras have been flying out showroom doors, often at prices higher than sticker.

Volkswagen Jetta TDI: If it weren't for a slight diesel *dwang* from under the hood and the telltale waft of the car's fuel of choice, you'd think you were driving a gas-powered model. The Jetta TDI hauls ass. Too bad the price of diesel fuel has doubled recently, substantially eroding the financial advantage it once offered.

Saab 9-5 Aero: I loved this car, with its fighter-pilot instrumentation, European suspension and precision steering. Pop in a Marcia Ball CD, throw a picnic basket in the trunk and head for the beach. I didn't like the $42,000 price tag, however, and PLAYBOY's Editorial Director, Arthur Kretchmer, agrees: "Why would anyone buy this when you can get an Acura RL for about the same price?" Good question. Still, I like Saab's eccentric charm. I also like Citroëns, so go figure.

Toyota Echo: Terrific headroom, fresh styling and a peppy can-do personality make the Echo fun to drive, though the instrument cluster midway between the passenger's and driver's seats is a little weird, particularly at night. Several times I had a flashback to British cars I once owned when I looked straight ahead into blackness and for a moment thought that Lucas (a company that English-car enthusiasts nicknamed "the prince of darkness" for its notorious electrical systems) was responsible for the Echo's wiring. Also, in a car that costs $14,000, I'd like power windows and power side mirrors. The model I drove did have a CD player, however.

Land Rover SWB Series III, 1974: Let's end on a high note. An old friend offered me these wheels with one stipulation: You fix it, you keep it. Since the vehicle had only 53,000 miles on it (plus a few mice in the wheel wells), how could I say no? About $3000 in repairs later, I'm getting used to life in the slow lane while working on my Victor Mature "rhino country" squint.

"I had a feeling this was going to happen when I was invited to sit at the captain's table."

PLAYBOY'S 20Q

James Coburn

the icon of cool on sam peckinpah, heroes and villains and the thrill of the high colonic

Throughout a 40-plus-year career in movies and television, James Coburn has probably been called "cool" more often than any other actor. The most recent of his almost 90 movies, Affliction, won him a best supporting actor Oscar for his role as the inebriated and violent Pop Whitehouse. Coburn's cool has endured in films that include The Great Escape, Charade, The Americanization of Emily, Our Man Flint, In Like Flint, The President's Analyst, Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid, Cross of Iron and The Magnificent Seven. Now in his 70s, Coburn is sorting through post-Oscar offers, reading a lot, tending to his brace of race cars and collections of exotic drums, gongs and flutes. Contributing Editor David Rensin recently met with him in Beverly Hills. Says Rensin, "Coburn is not so much tall as imposing, with craggy features, a shock of white hair and a joyful laugh that comes only from loving life. We shook hands and he sank into a couch, fixed me with that smile, and said, 'Whaddya want to know?'"

1

PLAYBOY: Does winning an Oscar later in life mean more than if you'd done it when you were young?

COBURN: If I'd won earlier I would have had a lot more acting opportunities. Since *Affliction* I've been offered lots of nasty-old-man parts. I also haven't worked [*laughs*]. I won't do just anything. Making a film takes a hell of a lot of energy and a lot of concentration, and since it's something I would rather do than anything else in the world, I want to do it right. Some you do for money, some you do for love, and *Affliction* was a love child. Maybe that's the key to it all. Better to win it for a love child than to have it given to you late as an honorarium, as they did with Cary Grant and other greats.

2

PLAYBOY: *Affliction* is about passing on the curse of violence from father to son. What was passed on to you, and what have you passed on?

COBURN: My father was a mechanic, so I've been around automobiles all my life. I learned to drive and race and play with them. He gave me that. He also survived the disaster of the Depression, which taught him to be almost pathologically frugal. He wouldn't take a chance; he wouldn't risk anything. My mother was a schoolteacher and far more liberal. She wanted to see me educated. From her I learned to never finish educating myself. All you have to do is take it in, and it works inside you.

What I've passed on, I hope, is that if you learn to do one thing, and learn to do it well, you can do anything. At one time my son was scattered, but now he's a sound mixer, very focused and successful. As for my daughter, I probably haven't given her as much love as I should have. Then again, I haven't given many people a great deal of love; I've given lots of affection. But the kind of love that fathers and mothers give their children is special, and you have to show that more. It's not just giving them money or helping them with their homework. There's a genuine emotional response and interaction. It's taken me years to learn how to do that, and my current wife, Paula, has shown me how. Love has to be done. It's not a reaction, it's an action. You have to love consciously.

3

PLAYBOY: Exactly what does "in like Flint" mean?

COBURN: It was a takeoff on "in like Flynn," meaning Errol Flynn, who was notorious for fucking all the women in town.

4

PLAYBOY: You're widely considered an icon of cool. Define cool.

COBURN: Cool has to do with telling the truth. It all came from the *Flint* movies. I played my idea of the complete man, the ideal individual. It was pure Americana. Making that choice means certain character qualities are eliminated, like expressing too much fear. Rather than be fearful or angry, I chose to take action. Was I intentionally trying to be cool? No. But people responded to it. For instance, Flint spoke with the whales and used it to get to the island. But he had to learn how to do that. It wasn't some endowment, some brilliant thing, like the Bond guy, who was always perfect. Flint—and I—were learners trying to evolve. Flint was someone I'd have liked to *be* instead of just *play*. Of course, it was a great deal of fun: He had a harem.

5

PLAYBOY: You're responsible for one of the coolest moments in *The Magnificent Seven*. You had a knife, your opponent had a gun, and you threw your knife underhand and struck him in the chest. How did you get the part? Do you recall the day you shot the scene?

COBURN: The whole thing. I was familiar with *The Magnificent Seven* through the Kurosawa film. It was the first Japanese film I'd ever seen. I saw it in New York and I became fascinated with the character—a great swordsman—and being shot in the back by a half-blind guy. Great irony. I was in LA scuffling around, doing little movies here and there and a lot of television stuff. I ran into Bobby Vaughn, with whom I had gone to school at City College. I said, "Hey, man, what's up?"

"I'm doing *The Magnificent Seven*."

"What? Who's doing that?"

"John Sturges. Steve McQueen's in it, Yul Brynner."

I said, "Jesus! Has it been cast?"

He said, "No, I think there are still a couple parts left."

I made an *(continued on page 175)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

SURFING THE WEB FOR CONTRABAND

AK-47s? DRUGS? PIRATED MOVIES? THE NET'S BLACK MARKET IS THRIVING

BY MARK EHRMAN

Want to take a trip into a netherworld where everything the government controls or prohibits is available 24 hours a day? AK-47s, no questions asked. Steroids, pot and painkillers, no prescription necessary. Bootleg copies of your favorite band's music, that $700 Photoshop program you can't afford or your own copy of the next Hollywood blockbuster before it appears in theaters: They're all here, just for the asking. And, thanks to the Internet, it's no longer necessary to drive through weird neighborhoods, slip down alleys or rub elbows with sketchy characters. These days, you can score goods on the virtual black market without leaving your living room or dorm.

Just how much illegal traffic cruises the information highway is anybody's guess. Two years ago, when eBay introduced the joys of online buying and selling, the commerce was mostly harmless stuff: old Twister games, Pokémon cards and Beanie Babies. Soon guns, knives, horns from endangered rhinos and other items that are illegal to possess, own or sell began appearing on the market. Recently, there was the much-publicized sale of a baby (which was bid up to $109,000) and a kidney ($5.7 million), both of which turned out to be hoaxes. "The nice, warm personal community that eBay was in its early days experienced some growing pains as it became popular," says eBay spokesman Kevin Pursglove. Although he didn't elaborate on exactly where it hurt, the Federal Trade Commission, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and the New York State Department of Consumer Affairs demanded the company clean up its act. EBay has since nixed the gun ads and has hired private investigators to aggressively enforce the user agreement and report illegalities to the proper authorities. But instead of being eradicated, the illegal activity has simply moved elsewhere.

Nailing down perps in the vastness of cyberspace is problematic enough; throw in the exponential increases in traffic, and the leg-tripping among local, state, federal and interagency jurisdictions, and it's not hard to figure out why Uncle Sam hasn't made much of a dent. From the ATF to your local precinct, you'd be surprised how few officers and agents even have e-mail accounts. According to special agent Steven Berry, supervisor of the National Press Office of the FBI, any proactive policing of cyberspace revolves almost exclusively around two words: child pornography. Everything else, Berry says, gets passed on to other agencies. It's the same at Customs. Because a lot of illegal goods are sold from foreign websites, the U.S. Customs Service, which must inspect all the packages, has had a cybersmuggling unit since 1997. Spokesman Bill Anthony says his unit is aware of the online trade in drugs, knives and Cuban cigars, but that it has no manpower to deal with it. "Basically," he says, "we're after big bad guys, not you in your house."

Still, the eBay debacle finally goaded our political leaders into some kind of action. In August 1999, Vice President Al Gore created the Interagency Working Group to Examine Unlawful

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOEL NAKAMURA

Conduct on the Internet. Its first task, naturally, is to issue a report. In the meantime, for anyone with an Internet connection and less-than-noble intent, there's a world of potentially deadly contraband at your fingertips.

BULLET TRAIN

It's easy for any person in this country to anonymously order paramilitary-grade firepower from his home computer and have it delivered right to his door or post office box—no age, background or other pesky questions asked. Typing the word gun into a search engine will link you to a world wide web of arms marketeers, auctions and virtual swap meets. (Type something more specific, like "firearms," and you don't have to sift through all the Daisy rifles and Sega toys.) Take a look at these:

For sale: Uzi-model B. excellent condition preban model B9mm manuf. by IMI Israel comes w/3 clips soft bag and hard case some ammo. Pict. available. $1400.

Private sale: AK-47 folding stock model with ammo, case, magazines and original box $800.

For sale: Glock pistol-19. The perfect carry pistol in 95 percent condition with Ashley Express tritium big dot night sights, one 15-round mag and one 10-round (both factory drop free). Free shipping. Texas private seller. $500.

These goods, and plenty of others like them, can be at your door within days, whether you're an honest Joe, a kid logging on to his father's AOL account or an armed robber on parole.

"We view the Internet as an ongoing gun show," says Bill Kinsella, spokesman for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. "In some areas it's used by people who cannot otherwise legally purchase a gun." In 1998, for instance, Illinois gun dealer Thomas Bellas was arrested and charged with selling weapons to a 17-year-old. The boy's parents discovered the cache and called the police. Bellas, however, died of a heart attack before he could be tried.

But it's not the licensed gun dealers who have turned the Internet into an easy-access arms mart. It's private parties, Kinsella says, who have little to lose by cutting a few corners in an unsupervised marketplace. If eBay no longer offers guns, try heading over to Yahoo's Auctions and Classifieds. One of the site's senior producers, Susan Carls, acknowledges that guns are bought and sold with little monitoring. More hardware can be found at gun-centered sites such as the Firearms Trading Post, where many user agreements actually tell buyers and sellers that they're on an honor system. It didn't take long to find individuals at both these sites who were willing to ship heavy-duty firepower to an out-of-state address, c.o.d.—which is both illegal and scary—after nothing more than an exchange of e-mail. So how many agents does the federal government have enforcing gun laws online? "We don't have anybody like that," says Kinsella. "If we get allegations, the ATF will have someone take a look at it." Reassuring words with which to pack your kids off to high school.

THE FRIENDLIEST PHARMACY

For decades, if you wanted to self-medicate, you were forced to deal with the vagaries of a street score or persuade a doctor to write a prescription. Nowadays, you just log on. Marijuana, pills, GHB (ecstasy in a bottle or a date rape drug, depending on who you ask), Viagra, Xanax and codeine are all available on the web.

"No prescription? No problem," reads a home page, one of perhaps hundreds of U.S.-based web pharmacies. Answer a few quick questions, enter your credit card number and, for around $7–$14 a pill, plus a onetime "consultation fee" ($50–$100), your Viagra will be on its way in a day or so. These pharmacies sell other unscheduled prescription drugs (substances the Food and Drug Administration has determined have little to no potential for abuse) such as Xenical, Celebrex, Propecia and Wellbutrin. Last year, the American Medical Association issued an ethics statement against Internet prescribing unless the patient and doctor meet face-to-face, and the feds have begun to investigate.

"Congress and state legislatures have

enacted safeguards to protect consumers against injuries resulting from unsafe products, counterfeit products and the inappropriate practice of medicine and pharmacy," says an FDA spokesman. "The Internet makes it easy to bypass those safeguards." There is only one documented death associated with online prescribing. A man with a family history of coronary disease ordered Viagra and then had a heart attack after he used it as directed.

The inventory at domestic web pharmacies doesn't extend much beyond Viagra and Propecia. To score serious meds, druggies used to have to drive to Tijuana. Now pharmacies in Mexico, Thailand and other countries with lax oversight of their pill dispensaries have opened shop on the web, offering hundreds of scheduled drugs—Xanax, codeine, steroids and many that have no FDA approval—and will deliver via UPS with just your credit card number.

The aggressive marketing among domestic Viagra mills makes them relatively easy to find and patronize, but locating the right overseas operation is a bit more difficult. "Painkillers are the hardest medicines to access no matter how you go about it, because they are commonly abused," says one customer who claims he suffers from osteoarthritis. He orders codeine and related drugs from overseas websites without a prescription, "because local doctors just want me to live with the pain." He says he found out about the websites through Usenet newsgroup postings and by word-of-mouth.

"You can get Vicodin, hydrocodone [Percocet], Xanax and anabolic steroids over the web without prescriptions," says Bobby Douglas, who operates a website from his home in Orlando, Florida. For $10.95 a month, billed to a credit card, customers get a password to their "top secret" website and a "yellow pages" of names, addresses and inventories of foreign pharmacies along with a rating of their reliability. Douglas claims to have over 2000 subscribers and says he makes a lot more money than he did when he was an aeronautical engineer.

"In 1995 there were only a handful of sites," says a spokesman from Meds-R-Us, another pharmacy-information peddler. "Now we have several hundred in Europe, Asia and Africa. They supply people with meds for a short time, and then Customs starts seizing their shipments. The sites then change their URLs and their packaging and use a different carrier, and—presto—they're back for another few months. Knowledge of which online RXs are delivering and which ones have just been shut down is precious information."

The FDA admits it's virtually powerless to regulate drugstores outside the U.S., and because the goods come in plain packaging, Customs officials say they usually have no way to identify them. Even something as pungent as marijuana, ordered from websites in pot-friendly Amsterdam, easily finds its way to our shores. Michelle Goldberg, a reporter for San Francisco–based *Speak* magazine, says someone in her office discovered a virtual coffee shop and "as a lark" mailed $92 in cash to the address in Amsterdam. "We were really surprised when it came, and that it came so fast," she says. Inside the plainly wrapped package was a quarter ounce of weed. Other URLs, belonging to outfits in Canada and Holland, offer seeds. There's even a medical-marijuana outfit that operates from within the U.S.

What gets the FDA's attention is GHB and one of its precursor chemicals, GBL. Although GBL is ostensibly a cleaning fluid, it is widely advertised on drug-related newsgroups and websites. "We already have a number of enforcement actions against those people—injunctions, seizures and developing cases. We are taking action to shut down those sellers," says an FDA spokesman. Within weeks of this statement, at least one GHB operation had disappeared from the web.

SCREEN THIS!

But for the occasional appearance of an audience member's silhouette in the

(continued on page 172)

"Does this mean I won't have to worry about keeping our little secret anymore?"

jodi ann paterson is our

PLAYMATE of the YEAR 2000

JODI ANN PATERSON still has the strip of paper she pulled from a fortune cookie back in December, when she was having lunch with her mother at a Chinese restaurant in Oregon. Always a bit superstitious, she was taken aback when she found not the usual vague bromide but a specific prediction: "You will be singled out for a promotion."

"I couldn't believe it," she says, holding the fortune as she emerges from the bedroom of her West Hollywood apartment. "My mom told me not to take it seriously, but I saved it anyway." Jodi Ann Paterson got her promotion: Miss October 1999 became Playmate of the Year 2000. At the dawn of a new millennium, PLAYBOY has a new ambassador—a young woman born in Balikpapan, Indonesia to an American father and an Indonesian mother. She was raised in the hippieish environs of Eugene, Oregon and never thought she'd make it onto these pages.

"I'm not the typical PLAYBOY type," says

Snapshots from a few months in PLAYBOY's fast lane (clockwise from above): Jodi Ann parties with Playmates Ava Fabian and Kelly Monaco in Miami, meets Jerry Springer, compares notes with 1999 Playmate of the Year Heather Kozar, gets close to the bass and struts her stuff at Hef's Halloween bash.

"When people meet me, they sometimes think I'm very serious and sort of boring. I don't get it," says Jodi Ann, who insists to us that she has a completely different side. "I go out a lot—and when I'm ready to party, I'm really ready to party. I like to get crazy and push the envelope as far as I can."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

To the victor go the spoils—and in Jodi Ann's case, those spoils include a torch-red 2000 six-speed Corvette coupe and a black BMW R1200 C Euro motorcycle. Above, the 2000 Playmate of the Year and her new car make a fiery match along Hollywood's Walk of Fame; that's Mann's Chinese Theater behind them. Below, Jodi Ann sits astride the black BMW beauty. This model combines the look of the classic European roadster with the latest technology. "I used to do a lot of off-road riding on little dirt bikes," says Jodi Ann, "but this motorcycle is huge. I think I'm going to need lessons before I ride it."

Jodi Ann, curling up on her couch in sweatpants, a tank top and her fluffy bunny-eared slippers. "Even after I was chosen to be Miss October, I never thought I would have a chance of becoming the Playmate of the Year. When you think of PLAYBOY, you think of beautiful girls with blonde hair and big boobs—that has been the PLAYBOY type since 1953. There were girls last year who fit that ideal, but I was almost the opposite."

But our readers knew that beauty comes in many forms when they helped choose Jodi Ann out of 1999's Playmate lineup. "Last year was the year of the rabbit," she says. "But this is the year of the dragon, and the dragon represents all things Asian. I was born in Indonesia, and I'm half Asian, so it makes sense that this would be my year."

And anyone who knows Jodi Ann knows she will make the most of her year. This is a woman who took college classes while still in high school; on the side

Such As Books,
Record Albums,
Tools, Canned
Goods, Etc.

and for the challenge, she entered and won the Miss Oregon Teen USA pageant. In college, she joined the debate team, wrote for the school newspaper and worked at the campus television station. Since her Playmate pictorial appeared last fall, Jodi Ann has been taking acting lessons, serving as a spokesperson and host, and meeting and hanging out with successful people. And while she's eager to learn as much as possible, "you have to be careful in this town," she says. "It's full of name-droppers and phonies. But it's also a fascinating place for people watching, and I think I'm good at figuring out what people are all about."

She's also determined not to succumb to the temptations of her new environment. "I've told my family and my friends in Oregon, 'If I start to change, you have to let me know.' And I know my mom will bust me on it if I start to get away from how I was raised."

Still, Jodi Ann is enjoying all that Los Angeles has to offer. "I'm at the Mansion four or five times a week, watching movies or working out in the gym," she says. "Hef has the greatest parties in town, and one of the nice things about being a Playmate is that we can get into just about any place in town.

"I loved my life in Oregon," she says, "but in a way it was very predictable. I knew that if I stayed at the television station, in five years I'd be an anchor. Then I'd get married and have a couple of kids." She shakes her head, thinking of the path she has taken instead. "But now things aren't predictable at all. That's what I love most about my life here: I have no idea what kinds of opportunities are going to come my way in the next year."

VESTIGES OF GR EUR
IMPRESSIONISTS AND IMPRESSIONISM

superathlete

(continued from page 114)

that's one of the league's lighter front lines. The current NFL champion St. Louis Rams weigh in between tackle and tackle at over 300 pounds per man, and Rams strength coach Dana LeDuc predicts that within five years "every offensive line in the league will average over 300 pounds apiece." That is about 50 pounds heavier than the average NFL offensive line from the Lombardi era.

Weight training and diet have permanently changed the face of all sports. Track trainer John Smith says, "Just compare today's runners with, say, Jesse Owens. I'm not knocking the greats, who never had anything like the advantages current men and women have. Today's athletes are professionals. Sixty years ago, most athletes were part-timers. Jesse Owens might have been the greatest runner of all time, but if you plucked him out of 1936 and put him in a meet right now, he couldn't compete."

Bill Walton thinks you don't have to go back half that far to find players in his sport who couldn't make the cut today. "We just weren't that big and strong," Walton says of the previous generation of NBA players. "You didn't do weights back then. That was something football players did. Nowadays, they have weights that can make you jump higher." Walton may be referring to such miracles of modern technology as a machine used by the Chicago Bulls that enables a player to build the muscles involved in a vertical leap by carrying weights while jumping—but relieves the impact while coming down. "The stuff they have for players now," says Walton, "is like something out of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Teams that can't compete in the area of technology, training and rehab may just as well give it up."

In truth, the stuff they have for players now—whether at Ball State's Human Performance Laboratory or Dr. James Andrews' HealthSouth facility in Birmingham, Alabama or the Olympic Training Center ("the Gold Factory," as it's referred to by athletes training for the Olympics)—is far in advance of anything Stanley Kubrick envisioned.

And there seems to be no end in sight. Kraemer believes that the next frontier for athletics is identifying children's body types and determining which kids are best suited to which sports. "There's no reason," says Kraemer, "why a kid with, say, a basketball body type couldn't be helped along with training and diet specifically suited to what that sport demands." It would seem that we are a step away from being able to genetically produce our own Michael Jordans, Derek Jeters and Randy Mosses. Bill Russell once complained that today's athletes "have been on scholarships since the eighth grade." Within a decade or two, that might seem nostalgic; in another 20 years, eighth graders might be ready for the draft.

What's the limit to how fast someone can run or how much he can lift or how many home runs he can hit? As Bob Costas has said, "Two thousand years ago people were asking that question. And 2000 years from now, people will still be asking that question."

TRACK AND FIELD

No area of athletics illustrates the dramatic increase in athletic proficiency better than track and field. One can argue about how much technology—e.g., fiberglass poles, athletic shoes—has helped athletes in particular sports, but what is undeniable is that current athletes have achieved feats that would have seemed unbelievable decades ago. In fact, not a single major world record established before 1980 remains unbroken. World records for events that were once thought unbreakable—for instance, Bob Beamon's famous 29′ 2.5″ long jump in the high, thin air of Mexico City during the 1968 Olympics—have tumbled at least once.

John Smith, who trains the World's Fastest Man, Maurice Greene, and Trevor Graham, who trains the World's Fastest Woman, Marion Jones, both predict that by the year 2010, not a single record established in track and field before 1990 will be left standing. "It used to be," says Smith, "that some records could last 20 years; now I'm seeing it shorten to near 10; I may live to see five."

BASKETBALL

"Greatest athletes in the world," Boston Celtics coach Red Auerbach used to say when he watched his team run up and down the court. One can only wonder what he would have thought of today's giants who are, on average, 20 to 25 pounds heavier than the Auerbach Celtics and the teams they dominated. "The great players of 30 and 40 years ago were tall," says Miami coach Pat Riley. "These guys today, they're *big*."

Actually, the great NBA stars of recent years—Charles Barkley, Hakeem Olajuwon and Karl Malone—"would have eaten up most of the guys at their positions 25 years ago," says Bob Costas.

They're also quick and versatile. "The game has never had so many huge, multitalented players," says Costas. "Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen were so fast and so great on offense and defense that the Bulls didn't need that dominating guy in the center to win championships. They were too big and strong for good smaller players to handle and too quick for guys bigger than them."

What about the Twin Towers of the current NBA champs, the San Antonio Spurs?

"I always thought my wedding night would be different from other nights, somehow . . . !"

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"David Robinson and Tim Duncan are truly terrifying," says Costas. "What's scary isn't their height but how fast they are. They move like guards and forwards. In terms of all-round talent, the NBA can stop looking for the next Michael Jordan: His name is Tim Duncan."

FOOTBALL

In no sport have the players changed so much in 50 years as in football. No sport is so specialized, and in no sport are bodies so customized. "Weight training goes beyond science," says Washington Redskins coach Russ Grimm. "It's more like an art." The art is called body sculpting. Different positions, from quarterback to wide receiver to linebacker, have different weight programs, conditioning programs, even diets. And unlike 30 years ago, conditioning is now considered a year-round activity. The money to be made is too great for players to show up for practice out of shape and complacent.

The result is players who are not only the most spectacular at their positions but who stay around long enough to set records. Nearly every major NFL record for quality and quantity is held by a current or recent player. Dan Marino, John Elway and Warren Moon are one, two and three in all-time passing yardage, and Jerry Rice has caught more passes for more yards and scored more touchdowns than any receiver in history. If Barry Sanders had played two more seasons and averaged about 95 yards per game, he'd have passed Walter Payton's career rushing total of 16,726 yards. And the same football factories that produced those guys have produced players—Randy Moss, Steve McNair, Eddie George—who will likely challenge and break the existing records.

BASEBALL

Forget the Golden Age of Baseball in the Twenties or Thirties or Fifties—the players in today's game are bigger, faster, stronger and more versatile than those in any other period in baseball history. Major league baseball's talent pool has never been larger; in the second half of the century it began drawing on black and then Latin talent and is now recruiting from Japan, Taiwan and Australia. Baseball may soon be mining Russia as well. And these athletes are, according to broadcaster and former big league catcher Tim McCarver, "in better shape now. Thirty, 40 years ago you'd see a lot of guys show up for spring training trying to get into shape. Now, thanks to better diets and the year-round use of home weights and exercise machines, they come to spring training already in shape. You see a lot more guys who look like they plan to make a career of it."

And what careers they make. Nearly all of the important records in baseball are held by current or recent players, including records for power (Mark McGwire's 70 home runs in one season),

SPORTS MEDICINE

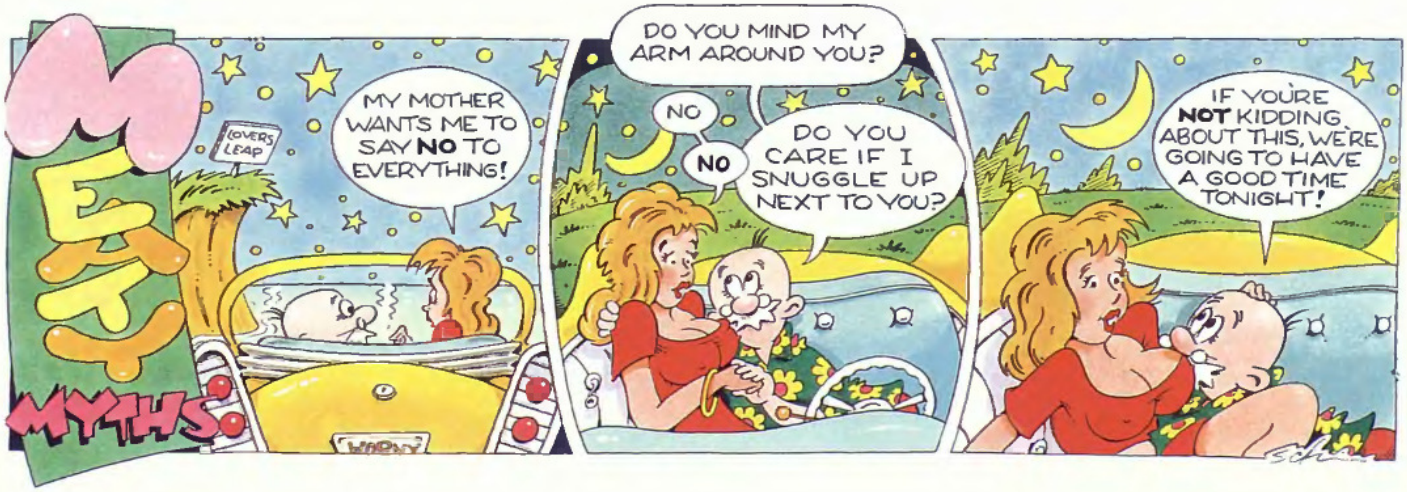
If you had to cite the single biggest change in sports this century, you'd probably settle on sports medicine. A hundred years ago, a sports doctor was someone who couldn't make the team but could carry a bucket. Now sports doctors are among the highest-paid physicians in the world and work with the most sophisticated equipment.

Sports medicine has become an industry. HealthSouth, a private hospital center in Birmingham, Alabama that is thought by many to be the best sports medicine facility in the world (along with the Kerlan-Jobe Orthopaedic Clinic in Los Angeles), is reported to have cost around $50 million. Until recently, sports medicine was the exclusive province of team doctors, and players could never be entirely certain where the physician's loyalties lay—on getting the athlete back in the game or on his long-term good. With superjock docs such as Dr. James Andrews of HealthSouth, this is no longer an issue. "In any and every situation," says Dr. Andrews, "it's a physician's job to do what is in the best interests of the patient."

Andrews and his colleagues have treated the best athletes in every major field: Troy Aikman, Scottie Pippen, Jack Nicklaus, Jerry Pate, Brazilian soccer star Maria Amoroso do Santos, Charles Barkley, Jimmy Key, Bo Jackson, Ki-Jana Carter, Greg Norman—and even Jane Fonda.

"As brilliant a surgeon as Dr. Andrews is," says San Francisco 49ers team physician Michael Dillingham, "his major contribution to sports medicine may be in showing us when not to cut." Andrews has been a pioneer in the area of biomechanics, making use of computers and video in studying athletic motion and the stress it puts on the body. Andrews' patient studies are so thorough that when surgery is required, a patient will often do rehab work first, to strengthen the muscles that will aid in the recovery. When surgery isn't required, his work can relieve a lot of pain. "Jim can't cut two strokes from your game," says patient and golf partner Jerry Pate, "but he can show you how to execute a swing that won't bother your back."

There's one more major contribution that high-tech sports doctors make—and it's not to the pros. Superathletes serve as guinea pigs. "Sports medicine and rehab techniques are growing precisely because of the enormous amounts of money society grants to professional athletes," says Andrews. "Every innovation we make while working on a pro goes to help high school athletes or senior citizens who want to jog or ride bicycles."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consistency (Pete Rose's 4256 hits), speed (Rickey Henderson's 1300-plus stolen bases) and pitching (Roger Clemens' six ERA titles, second only to Lefty Grove's nine titles, and Kerry Wood's 1998 mark of 12.6 strikeouts per nine innings). Babe Ruth's record of 714 home runs was surpassed by Hank Aaron in 1974, and Aaron's total of 755 is currently threatened by several hitters who have accumulated more home runs than Aaron by age 30 (he had 366). The best known of these, of course, is Ken Griffey Jr., who reached 350 faster than any other hitter. At his current pace, allowing for an inevitable slowdown near the end of the next decade, he'll reach 800 before he turns 40.

Today's game features more great players with more diverse talents than in any previous period. Hall of Famer Joe Morgan points to Boston's Nomar Garciaparra, Seattle's Alex Rodriguez and the Yankees' Derek Jeter, all shortstops, as examples of the new-model super baseball player. "Shortstops are supposed to be wiry, quick-moving types, the worst hitters on the team. They got jobs because they were great fielders."

But Garciaparra, Rodriguez and Jeter cover the field as well as any of the old-timers, and they hit with the power of first basemen. "It's scary because one of them might be the best ever. And we might not even know how good he'll be for another five years."

"Mr. President! Mr. President! May I go to the toilet?"

living online

(continued from page 42)

the text. By clicking on a word, FlySwat and GuruNet will display definitions, links, related books and financial information. Makes you wonder why you ever went to school.

PAY UP, PAL

The next time you have lunch with a buddy who happens to "forget" his wallet, give him this URL: **PayPal.com.** It's a site that enables anyone to pay anyone else by e-mail. To use PayPal, you have to register at the site and provide a credit card number so funds can be drawn from it when you need to pay up. PayPal even lets you "beam" a payment from one Palm Pilot to another—but that just gives your skinflint friend one more thing to accidentally leave at home.

TIME FOR A CHANGE

I hate those new sports watches, the ones that look like big acid-colored cough drops. Can you imagine James Bond wearing one? Fortunately, the web is a treasure trove of vintage timepieces. At **www.boomertime.com,** I found a Fifties Croton Aquamatic self-winding watch with an image of a Mason's fez on it for $115, plus $8 shipping and handling. The watches here aren't the only things that are retro—the service is, too. A couple of hours after I placed my order, Boomertime's owner called and took my credit card information over the phone. He was very pleasant and gave me his word that I'd be happy with my purchase. And I was—the watch was in better condition than described. I realize 007 probably wouldn't wear this watch, either. But he would dig the fantastic collection of Accutron watches offered at boomertime—they look like Q himself designed them.

QUICK HITS

Get the skinny on the fat in fast food from **nutri-facts.com/fastfood.asp.** Great science fiction toys from the Sixties through the Eighties are for sale at **bugeyedmonster.com.** Store files you don't want to keep on your hard drive at **xdrive.com.** Why waste 10 years as a sushi apprentice? You can learn all the secrets from this Swedish art student: **nmd.hyperisland.se/studentzone/crew2/martin_ragnevad/.** Take an audio-guided tour of the web at **firetalk.com.** Search a bunch of online auctions simultaneously on **overbid.com.** A site for cereal addicts: **emptybowl.com.**

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The real problem is that men who try too hard are not, in the end, good lovers.

happy. The problem is a classic: Andy doesn't like visiting his in-laws. When Melinda asks him to, he grimaces, makes an unkind comment about her mother's "superheroes of the WWF" wallpaper and threatens not to go. Melinda resists the temptation to make a federal case out of it. In fact, she even cracks a smile as she mimics his put-upon way of finally saying, "All right, I'll go."

Most important: They are able to laugh about it.

RULE FOUR: TELL HER ALL YOUR SECRETS

In theory, keeping secrets is like planting little mines in the sunny pastures of a healthy relationship. One secret leads to another, and pretty soon you're in a minefield. Hold back too many bits of relevant personal information, the thinking goes, and whole conversational valleys become too dangerous to tiptoe through. Travel? There was that trip to Italy with your ex, and you don't want to open up that old sore. Wine? She thinks you drink too much. Cars? You have a hidden savings account, code name: Jaguar. What are you left with? Weather?

"We share everything," says Ben, 31, a publicist in New York who's engaged to be married. "We want to put all the awkward stuff on the table. Total honesty is the only way we can have the intimacy we both want."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RULE

Trouble is, total honesty doesn't work so well in practice. Let's return to that sun-dappled meadow for a moment. Picture a happy couple walking through the dewy landscape, accompanied by harp music—or maybe something by Kenny G. In the distance there's a rainbow. Every so often he stops to offer her another penetrating disclosure. They smooch lovingly between revelations, until he happens to blurt out, "Oh, honey, did I mention that time I slept with your sister?"

"Revealing secrets that are hurtful does no one any good," says Jennifer Duffy, a New York psychologist who hosts a call-in radio show on WGBB. "Especially anything about sex."

And if it's sex with one of her friends, relatives or pets, it's safe to say you're treading on extremely thin ice.

Besides, turnabout is fair play. You don't really care to hear what she's done with other men, do you? "The last thing I want to talk about with a girl is who she's been with and who I've been with and whether either one of us has experimented with S&M," says Mike, 34, a securities trader who is happily single.

For married couples, the biggest secret is an affair (she really isn't interested in that thing you do with the pink tutu when she's not around). Certainly there are men who cheat and then suffer pangs of guilt. But fessing up tends to make things worse. "If whatever caused the person to have the affair in the first place has been worked out, there's nothing to be gained from revealing the information," says Klein. "I'd say just keep it a secret."

RULE FIVE: NEVER HAVE SEX ON A FIRST DATE

Not all rules are placed in our subconscious by feminists and psychologists. This is an idea men have planted and nourished on our own. The notion that long-term prospects are doomed if you score too soon derives from the old double standard: We want sex as soon as possible, but we think less of any woman who's willing to sink to our level (what a slut!). Or, to paraphrase Groucho, we wouldn't join a club willing to have us as members.

Double standard or no double standard, the taboo goes deep: "When I'm on a first date, I'm very conscious of what our long-term prospects are," says Chuck, a single 32-year-old marketing director for a medical practice. "If I think there's potential for something more than lust, I won't make a move until at least the third or fourth date."

"At the core of a healthy relationship is respect," adds Ben, the publicist. "Abstaining for a few dates builds up respect on both sides, and that gets preserved for the future."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RULE

Trouble is, respect isn't the only thing that builds up when you abstain. "Avoid sex on a first date? No way," says James, the reporter. A few years back he had an intense six-month relationship with a girl he was introduced to by mutual friends. "On the first date, we went out, had a nice dinner, then went back to her place and had incredible sex."

The relationship finally came to an end when she moved out of town for work reasons, but her willingness to have sex was never a problem. "And," he says, "we're still good friends today. I don't think first-date sex has any bearing on a relationship's chances."

The experts agree: "This reminds me of a lot of other superficial rules that men have in their heads about what it takes to make a relationship work," says Gottman. "It's on a par with: Never marry a girl taller than you. Which is ridiculous. The timing of sex is not in any way a predictor of an enduring relationship."

Besides, maybe she's open to sex on the first date because she likes you—not because she's a slut. It doesn't mean she puts out for every guy who walks down the street. Maybe you simply swept her off her feet.

RULE SIX: ALWAYS LET A WOMAN COME FIRST

We may not know what women want, but we sure want to give it to them. At one time, sex was about scoring and

notches on the belt. Women weren't supposed to like sex particularly, so the faster you could finish the better. Then came the sexual revolution, and women made the point that there was something in this for them, too. We were grateful for this insight and all of us together, men and women, held hands in a big circle and studied the female climax. When we all sighed and reached consensus, it was that women are slower to reach orgasm than we are. This revelation has spawned a cottage industry of desensitizing creams and informational tracts to help us learn to retard our instinctive race to the finish line.

Today we're still in a big hurry. We're in a hurry to slow down, to delay, to hold back. We think of dead babies and baseball. We think of dead babies playing baseball. All because we want to please.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RULE

A willingness to please is a fine sentiment. But you can take it too far. Picture the eager sexual conquistador, obsessed with his reputation as a stud. He always cuddles for the appropriate length of time (because women like that). He spends the appropriate amount of time stroking her body—all over, not just down there. Then it's on to oral sex, and, after a few more scripted flourishes, penetration.

He wants to be a good lover, a better man. This is not in itself a bad thing. Self-improvement is the mortar upon which America's greatness is based. But, like mortar, all those great moves soon harden into dull, gray rock. The real problem is that men who try too hard are not, in the end, good lovers. "When you're with some guys, it's like you can hear them thinking, I'm going to do A then B then C and then D. That's a little too rote and unfeeling for me," says Cathy, a 41-year-old, twice-divorced entrepreneur from New York. "It's like, yawn. Wake me when you're done."

It doesn't really matter who comes first as long as you are not cravenly insensitive to her needs. "Men who think even the occasional quickie is forbidden tend to imagine they're trying to stay sensitive and in touch," says psychologist Perry Buffington, a syndicated newspaper columnist and author of *Cheap Psychological Tricks: What to Do When Hard Work, Honesty and Perseverance Fail*. "But you can take sensitivity too far." Women like quickies, too. And the thrill of an unexpected sexual interlude—standing up or in an unusual place—can be just as stimulating for them as it is for us.

RULE SEVEN: NEVER KISS AND TELL

You're a well-mannered guy. When you take a lady to dinner, you hold the door, let her order first and pick up the check, don't you? If she happens to dive under the table to pleasure you as you're savoring the *amuse bouche*, would you broadcast her actions to the entire male community? Of course not. This rule ranks high in the pantheon of proper male behavior. It's right up there with "Don't hit girls." (We agree with that one, by the way, unless she asks to be spanked.)

"It's all about honor and being a stand-up guy," says Ed, a twice-divorced 43-year-old magazine editor. "You just don't talk about what goes on behind closed doors." Or under tables.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RULE

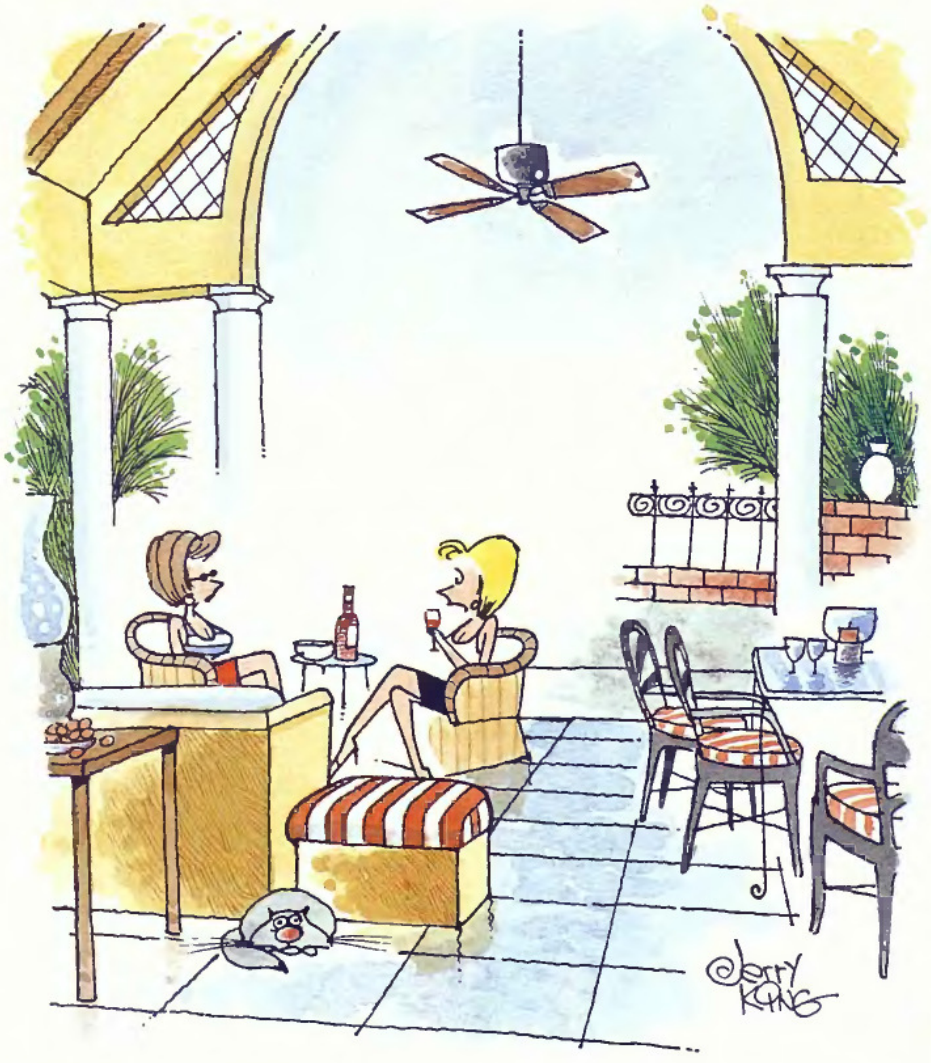
For starters, this rule ain't fair, since women talk about sex in explicit detail: "I once dated a woman who went to an all-girl college," says James. "They talked about sex about 1000 times more than we do. I mean, shot for shot, stroke for stroke."

Saucy sex columnist Anka Radakovich writes in *The Wild Girls Club: Tales From Below the Belt*, "If guys heard everything we discussed, they would squirm, stop feeling flattered that we spend so much time delving into their psyches and run for the hills."

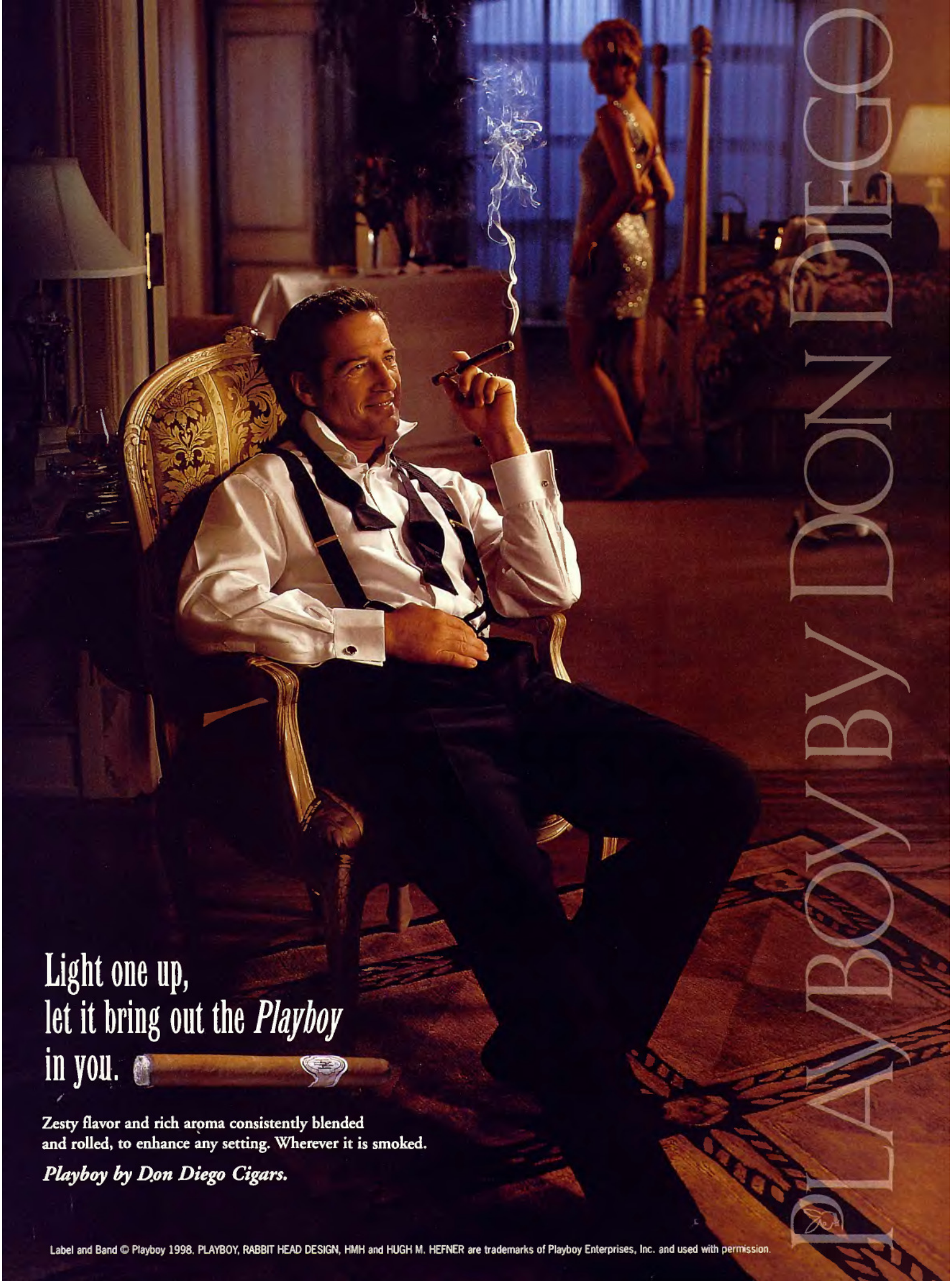
But here's the surprise: Telling tales out of school can be healthy behavior. "I think good friends would like to share your romantic stories with you," says Jennifer Duffy. "There's nothing wrong with telling about a wonderful sexual experience you've had, as long as you can be sure it won't get back to her."

And if it does get back to her? "I think a woman would be flattered that I was so impressed that I wanted to share a few details with a close friend," says James.

In the end, are there no rules? Of course there are, but you've got to set them yourselves. Having a lasting, satisfying relationship isn't about rigidly following someone else's program. "It's more flowing, like jazz music," says Gottman. What a relationship needs most for nourishment is mutual respect and shared dreams. Great sex doesn't hurt a bit. None of this requires anything like perfection.



"Thanks to my vibrating beeper I had my first orgasm during a meeting."



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BOND Files (continued from page 84)

From the outset, PLAYBOY *and Bond were linked in the public eye. We both liked gadgets and girls.*

The Bond phenomenon received two more boosts. In 1961 President John F. Kennedy included *From Russia With Love* on a list of his 10 favorite books. (Some of the other titles? *Melbourne* by David Cecil, *Montrose* by John Buchan, *Marlborough* by Winston Churchill, *John Quincy Adams* by Samuel Flagg Bemis. None, you may notice, went on to become major Hollywood franchises.)

Dr. No hit the screen in 1962—the same week the Beatles released their first single. The sexual revolution had its first sex symbols.

Hef screened an early print of *Dr. No* at the Chicago Mansion and realized that he was watching the beginning of something special. He would soon commission a pictorial of Ursula Andress, beginning a five-decade celebration of Bond girls. But the magazine remained a friend of the paper Bond. Prior to book publication, a three-part serialization of *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* ran in April, May and June 1963, followed by *The Property of a Lady* in our tenth anniversary issue. *You Only Live Twice* ran in April, May and June 1964.

By that time, both PLAYBOY and Fleming had become wildly popular. The magazine had sold more than 100 million copies while the Bond novels had sold some 30 million copies worldwide. Fleming sat for a *Playboy Interview* that appeared in December 1964, a few months after his death. We had lost a friend, but we continued to publish Fleming's stories, giving the world its first taste of *The Man With the Golden Gun* in 1965 and *Octopussy* in 1966.

PLAYBOY and Bond came to symbolize Cold War cool, the swinging lifestyle of the Sixties. From the outset, PLAYBOY and the movie Bond were linked in the public eye. We both liked gadgets and girls. A Bond movie was "PLAYBOY magazine with a gun."

PLAYBOY celebrated the new Bond with a special issue in November 1965, interviewing Connery and running a pictorial of Bond girls. Over the years there have been more than three dozen Bond-inspired features in the magazine. Readers came to associate each new Bond film with even more revealing pictorials of the girls in *You Only Live Twice, Live and Let Die, The Spy Who Loved Me, Moonraker, For Your Eyes Only, Never Say Never Again, Living Daylights* and *Tomorrow Never Dies*. The fictional Bond eventually visited the Mansion in January 1999 in Raymond Benson's *Midsummer Night's Doom*. We seemed to move in tandem. A critic for *The Orange County Register* noted: "Like swing dancing, cocktails and PLAYBOY, James Bond has enjoyed something of a renaissance in the late Nineties."

And we know why. PLAYBOY and Bond defined the male mystique for the latter half of the 20th century. Even that bastion of propriety, *The Washington Post*, noted that, above all else, Bond was about "sexual style." The clothes, the cars, the food, the gadgets, the girls, the wit, the sensual pleasure—these things matter. The enemy was not Spectre but ennui, conformity, the daily grind. Whom the gods would destroy, wrote Fleming, they first make bored.

This year marks the 40th anniversary of our collaboration with Bond. To celebrate, we put together this insider's guide to the Best of Bond. And we proudly present a look at *Doubleshot*, a new Bond novel by Raymond Benson.

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DOUBLESHOT

(continued from page 90)

who was already fussing over a toy his father had taken from him. Bond wasn't about to stand for that, so he excused himself and went back out to the corridor as the train pulled away from the station.

He went to the rear of the train to smoke another cigarette and watch the remnants of Rabat disappear. Trains were Bond's favorite means of traveling, except for fast cars. There was something old-fashioned and romantic about train travel. Airplanes simply dropped a person in the middle of a location. With trains, one was injected into the bloodstream of a country and could see the people and places and cultures. It took more time to get around, but it was far more gratifying.

The door to the corridor opened and Heidi Taunt came out to join him.

"Hi there," she said brightly. She was smiling broadly, as if the earlier encounter in the train compartment had never happened. "We've got to stop meeting like this."

Bond didn't say anything, wondering what her game was. He did offer her a cigarette, which she took.

"Thanks," she said. "Hey, what time do you want to meet for dinner?"

Even more confused, Bond said, "Eight o'clock?"

"Fine," she said. "The Moroccan restaurant. I can't wait to see the King Hassan II mosque. I hear it's one of the wonders of the world. I'm very excited. Have you seen it?"

"Yes, it's lovely," Bond said. "But I must say that Casablanca is not my favorite city in Morocco."

"I hear it's not so great," she concurred. "Marrakech is supposed to be the place to go. I hear Fez is nice, too."

"You're right on both counts." Bond finished his cigarette. Why was she so friendly now, when just a little while ago she had treated him with disdain?

Without warning, she said, "Excuse me," and reached up to remove Bond's sunglasses. She peered at his face, studying it. "I just wanted to see your eyes. They're very sexy." She handed back the sunglasses. "Here you go."

She stubbed out her cigarette, tossed the butt into the air, then squeezed his arm lightly and said, "See you tonight, handsome." She reentered the train, leaving Bond dumbfounded.

Bond took the time to smoke another cigarette, then went back inside. He didn't feel like sitting in his compartment, so he walked through the first-class car and entered the adjoining second class. It was crowded. He moved through the people standing in the corridor and went into the next car.

He saw Heidi coming toward him, holding a soft drink.

"We're going to be in the gossip magazines if we keep bumping into each other like this," Bond said, with a smile.

Heidi looked at him as if he were the rudest man alive. "Stop following me or I'll call the conductor," she said much too loudly. She pushed past him, opened a compartment door and went inside.

Bond squinted and rubbed his brow. What the hell was going on here? Why the hot-and-cold treatment? Was she some kind of nut?

His old friend, the headache, was returning. He rubbed his temples, turned around and went back to the first-class car. He rejoined the family in his compartment and sat in his seat, glumly looking out the window.

•

After six hours, not including the stop in Rabat, the train pulled into Casablanca Voyageurs station, four kilometers east of the city center. It was midafternoon, and the place was buzzing with activity—commuters were trying to get home, tourists were catching the next express to another Moroccan destination, porters and guides were attempting to hustle business. Bond got off the train and looked around for Heidi. He didn't see her in the mass of people. The train had filled up every car at Rabat, and now there was a rush of passengers trying to get on for the next leg of the journey.

He went outside into the warm air and hailed a taxi. The driver took him to Le Royal Mansour Meridien, easily one of the most exclusive hotels in the city. Ten stories high, it lay in the heart of the city's business center and bore the name of Ahmed Mansour Addabhi, the most glorious of the Saudi monarchs.

Bond registered as John Cork in the circular reception space. The lobby was a large bright open hall, much like a cloister, with blue square divan pieces surrounding a thick marble column and mirror panels set in a geometric pattern around the room. An indoor waterfall at the back and numerous potted plants created a garden atmosphere.

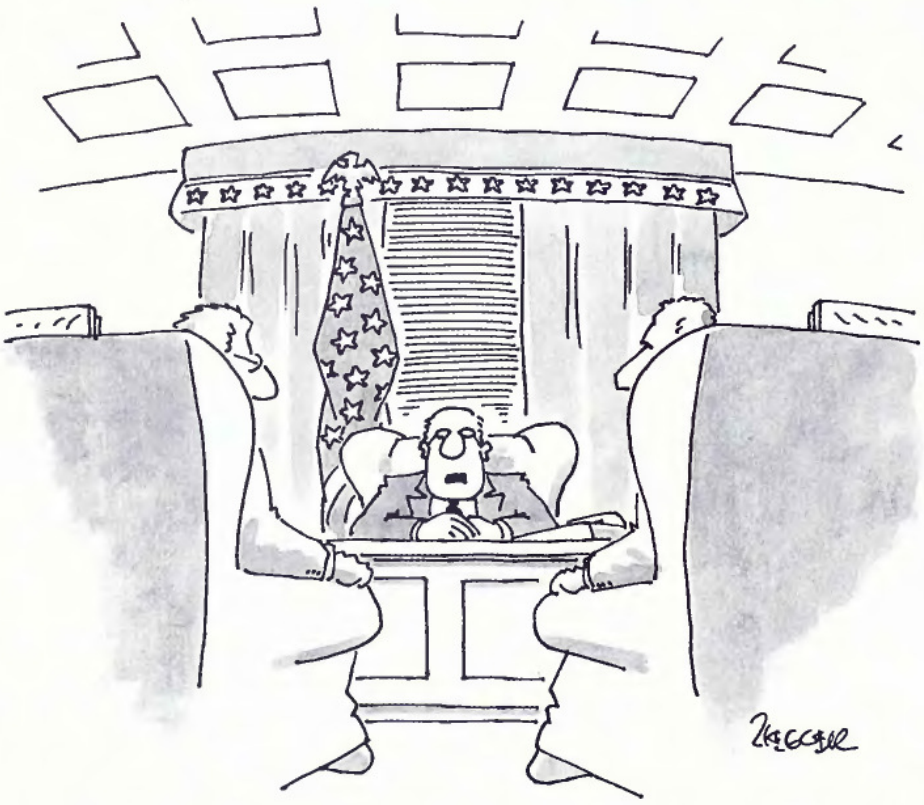
A message waited for him at the concierge desk. It was hastily scribbled on hotel stationery and read, "Dinner at 8:30 instead of 8:00. OK? Heidi."

Fickle woman, Bond thought. He had a good mind to stand her up.

He took the lift to the third floor. Bond was impressed with the size of his tastefully decorated suite, which contained a functional office, sitting room, bedroom with twin beds and a bathroom tiled in white marble.

This will do nicely, Bond thought, but he needed a drink. His head was still pounding and he needed to unwind.

Rather than use the minibar, Bond took the lift to the ninth floor. La Terrasse, a bar overlooking the city, offered a superb view of the vast flat roofs with antennas and satellite dishes, the splendid Hassan II Mosque and Casablanca



"Do we still have any of that stuff left that we said we didn't use at Waco?"

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harbor. Bond ordered vodka with ice and sat at one of the tables to gaze upon the metropolis.

Bond didn't like the city, but he appreciated its history. Originally called Anfa, the port of Casablanca had been created by Berbers. From the mid-19th century onward, Casablanca had been one of the most important ports in Africa, and once the French Protectorate took over in 1912, the town had the biggest harbor in Morocco. Casablanca was now the fifth largest city on the continent.

Bond whiled away the remaining hours watching CNN in his room. The news was full of the British–Spanish conflict. Spanish tourists had been mobbed in London. The border between Spain and Gibraltar had been declared a no-man's-zone. The Royal Navy patrolled the waters of the Mediterranean. The U.S. president had offered to broker a settlement. At the center of it all was the man who had sparked the trouble—Domingo Espada. He was seen in parades, marching with his supporters, calling for the return of a Franco-inspired government. The administration in Madrid had finally spoken out against Espada, claiming he was a "rebel." They were sitting on their hands, though, choosing to wait and see what was going to happen.

Plans for the summit meeting in Gibraltar had gone awry when the Spanish prime minister refused to sit at the same table with Espada. The King of Spain was intervening, and it looked as if the meeting would take place in four days, on Monday. Attendees would include Espada, the Spanish prime minister, the British prime minister and several United Nations representatives from interested countries in the area.

It all seemed far away and unimportant to Bond.

•

At 8:30 sharp, Bond went down to the Le Douira restaurant, which was designed to represent two distinct sides of Moroccan culture. A genuine caïdal tent covered part of the room, while the other part was decorated in intricate blue-and-white tile work, like the inside of a traditional Moroccan palace.

Bond had decided he would confront Heidi about her erratic behavior earlier on the train. He wasn't about to put up with games, no matter how attractive a girl might be.

He waited for ten minutes and finally heard Heidi's voice behind him.

"Here we are, sorry we're late."

Bond turned and blinked. He thought he was seeing double.

"John," Heidi said. "I'd like you to meet my sister, Hedy."

Now everything was clear. Hedy was Heidi's identical twin.

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WEB CONTRABAND (continued from page 148)

How does this sound? "Petite, sweet, absolutely adorable Japanese/Korean college girl."

foreground, you wouldn't know that the version of *South Park: Bigger, Longer and Uncut* playing on the laptop wasn't rented at Blockbuster. But this screening occurs months before the first legitimate copy of the *South Park* movie hits the stores. And then there's the fact that nobody actually paid for it. A 16-year-old high school student with a fancy computer and a high-speed Internet hookup downloaded it in about five hours from a secret site he'd heard about in a chat room. He then "burned" the movie onto two blank CD-ROMs and gave it to a friend.

This bootleg *South Park* is what's known as a "camera job," a film that is pirated on a digital camera in a movie theater and then made available over the Internet. Other, rarer bootlegs are "screeners," digitized movies made from stolen copies of the advance-view videocassettes that circulate within the film industry. Even LucasFilm, working with the FBI, couldn't prevent *Phantom Menace* screeners from premiering on cyberkids' laptops at the same time it did in theaters.

"There is a whole universe of activity and it is going to take off," says Ric Hirsch, senior VP and director of the worldwide antipiracy program for the Motion Picture Association of America. Right now, movie piracy requires special know-how, not to mention some pricey hardware and software. But the future doesn't look good for the industry. Technological breakthroughs in data compression along with faster Internet hookups mean that even a feature film can be downloaded in a few hours. Other digital formats, such as MP3, can whip across the planet even faster. There are so many varieties of bootleg software, known as warez, that it has its own glossary. Most people in the Internet underground say that the real exchanges don't happen so much on the world wide web (cyberspace's Main Street) but through FTP, Internet Relay chat rooms and the obscure Hotline—communication platforms most casual web users don't even know exist.

"These files are for private purposes only and should not be downloaded or viewed whatsoever. If you are affiliated with any government or antipiracy group, you cannot enter."

Yeah, right. Click through this disclaimer and you dive into a virtual goody bag of illegal stuff. The listed contents are a screener of *The Blair Witch Project*, some MP3s and "backup" copies of every popular software program. The only limits to how much you can leech come from your conscience and your connection speed.

But unlike the gun buyers and druggies who have only the government to worry about, data bandits piss off a more menacing beast—the private sector. Attack-dog groups including the MPAA, the Recording Industry Association of America and the Business Software Alliance—funded by just about every large corporation in the world—have gone on the offensive.

"We've hired a number of people to surf the Net and find these sites, investigate them and try to identify the people at the other end," says Bob Kruger, who serves as vice president of enforcement for the BSA. "We probably shut down between 50 and 100 operations a month." But Kruger is frustrated by the assistance he's getting from the Department of Justice. The software industry often resorts to civil means, like rattling a few cease and desists, to protect copyrighted product. "But the goal," Kruger says, "is to get some of them thrown into jail."

LONESOME NO MORE

It shouldn't come as a shock that the oldest profession is being plied along the information highway. Check out the thousands of listings that come up when you type "escort service" into any search engine (most have banner ads for Viagra, too). How does this sound? "Petite, sweet, absolutely adorable Japanese/Korean college girl. Very fresh and bright, fair skin, slender body, fun and vivacious, sexy." It's more convenient than rifling through the Yellow Pages or the ads in the backs of adult newspapers. Many cyberbrothels provide thumbnail photos (just don't be naive and expect to get the exact woman pictured) and cities where she can travel. Then, after reference checks and a charge of $300 and up, the woman of your dreams—and, often, a driver-bodyguard—will show up at your home or hotel. Occasionally, you'll find solo operators prowling the adult chat rooms.

SMOKING

If Fidel Castro has thumbed his nose at the U.S. embargo in decades past, he's laughing it up in the information age. On one Usenet group there's usually somebody hawking genuine Havanas. "If you are looking for authentic Habanos, I can assist," claims one e-mail solicitation, the result of which is a price list of 53 varieties of cigars unavailable to U.S. buyers. Offshore outfits can do their business on the world wide web. An e-mail query about how orders from the U.S. will be handled yields this explanation: "I believe that you know that there are two options: (1) Sending a normal shipment to a non-U.S. address. (2)

"Whoa! Strong people skills! Let's make a note of that!"

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GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS

Are you a college student who has no qualms about handing in a 10-page essay on Nietzsche's *On the Genealogy of Morals* that you didn't write? Well, for around $90 you can download one in minutes. Outfits such as termpapers-on-file.com charge between five and 10 dollars a page for their inventory (10s of thousands) of off-the-rack papers on topics ranging from accounting to zoology. Some listings even show the grade the paper received the first time around. Cheapskates can cruise free sites such as Dorian's Paper Archive, or hunt through Usenet groups where many students simply post papers for the taking. While universities can discipline students for submitting plagiarized work, selling "research material" is perfectly legal. As anyone who actually read his report on constitutional law before he handed it in knows, these businesses are protected by the First Amendment.

PAGING SIEGFRIED & ROY

There is one kind of online contraband that puts even the occasional dabbler at high risk of getting a visit from the G-man. "As soon as eBay started getting popular and became accessible to a lot of people, we'd search the site for 'skins' or for 'taxidermy' and hundreds of auctions would come up," recalls U.S. Fish and Wildlife agent Neil Mendelsohn. "Some of the things we've seen are tigerskin rugs, leopardskins, all the spotted cats. Rhino horn is very valuable—and protected." Mendelsohn finds that most Internet sellers are not professional poachers but people who are offering trophies and pelts they just happened to find in their attics.

As a taxidermist, Michael Moore should have known better. But it was mid-1999 and eBay fever was running high, and he was scouring his shop for things to sell. He settled on a stillborn white tiger and a leopard pelt that had been left in his shop 20 years ago. Together they went for $1500 on eBay. "I was packing the stuff up when Mendelsohn and two other special agents showed up at my house," he says.

These days, it's hard to find endangered species online. Animal and environmental advocates are quick to report any listing they find that involves endangered animals. A site such as eBay posts lists of forbidden items—which takes away the ignorance excuse—and their presence on the Internet means the goods are automatically considered as being offered for interstate sale. "These are tailor-made federal violations, and they're just a few keystrokes away," Mendelsohn says. "It really is a lot more convenient."

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(continued from page 145)

appointment to see John Sturges in the morning. He was familiar with me, and after the interview he said, "Yeah, OK, Jim, you're in the movie. I just don't know what part it is or where it's going to take place, but probably at the railhead. There's one of the seven who hasn't been cast yet. Rick, the guy with the knife."

I said, "Is that the guy who, in the Kurosawa movie, was the greatest swordsman?"

He said, "Yeah, that's the guy."

I said, "Well, that's the part I want to play, man."

He told me John Ireland and Sterling Hayden also wanted the part and there was a problem with money or something. Sturges said, "Listen, if I can't work this out with these other guys, the part's yours." We met on a Friday and the film had to be cast by midnight Saturday or he couldn't start shooting it because of a looming actor's strike. At three o'clock that afternoon Sturges called me and said, "All right, Jim, come on over and pick up your knives." Boy, talk about thrilling. Richard Farnsworth taught me to throw the knives. There was no underhand way—only straight and cross-handed—so we had to invent one. It looked like I was throwing a softball or something. We had it coming down my sleeve and I had to catch the blade, and off it went. Sturges never said anything about it. Whenever I asked him a question I'd get some kind of weird answer or adage, and I'd think, Jesus, that's really far-out, really esoteric. What was it? The only thing he wanted me to do for sure was push my hat up when I looked up the first time. I did that, but everything else was up to me.

6

PLAYBOY: You worked for director Sam Peckinpah on four films, including directing the second unit on *Convoy*. Recently you said you based *Affliction*'s Pop Whitehouse on him. What was it about Peckinpah that you found so fascinating?

COBURN: The alcoholic side. Only once in a while did you see Sam drunk, but he drank all the time. In the morning he would have a tall glass of grenadine, with just a bit of vodka in it. As the day went on, the red would get lighter and lighter and lighter. Pretty soon it would be pure vodka or pure gin, or pure whatever he was drinking. By five o'clock that night, it was all over. He'd say, "Yet's chust sit out here and watch the fuckin' sun go down. C'mon, Jim."

Sam was a genius three hours a day, maybe four. He could create an atmosphere, a background, a reality, and you could work in it. You'd be shooting the scene and he'd say, "Say that line again."

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-News Article by Deb Levine, as published on WebMD.com

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Aaron (CO) reordering 10X *"I have been using the 10X for about a month. I've really noticed a difference. I'm 24 and not a bad looking guy. I'll talk with different girls at the health club or at work...whatever situation. **But now they get close, they get a lot more touchy... and it's really noticeable.** I told my brothers about it and they want some 10X too."*

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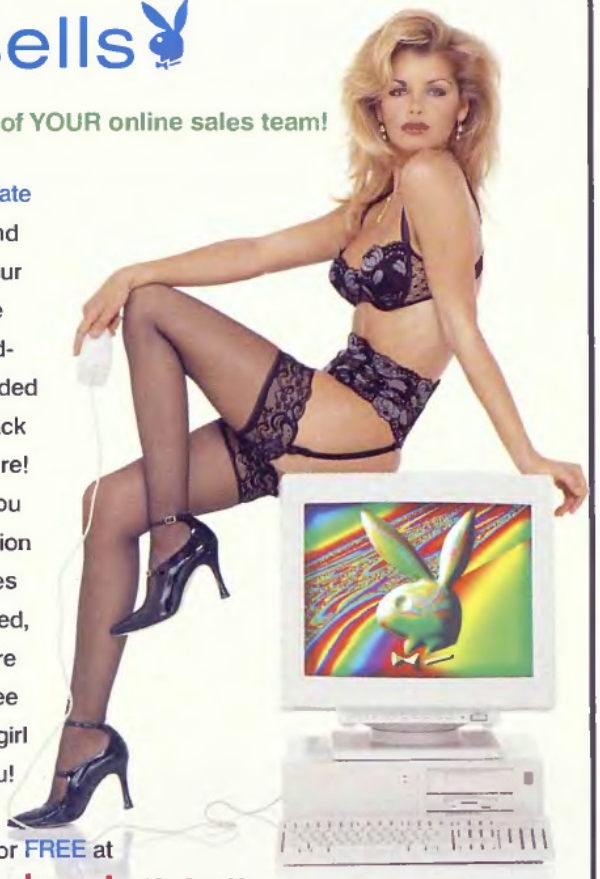

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You'd say the line again. The cameras were rolling all the time, no cut, nothing. "Say the goddamn line again!" You'd say the line again and then you'd be waiting for him to yell, "Say it again!" I don't think in terms of lines; I think in terms of energy going out. But he wanted to hear every word. If it was too perfect, he would say it was wrong. He didn't want it perfect. He wanted it askew. Edgy. Kind of off-balance, like life is. When I finally understood what he was after, it was easy, because I didn't have to do anything [*laughs*]. Eventually we got these shorthand signals going. He'd make a motion and I'd know what he meant.

Sam's great talent was paying attention. He was really into the fucking scene. He'd have three cameras going—long, wide, medium—all at the same time. He'd sit there, wearing his glasses and his bandanna, watching. He wasn't thinking about whether he would get screwed that night, or even about the drink in his hand. He just watched what was happening, and he recorded it in his head. I loved working with Sam because of his intensity, though his erratic behavior sometimes got in the way.

I'm not sure exactly what he liked about me. We were friends, and I represented a certain individuality that he liked to have in his movies. I did two extraordinary characters for him: Pat Garrett, and Sergeant Steiner in *Cross of Iron*. I think those films are my best work.

7

PLAYBOY: In *The President's Analyst*, the conceit is that the phone company wants to rule the world. Is there a corporate entity today that justifies the same suspicions and wariness?

COBURN: We were right, back then. There was only one phone company [*laughs*]. I think today it's the corporate brotherhood of filmmakers. Eisenhower warned about the military-industrial complex, but he forgot the entertainment complex. For instance, we don't get news anymore. It's all the same, whether in the paper or on TV. That's not news. It's just "bad things happening around town, around the world." It's about fear-making. Jesus, anybody visiting here from any other country who watches the evening news two nights in a row won't go out of the house.

8

PLAYBOY: Is it hopeless?

COBURN: It's not hopeless, just foolish. It's entertainment news: infotainment. It's bullshit. CNN, PBS and the BBC World Service are the only ones with any kind of objectivity.

9

PLAYBOY: In *The President's Analyst* you changed FBI to FBR. Did J. Edgar lean on you?

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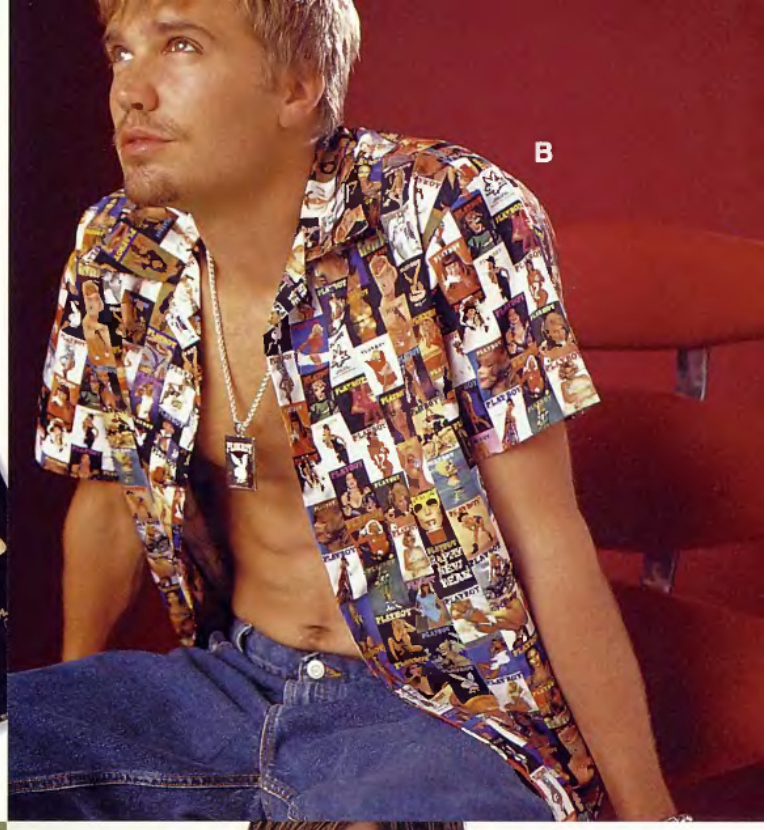

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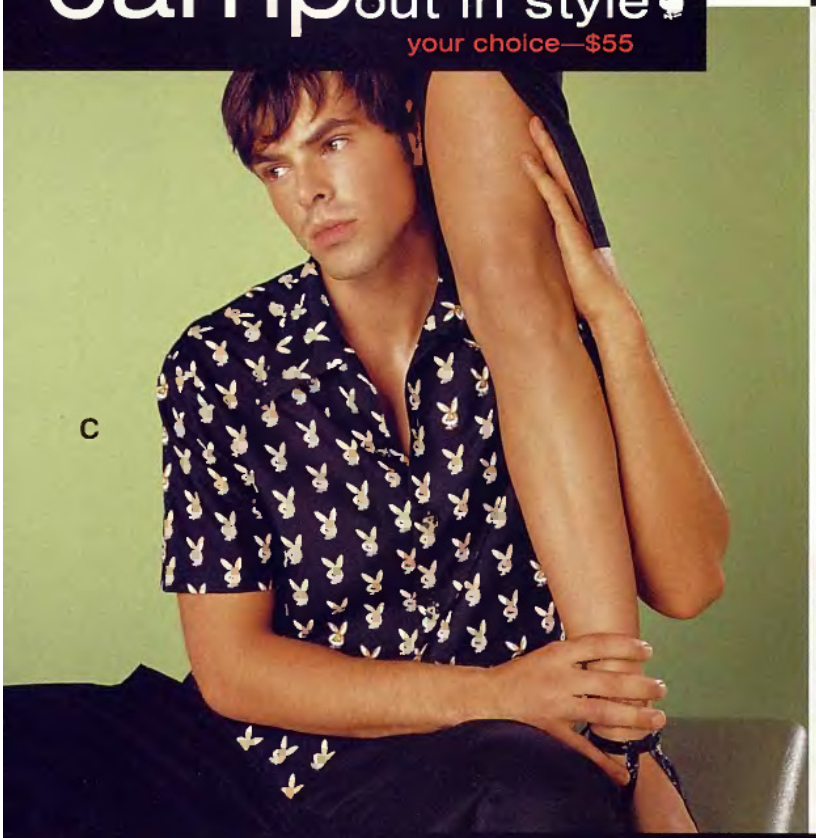

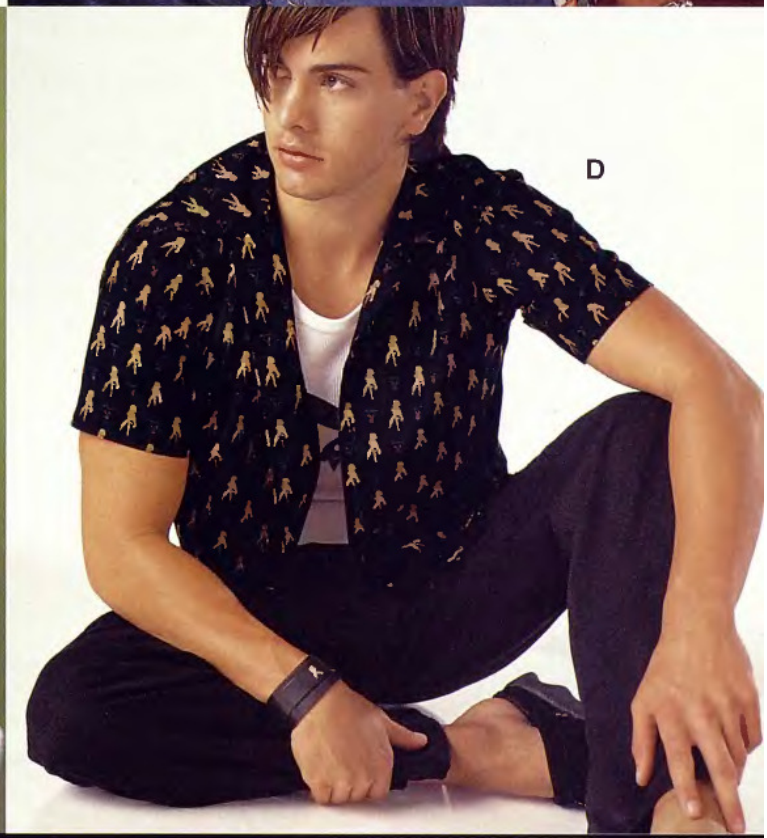

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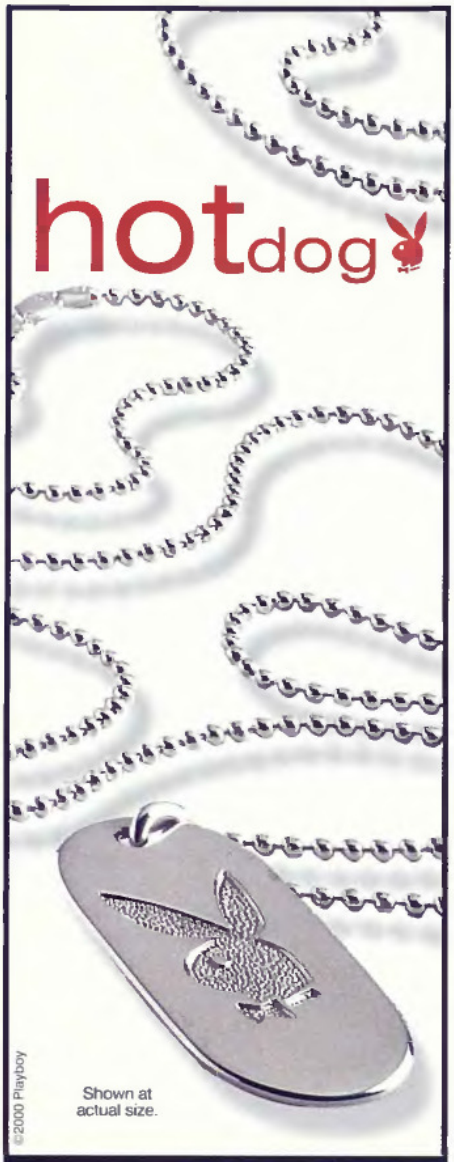

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COBURN: Before shooting, we sent the script to the CIA and the FBI—and the phone company. We invited them to the set to watch us work. A representative from the phone company actually came. We said, "What do you think about that?" and he said, "Well, nothing we can do about it, is there?" We said, "Nope." We never heard from the FBI or the CIA. A couple days before we wrapped principal photography, we got a call on the set. Two guys from FBI Director Hoover's office wanted to meet. They said, "The director doesn't want this film made."

We said, "That's too fucking bad. It's already made. We sent you something three months ago, and it's a little too late to respond. Are you going to pay for this film if we abandon it?"

"No. But you can't use the initials FBI."

"All right. We'll call it the FBR." The CIA never spoke up, but we changed CIA to CRA because we figured the FBI was also talking for them. They went for that, but they weren't happy with it.

We had the premiere in Washington, D.C. and we invited the whole Senate. The director, Ted Flicker, didn't show up, and neither did Bob Evans or Peter Bart, from Paramount. It was just me and the line producer. There we were, standing in line, shaking hands with all these senators, while they said, "Are you kidding?"

10

PLAYBOY: Hollywood has always had an uneasy alliance with violence. Do impressionable kids really have trouble distinguishing between real and movie violence and their consequences? And what does the public refuse to understand about movie violence?

COBURN: The intelligent ones don't have any problem with it, but the simpleminded ones have a big problem with it—and they're the ones who are dangerous. The simpleminded ones are those you see in prison. Peckinpah always said he was a peaceful man, that he hated violence. He hated it in his life; he was the worst fighter in the world. His films simply demonstrated how violent man is; they're all about people who sacrificed their lives for or are sacrificed by violence. He used that Kurosawa thing of the slow-motion death. I remember when he screened *The Wild Bunch* for me. He said, "I don't know what it is, but come on and see it." We went out to dinner afterward and I said, "Sam, that slow-motion stuff reminds me a lot of Kurosawa." He said, "Oh, thank you." [*Laughs*] And he meant it.

Many modern directors who employ violence don't seem to get it somehow. They've got all these big fucking cannons that people carry around, and they blow things up and nobody gets hurt.

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It's all fake. James Bond can be shot at by 27 guys and not one gets him; but he goes boom! and knocks off three guys. You don't believe that. In Sam's movies, I think you believed the violence happened.

Today's violence is not connected to anything. Anyway, it's not violence, it's just action. Lee Marvin said this many years ago: "This isn't violence, this is an action film. What are you trying to do? You're running me out of business here." But action becomes violence when it becomes ridiculous.

11

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your first fight and your last.

COBURN: I've never really had a physical fight. I've never had to fight my way out of anything. The closest I got to it was when Bruce Lee and I used to train—or he trained me. We were friends. I wasn't very good, but he'd bring things out in me; he showed me what I could do. He taught me scientific street fighting. I can still do that. When someone has a knife or a gun or can punch, the idea is to do more damage to the attacker, in a short time, than he can do to you. It depends on the situation; you learn to size it up and see if you can take care of it or not. Blake Edwards told me a funny story. He'd been working with a karate guy around town for a while; he fancied himself a bit of a karate guy. He was driving home in his new Jaguar and he cut a guy off. The guy honked his horn and Blake yelled, "Fuck you. What are you honking about?" The guy pulled around in front of him, forced him over and got out of the car. Blake thought, Well, I guess I'm going to practice. He starts to open the door and forgets that he has his seat belt on, and the guy reaches in and—*pow!*—whacks him.

12

PLAYBOY: How did you persuade Bruce Lee to make martial arts movies instead of taking the David Carradine role in *Kung Fu*?

COBURN: He had a reputation of being a renegade. Before Bruce Lee, there was no full-contact sport. You couldn't really hit anybody. He said it was nothing if you couldn't strike—not kill, but strike. He was in Hong Kong visiting his mother when he was invited to go on a television show. He would do this occasionally, watch people break bricks and ice and wood. Then the hosts would say, "Mr. Lee, would you like to give us a demonstration?" He'd say [*quietly*], "I don't do demonstrations," then get up and walk out. Once, I went with him to a show. There was a big audience. After the demonstrations someone said, "Well, Mr. Lee, what do you think about this?" He said, "I think this man here knows how to break bricks with his head, and that one there knows how to break ice with his hands. But what does that prove? The fellow over there knows how to do a dance, and this fellow here knows how to do tai chi." Then they asked him to demonstrate. He said, "What is it you're after here? You want a demonstration of what?" They said, "What do you do?" He said, "I practice scientific street fighting." They said, "Can you give us an example of that?" He said, "No," and the audience booed him. He said, "OK." He instructed them to tape three square pieces of pine together.

Then he held the wood out to his side, dropped it, and side-kicked it so hard that the pieces flew up into the flies and broke three lights. Sparks came tumbling down. Can you imagine? He said he had no idea what would happen. From that moment on, Bruce Lee was King Karate. Everything he said was written down. The movie producer Run Run Shaw wanted him to do something. So did Raymond Chow. He was also offered *Kung Fu*. But Bruce wasn't a great actor, and David Carradine, then, wasn't a real martial artist. I said, "Man, you do that television show and you'll last two weeks, maybe a year, because you'll burn out that great image you have, that great technique. If you do films, you'll do a whole story and you can use that karate." He thought about it for a while, then decided to go to Hong Kong and do movies. He became an international star and made more money than Steve McQueen, which he had always said was his goal.

13

PLAYBOY: You have chronic arthritis, which you moderate by taking a dietary supplement. Is there anything you regret taking—and not necessarily for illness?

COBURN: Yeah, probably. The experimentation with marijuana, cocaine and all the rest. I was never addicted, and the thing I found was that after a certain period of time, it gets really boring. I just couldn't do it anymore. I find that being clear, concise and conscious is really the best [*smiles*]. I must say, though, I did like LSD, peyote and other psychedelics. They were interesting. They cleared my head. I once did a thing with a doctor who was giving government-sponsored LSD trips in the early Sixties because the government wanted to know what LSD

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was. He used people from different walks of life. When it came time to try it with artists, I was one. I'd fast the night before, go to his office—I think he was an osteopath—and he'd tell me what was going to happen. I'd drop the LSD, have a cup of coffee, come back and sit in his office, and go into this incredible journey inside my head. I'd discovered so much life in an almost empty room. I laughed and laughed, really a lot, and enjoyed the kind of strange identification with reality that psychedelic experiences create. I did it because I wanted to see how conscious I was. LSD was supposed to be a consciousness-provoking drug. I found out that, Jesus, if that's what consciousness is, I've got a lot of work to do. Mushrooms are a little different. I guess because they're more organic, mushrooms have an esoteric feel. More of a mystical thing. Peyote, too, I guess because of the alkaloids in it. We used to chew some peyote, go up into the desert around Joshua Tree and run around, jumping from rock to rock, thinking we were great gazelles. I came away understanding a lot more about myself and life. I discovered a place that is not available to us unless we really do a lot of work on ourselves. It goes beyond the imagination, to a reality you can actually experience. That's the important thing about psychedelics.

Of course, they were never used right. People took them just to get high. I haven't had any of that stuff in a long, long time. I think I had gone as far as I could go in that direction; then I had to do the work on myself without them. The chemical thing leaves you stranded someplace, and you need more chemicals. And when you become used to them, they're no longer any good.

14

PLAYBOY: We're at the tail end of a renewed interest in cigars. You're an aficionado of the fine leaf. Will Cubans ever be legal? Will they be less fun if they are?

COBURN: As soon as it got popular, I stopped smoking. I got tired of carrying all the paraphernalia around. Getting really good cigars became so expensive. And to watch all these women smoking great Cohibas for two inches, then stomping them out—shit. I didn't quit immediately, but it got to be such a scene, a trip; I've never been a joiner.

As soon as Castro dies, there will be a resurgence. The problem is that there's not enough fine cigar tobacco to go around. I don't even know if most people know anything about really good cigar tobacco. The best of it comes from the very best wrapper with no veins in it, which grows in Vuelta Abajo, a few miles outside Havana. There was a blight, and I don't know if they ever got it cleared up. Now, the best wrappers come from

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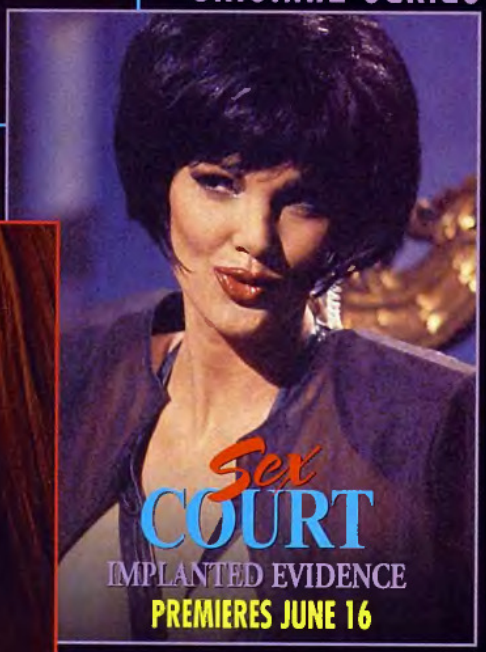

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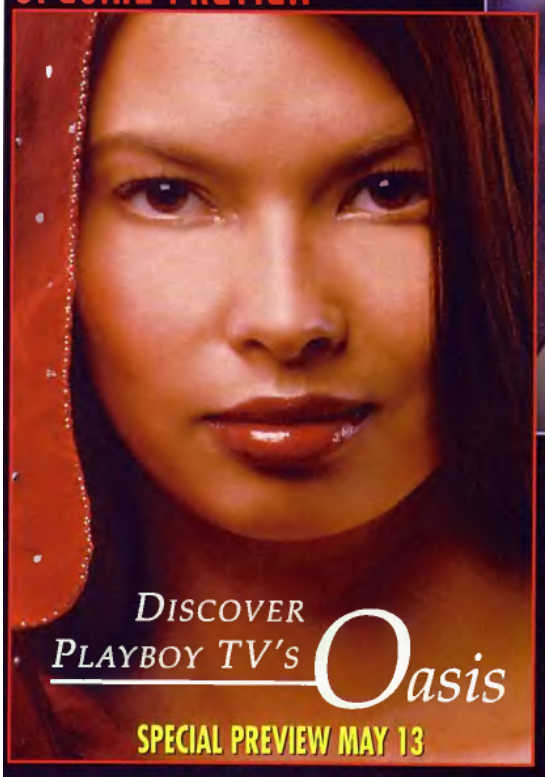

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New England.

I have several friends who once a year go up to Canada and then fly down to Cuba, pick up a gang of cigars and bring them home. They supply a lot of people, just give them away. Cuban cigars will eventually be legal.

15

PLAYBOY: Which emotion is the toughest to play?

COBURN: Joy. Think about it: How often do you feel joy? And if you feel it, how do you express it? Greta Garbo could do it. When she played Camille, and she was dying, she had this joyful look because her lover was coming. Watching that scene can rip you apart. I have rarely played joy. It's hard to get there, for a man. It's easier for a woman, I think, because women live on sensation more than men do. Men have a *sense* of sensation—they enjoy sex and that kind of thing—but it's not like a woman. A woman is really a sexual creature, whereas man is a territorial creature.

16

PLAYBOY: Would you rather play a hero or a villain?

COBURN: Doesn't matter. Depends on which has the most conflicts and is the most fun. I play a villain like I play a hero anyway [*laughs*]. A bad guy never thinks of himself as a bad guy. The actor playing someone bad has to think of himself as wanting something badly and whoever gets in the way is going to get it. A villain is someone who steps on the hero's toes, but that doesn't mean you can't go at what you want with great love and tenacity.

17

PLAYBOY: You played yourself in *The Player*. How do you prepare to play yourself?

COBURN: You just show up, say "hi," and do what you do. You show up and trust that whatever it is that is you will show up on camera. I mean, that's why you're there, being you. There's a character I've always played when I talk to the press and am out in public. I call it the dancing bear. We dance with the public: "Hi there, how's everything going?" "Yes, yes, I loved the film." Play all of that bullshit. That's the dancing bear act. As long as I know it's a dancing bear act, it's OK. But to *be* the dancing bear? I don't want that. In *The Player* I was at a party, and it's easy to be at a party. In fact, that's where I first met Nick Nolte, at the party. The next time we met we were working together.

18

PLAYBOY: For those of us who haven't experienced one, what's a high colonic like? How does it differ from the garden-variety enema?

PMOY 2000 Video

Jodi Ann Paterson

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COBURN: A high colonic is the greatest release of your bowels you've ever had. It's great. I had 15 of them. I fasted for 15 days, and every other day I had a high colonic. It really cleans the system. It's like a glorious bowel movement for somebody who's been constipated for a week. It's different from an enema because it kind of squirts up, then it kind of cramps, then it flows back out again. Then they pump some more warm water up and you see all that shit that's been up there, for years probably. Your insides get encrusted with mucus. Mucus gets little scales on the inside. These little scales and all of the mucus things break loose, and it cleans out your colon. It cleans out your upper intestine, too.

19

PLAYBOY: You once complained that today's studio execs read only comic books and then try to make them into movies. Do we get what we want or do we want what we get?

COBURN: That was a couple years ago. Now it's a little different. We've seen breakthroughs. Thank God for Miramax. They keep buying interesting material and churning it out. Other moviemakers are interested in quality. I don't mean the people who make *The Blair Witch Project* and shit like that; that's like, "I've got $85. Let's go out and buy a camera, rent the rest of the shit and see what happens." For every *Blair Witch Project* there are probably 300 or 400 that never make it to that point. I believe we accept what we get. I don't think people know what they want. I don't think any executives say, "Let's do that because that's what they want." People just want something new, something exciting. The studios think the audience wants the same thing they wanted last year. Not true. Making movies is serious business. There's so much money and so many people involved. Watch the credit crawls sometime. There are hundreds of names, and each person has an assistant, and the assistant probably has a driver. When we made *The Magnificent Seven*, the crew couldn't have been more than 45, maybe 50, and that includes all the Mexican guys and the stand-by people. We had one assistant director, one second AD, and we had a Mexican AD. That was it. You'd think it would be faster now, with cell phones and walkie-talkies, all the ADs and production assistants. But it's not.

20

PLAYBOY: When did you know that your Hollywood generation had passed the torch, even if reluctantly?

COBURN: I guess after winning the Academy Award. I haven't worked since. That's irrefutable evidence right there.

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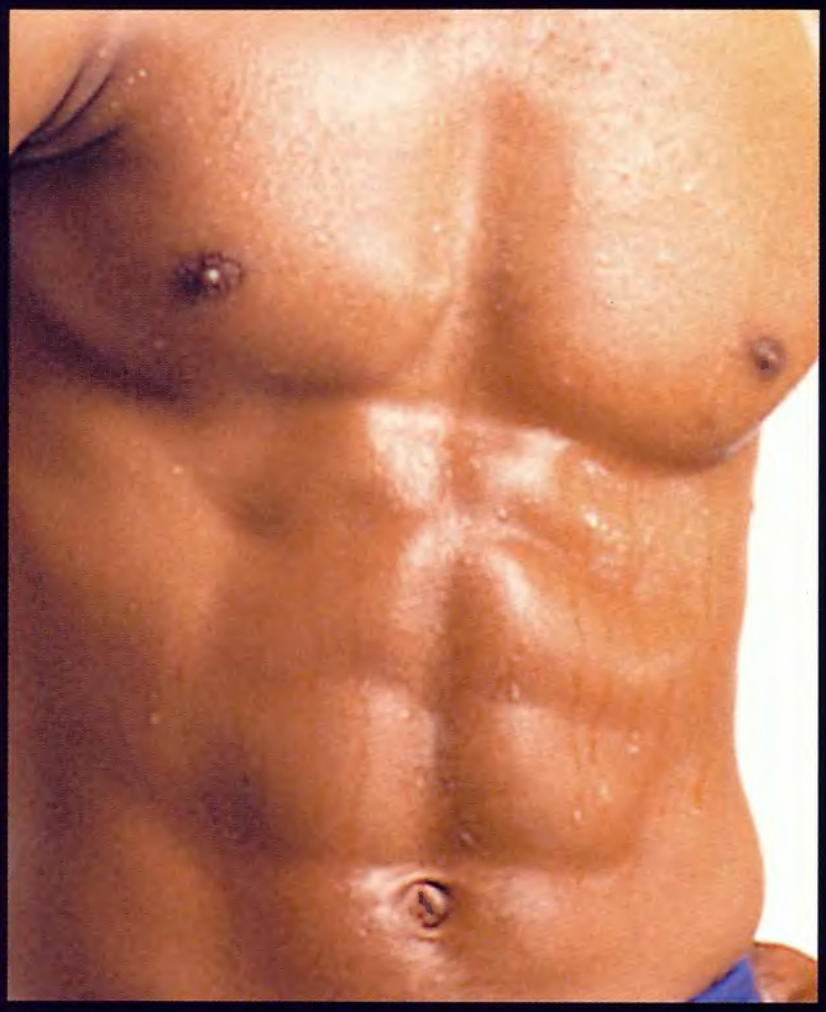

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Enabler (continued from page 102)

They don't want conversation or historical accuracy. They want Emily Dickinson naked in high heels.

the cushions of the couch.

Relax your arms, your elbows, your hands. Feel the tension trickle down into each finger, then relax and imagine the tension draining out through each fingertip.

What I do is put him in a trance, hypnotic induction, and guide the experience. He's not going back in time. None of it is real. What's most important is he wants this to happen.

Me, I just give the play-by-play story. The blow-by-blow description. The color commentary. Imagine listening to a baseball game over the radio. Imagine how real it can seem. Now imagine it from inside a heavy, theta-level trance, a deep trance where you hear and smell. You taste and feel. Imagine Cleopatra rolling out of her carpet, naked and perfect and everything you've always wanted.

Imagine Salome. Imagine Marilyn Monroe. If you could go back to any period in history and get with any woman, women who would do everything you could imagine. Incredible women. Famous women.

The theater of the mind. The bordello of the subconscious.

That's how it starts.

Sure, what I do is hypnosis, but it's not real past-life regression. It's more a kind of guided meditation. I tell Mister Jones to focus on the tension in his chest and let it recede. Let it flow down to his waist, his hips, his legs. Imagine water spiraling down a drain. Relax each part of your body, and let the tension flow down to your knees, your shins, your feet.

Imagine smoke drifting away. Let it diffuse. Watch it vanish. Disappear. Dissolve.

In my appointment book, next to his name it says Marilyn Monroe, the same as most guys here for their first time. I could live on just doing Marilyn. I could live on just doing Princess Diana.

To Mister Jones, I say, imagine you're looking up at a blue sky, and imagine a tiny airplane skywriting the letter Z. Then let the wind erase the letter. Then imagine the plane writing the letter Y. Let the wind erase it. Then the letter X. Erase it. Then the letter W.

Let the wind erase it.

All I really do is set the stage. I just introduce men to their ideal. I set them up on a date with their subconscious because nothing is as good as you can imagine it. No one is as beautiful as she is in your head. Nothing is as exciting as your fantasy.

Here, you have the sex you've only dreamt about. I set the stage and make the introductions. The rest of the session, I watch the clock and maybe read a book or do a crossword puzzle. I play solitaire on my computer.

Here, you're never disappointed.

Buried deep in his trance, a guy will lie there and twitch and hump, a dog chasing rabbits in a dream. Every few guys, I get a screamer or a moaner or a groaner. You have to wonder what the people in the office next door must think. Guys in the waiting room hear the fuss, and it drives them wild.

After the session, a guy will be soaked with sweat, his shirt wet and sticking to him, his pants stained. Some could pour the sweat out of their shoes. They could shake it out of their hair. The couch in my office was Scotchgarded, but it never ever got a chance to really dry out. Now it's sealed inside a clear plastic slipcover you can just wipe clean.

Don't think I haven't considered some kind of sanitary drape, some big tarp each guy can lie down on and then just throw away, but that would mean assuming that sex was always going to happen. I'd be throwing away even the pretense that I do any other kind of work anymore. It's so premeditated. So intentional. It's the difference between manslaughter and murder.

So guys each have to bring a towel, in their briefcases, in paper bags, in their gym bags with a clean change of clothes. In between clients, I spray around air fresheners. I open the windows.

To Mister Jones I say, make all the tension in your body collect in your toes, then drain out. All the tension. Imagine your whole body slack. Relaxed. Collapsed. Relaxed. Heavy. Relaxed. Empty. Relaxed.

Breathe with your stomach instead of

"You're late. We ate without you."

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WIRED

Page 40: "The Bluetooth Boom": **Radio frequency technology:** From *Telelogic*, Princeton, NJ, 609-520-1935. From *Ericsson*, 800-374-2776. From *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811. From *Widcom*, San Diego, CA, 858-453-8400. From *Extended Systems*, 800-235-7576. From *Nokia*, 888-665-4228. "Game of the Month": **Software, camera** and **transfer pack** by *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. "Wild Things": **Computer peripheral** by *Altec Lansing*, 800-258-3288. **Computer** by *Aqcess*, 888-818-0055.

MANTRACK

Page 50: "Haute Footing": **Book** by *Attis Press*, St. Helena, CA, 707-963-3723, also available at local bookstores. "Guys Are Talking About": **Lamp** by *Steelcase*, Grand Rapids, MI, 616-247-2710, www.steelcase.com. **Phone case** by *GoNeo*, Santa Monica, CA, 310-664-1556.

DADS AND GRADS

Pages 106–109: **Dads: Cigars** by *Fuente*, www.cigarfamily.com. **Table lighter** by *Alfred Dunhill*, 800-541-0738. **Camcorder** and **modem card** by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. **Trip,** see your travel agent for more information. **Book** by *Chris Santilli*, 888-883-9040. **Car** by *American Honda Motors*, Torrance, CA, at your local Honda dealer. **Microscope** by *Intel*, 800-628-8686. **Wine tote** by *Louis Vuitton*, 800-235-2255. **Wine** from *Fredrick Wildman and Sons, Ltd.*, 800-733-9463. **Stereo system** and **speakers** by *Bang & Olufsen*, 800-323-0378. **Golf club** by *Callaway*, 800-228-2767. **Grads: Attaché case** by *Alfred Dunhill*, 800-541-8362. **Radar detector** by *Cobra Electronics*, Chicago, IL, 773-889-8870. **Handheld computer** by *Handspring*, 888-565-9393. **Coffeemaker** by *Capresso*, 800-767-3554. **Computer** by *Sony Computer*, 800-222-7669. **School** from *NOLS*, Lander, WY, 307-332-5300. **Flask** and **cups** from *Beretta Gallery*, NYC, 212-319-3235. **Cell phone** by *Nokia*, 888-665-4228. **Stereo system** by *Nakamichi America*, Torrance, CA, 310-538-8150.

DIGITAL DESTINY

Pages 132–135: **Stereo system** by *Nakamichi America*, 310-538-8150. **DVD car stereo** by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262. **Minitheater** by *Proton*, Cerrito, CA, 562-404-2222. **Universal remote control** by *Philips Electronics*, 800-531-0039. **TV phone** and **portable Internet music player** by *Samsung Electronics*, 800-726-7864. **Digital camcorder, media cards, DVD/CD player** and **digital music player** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **Digital cell phone** by *Ericsson*, 800-374-2776. **CD recorder** by *JVC*, 800-252-5722.

ON THE SCENE

Page 197: "The Wheels of Summer": **Bike** by *BikeE*, 800-231-3136, or from Rapid Transit, Chicago, IL, 773-227-2288. **Speedometer** by *Microsport*, from Lifestyle International, Palm Harbor, FL, 727-785-3913. **Kickboard** by *K2*, 800-972-4063. **Motor scooter** by *Italjet*, from BMW NY, 877-289-2382.

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your chest. In, and then out.

In, and then out.

Breathing in.

And then out. Smooth and even.

Your legs are tired and heavy. Your arms are tired and heavy.

At first, all I did was house cleansings, not any kind of vacuuming and dusting, but spiritual cleansing, exorcisms. The hardest part was getting the people at the Yellow Pages to run my ad under the heading EXORCIST. You go and burn sage. Say the Lord's Prayer and walk around. Maybe beat a clay drum. Declare the house clean. Clients will pay for doing just that.

Cold spots, bad smells, eerie feelings—most people don't need an exorcist. They need a new furnace or a plumber or an interior decorator. The point is, it's not important what you think. What's important is that they're sure they have a problem. Most of those jobs come through real estate agents. In this city, we have a real estate disclosure law, and people will admit to the dumbest faults, not just asbestos and buried oil tanks, but ghosts and poltergeists. Everybody wants more excitement from their life than they'll ever get. Buyers on the verge of closing, they'll need a little reassurance about the house. The real estate woman calls, and you put on a little show, and everybody wins.

They get what they want, plus a good story to tell. An experience.

Then came fêng shui, and the clients wanted an exorcism *and* they wanted you to tell them where to put the sofa. They'd ask where did the bed need to go to avoid being in the path of cutting chi from the corner of the dresser. Where should they hang mirrors to bounce the flow of chi back upstairs or away from open doors. It turned into that kind of job. This is what you do with a degree in psychology. Just my résumé is proof of reincarnation.

With Mister Jones, I run through the alphabet backward. I tell him, you are standing in a grassy meadow, but now the clouds will descend, coming lower and lower, settling over you until they're all around you in a dense fog. A dense, bright fog.

Imagine standing in a bright, cool fog. The future is to your right side. The past to your left. The fog is cool and wet on your face.

Turn to your left and keep walking.

Imagine, I tell Mister Jones, a shape just ahead of you in the fog. Now start walking. Feel the fog start to lift. Feel the sun bright and warm on your shoulders.

The shape is closer. With every step, the shape is more clear.

Here, in your mind, you have complete privacy. Here, there is no difference between what is and what could be. You're not going to catch any disease. Or crab lice. Or break any law. Or settle for any less than the best of everything you

"What's been going on here, Marilyn? All these condoms weren't floating in the moat when I left!"

can imagine.

You can do anything you can imagine, here.

I tell each client, breathe in. Then out.

You can do anyone. Anywhere.

In. Then out.

From fêng shui, I went to channeling. Ancient gods, enlightened warriors, dead pets, I've faked them all. Channeling led to hypnosis and past-life regression. Regressing people led me here, to nine clients every day at 200 bucks per. To guys in the waiting room all day. To wives calling and leaving messages that go:

"I know he's there. I don't know what he tells you, but he's married."

To wives sitting in cars outside, calling me on car phones to say:

"Don't think I don't know what's going on up there. I've followed him."

It's not as if I started with the idea of summoning up the most powerful women in history to give hand jobs, blow jobs, half-and-half and round-the-world. It just snowballed. The first guy talked. A friend of his called. A friend of the second guy called. At first, they all asked for help to cure something legit. Smoking or chewing tobacco. Spitting in public. Shoplifting. Then they just wanted sex. They wanted Clara Bow and Betsy Ross and the Queen of Sheba.

And every day I was running down to the library to research the next day's women: Eleanor Roosevelt, Amelia Earhart, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

In, and then out.

Guys called wanting to pork Helen Hayes, Margaret Sanger and Aimée Semple McPherson. They wanted to bone Edith Piaf and Empress Theodora. And at first it bothered me, how all these guys were obsessed with only dead women. And how they never ask for the same woman twice. And no matter how much detail I put into a session, they only wanted to pork and bone, slam and bump, shaft, hole, screw, drill, pound, pile drive, core and ride.

And sometimes a euphemism just isn't. Sometimes a euphemism is more true than what it's supposed to hide.

And this really isn't about sex.

These guys mean just what they ask for. They don't want conversation or costumes or historical accuracy. They want Emily Dickinson naked in high heels with one foot on the floor and the other up on her desk, bent over and running a quill pen up the crack of her butt.

They pay 200 bucks to find Mary Cassatt wearing a push-up bra.

It's not every man who can afford me, so I get the same type again and again. They park their minivans six blocks away and hurry over here, staying near the buildings, each guy dragging his shadow. They stumble in wearing dark glasses, then wait behind open newspapers and magazines until their name is called. Or their alias. If we meet in public, they pretend not to know me. In public, they have wives. In the supermarket, they have kids. In the park, dogs. They have real names.

They pay with damp $20s and $50s from sopping wet wallets full of sweaty photos, library cards, charge cards, club memberships, licenses, change. Obligations. Responsibility. Reality.

Imagine, I tell each client, the sun on your skin. Feel the sun get warmer and warmer with each breath you exhale. The sun bright and warm on your face, your chest, your shoulders.

Breathe in. Then out.

In. Then out.

My return customers, now they all want girl-on-girl shows, they want a two-girl party, Indira Gandhi and Carole Lombard. Margaret Mead and Audrey Hepburn. Repeat clients don't even want to be real themselves. The bald ones ask for full, thick hair. The fat ones ask for muscle. The pale, a tan. After enough sessions, every man will ask for a strutting, foot-long erection.

So it's not real past-life regression. And it's not love. It's not history, and it's not reality. It's television, but it happens in your mind. It's a broadcast, and I'm the sender.

It's not sex, but it feels great to everybody but me. I'm just the tour guide for a wet dream. A hypno lap dancer.

Each guy keeps his pants on for damage control. Containment. The mess goes miles beyond just peter tracks. And it pays a fortune.

Mister Jones gets the standard Marilyn experience. He's rigid on the couch, sweating and mouth breathing. His eyes roll back. His shirt goes dark under the arms. His crotch tents up.

Here she is, I tell Mister Jones.

The fog is gone and it's a shining, hot day. Feel the air on your bare skin, your bare arms and legs. Feel yourself getting warmer with every breath you breathe out. Feel yourself growing longer and thicker. Already you're harder and heavier, more purple and throbbing than you've ever felt.

My watch says we have about 40 minutes before the next client.

The fog is gone, Mister Jones, and the shape just in front of you is Marilyn Monroe in a tight satin dress. Golden and smiling, her eyes half closed, her head tilted back. She stands in a field of tiny flowers and lifts her arms, and as you step closer her dress slips to the ground.

I say, have at her. I say, she's all yours.

PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATES.COM

No doubt you've fantasized about getting intimate with the Centerfolds, and now you can. When you enter the Playmates section of playboy.com, you will find more than 20 Playmate pages that provide juicy details about their personal lives. You'll see photos of Rebecca Scott's 1996 trip to Cancún and Julia Schultz' vacation in Hawaii. You can find out what the Dahm triplets looked like at the age of three. It's like rummaging through the Playmates' drawers, only without the guilt. "Each woman's page is different, designed according to her personality," says Playboy Online Playmate Coordinator Kelly Berryman. "She gets to tell her life story in her own words." To keep you coming back, the girls update their pages regularly. "That way, if they go to a cool party," Berryman says, "you can look at the photos the next day."

Heather Kozar, Jami Ferrell, Shauna Sand and Natalia Sokolova, a handful of the Centerfolds who have recently launched personal pages, promise hours of online fun.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

June 3: Miss June 1971
Lieko English
June 4: Miss January 1991
Stacy Arthur
June 13: Miss July 1955, Miss December 1955, Miss October 1956
Janet Pilgrim
June 17: Miss May 1969
Sally Sheffield
June 23: Miss March 1989
Laurie Wood

NERIAH'S ON FIRE

To paraphrase singer Cyndi Lauper, "Chicks just want to play games." That's the slogan for a racy new print ad for GameCave.com, which features Neriah Davis scantily clad and easily making a joystick look sexy. "So far the ad has been featured in *Maxim*, *Gear* and *Stuff*," she says. Miss March 1994 has also been making her rounds on the awards-show circuit. At this year's Grammys, she appeared onstage with Kid Rock. "I'm the one who drove him offstage in a car," she says. "It was wild." At the 72nd annual Academy Awards she was one of the elite trophy girls who shared screen time with such Hollywood heavyweights as Warren Beatty, Brad Pitt and Billy Crystal. To catch an animated version of Neriah, check out the PlayStation video game Duke Nukem—Planet of the Babes ($39.95). In it, Neriah is fittingly cast as "the head babe."

45 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

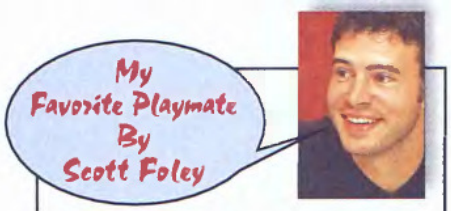
Years before filmmaker Russ Meyer became famous for casting astonishingly endowed leading ladies in movies such as *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, he shot this fabulous pictorial of his then wife, Eve. Eve's Centerfold pictorial was a breakthrough for PLAYBOY, not only because she was featured on four additional pages but also because she was identified by name. As Russ' career took off, Eve helped distribute his films, even after the couple divorced. Eve was killed in the 1977 collision of two jets on a runway in the Canary Islands that claimed 578 lives. "It was a great love affair," Russ later told *The Observer* of London, "a great marriage."

My oh Meyer!

CENTERFOLD MATCHUP: THE EIGHTIES

You have to love the Eighties, the decade that brought us Izod shirts, Swatch watches, Pac-Man, *The A-Team*, Jolt cola, *Flashdance* and many unforgettable Centerfolds—including the ones below. Can you identify these Playmates? Rack your brain, then turn the page to match the faces with the bods. Coming soon: Centerfold Matchup: The Fifties.

PLAYMATE NEWS



My favorite Playmate is Julie McCullough, because she's a friend of mine. I met her at a club and we stayed in contact. She took me to the Mansion once.

GREAT SCOTT!

There aren't many women who would shuck a glamorous international modeling career to help underprivileged kids in Haiti. Then again, there aren't many women like Miss May 1983 Susie (Scott) Krabacher. As a model for 16 years, Susie chalked up hundreds of photo shoots (including a PLAYBOY cover in March 1984) before deciding to dedicate her life to helping people in need. After seeing extreme poverty and scores of dying children during a trip to Haiti in 1994, Susie, along with her husband, Joe, established the Foundation for Worldwide Mercy and Sharing. Now she calls herself an angel of mercy and spends her days hugging and loving the children, feeding them, buying them clothing and doing whatever else it takes to run the Mercy House orphanage in Port-au-Prince. (She has also helped build two schools and a free clinic for children.) As word of her selfless efforts spreads, Susie has been profiled on *Good Morning America* and in *People*. We couldn't be more proud. "I've always felt a deep need to help other people," Susie says.

JULIE McCULLOUGH:
"It was awkward for me to pose nude because I grew up in a small town that didn't sell PLAYBOY."

GIRL TALK

Angela Little has gone from Centerfold to St. Pauli Girl spokeswoman. We caught up with the Alabama cutie, who's been acting up a storm.

Q: Do you drink St. Pauli Girl?

A: I would love to have one right now, but I just finished working out. It's like liquid bread—it goes right to my belly.

Q: How have your auditions been going?

A: Sometimes I go on three a day. It's wearing me out. I'm going to have to tell my manager to slow it down!

Angela Little.

Q: You've been to several Mansion parties. Have any of the renowned Mansion lotharios tried their luck with you?

A: Yes [*makes gagging sound*]. Sorry, Chachi, but I'm not interested. He's like the neighborhood bicycle—everyone's had a ride!

Q: So, what type of guy catches your eye?

A: A regular, down-to-earth guy. Flashy guys make me sick.

Q: You went to junior college in Alabama. What was your major?

A: I majored in my social life. School wasn't for me at the time. I was on the dance team. That's all I was interested in.

Q: Will you ever go back to school?

A: I'm not sure. I'm attending the university of life right now.

CENTERFOLD MATCHUP ANSWERS

Miss March 1981
Kymberly Herrin

Miss January 1984
Penny Baker

Miss January 1980
Gig Gongel

Miss December 1984
Koren Velez

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

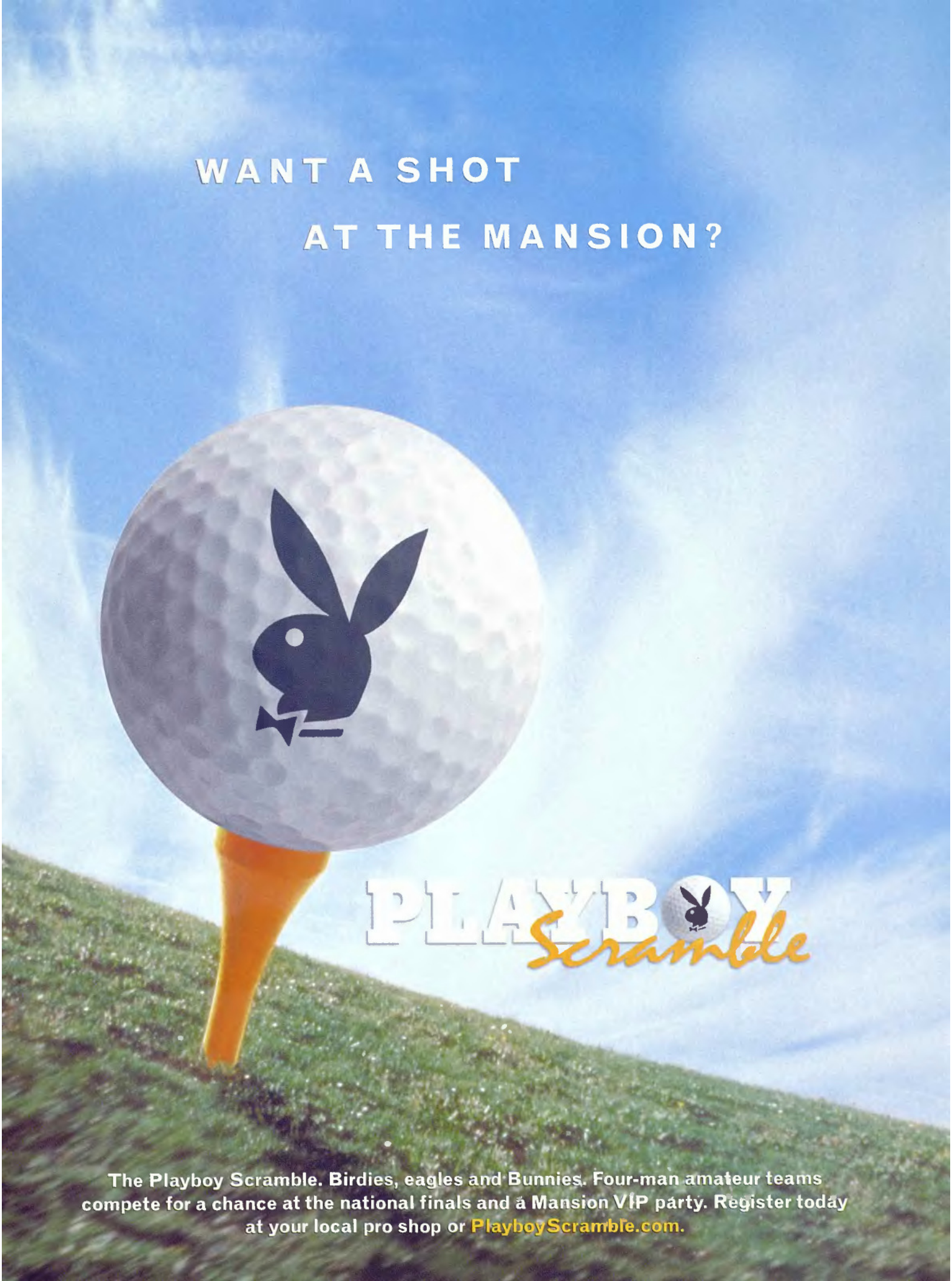
Brande Roderick and **Heather Kozar,** who most likely hold court on **Hef's** speed dial, joined Mr. Playboy in a commercial for Motorola cell phones. . . .

Natalia Sokolova (shown bussing the boss) is thriving. "I have been traveling around the globe and doing a lot of modeling. I am also learning French," Natalia says. . . . **Anna-Marie Goddard** has had recent cameos on *JAG* and *Just Shoot Me*. The 40th Anniversary babe was also profiled in *World Trade* magazine. . . .

A friendly smooch.

Norm Macdonald was no doubt thrilled when the **Dahm** triplets played themselves on his hit TV series, *The Norm Show*. . . . Catch of the day **Daphnee Lynn Duplaix** appears in a commercial for Long John Silver's seafood chain. . . . **Danelle Folta** and her Playboy X-Treme Teammates **Kalin Olson, Ulrika Ericsson, Victoria Fuller, Nicole Wood** and **Jessica Lee** appeared on an episode of MTV's *Road Rules* that was set to air this month. . . . MTV is also awash with **Kelly Monaco,** who appears in videos for **Dru Hill** and **Lenny Kravitz**. . . . **Nicole Lenz** and PMOY 2000 **Jodi Ann Paterson** bonded at a recent Mansion bash. . . . **Alexandria Karlsen,** who has a part in the **Johnny Depp** flick *Blow*, reports: "They wanted Seventies-looking girls, and because I have long hair and a natural body, I got lucky."

Nicole and Jodi Ann belly up.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PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE WHEELS OF SUMMER

If you're looking for fresh forms of outdoor amusement, there are some wild new ways to get around on wheels. On the human-powered front, recumbent bikes are making their mark on city streets and cycling trails. Although they look thoroughly freakish, the horizontal bikes are easy on the back and offer a tremendous workout. Available from more than a dozen manufacturers, "bents" now come in a range of styles. There's a foldable model from Bike Friday. Trek makes the R200, an eight-speed touring marvel with 40 different gear ranges. And a company called BikeE offers a tandem recumbent as well as a model built for off-roading. Yes, it takes courage to fly downhill on BikeE's FX (pictured below). But fat tires and a front-and-rear suspension system help absorb shock. For inline skaters who routinely go the distance, Microsport has introduced the Inline Skate Speedometer, which combines a computerized wheel (pictured) that is compatible with all brand of skates and a display worn on your wrist. As the wheel spins, information on actual and average speed, trip time and distance is relayed to the digital wrist display. Low-tech but equally cool, K2's Kickboard (pictured far right) is part skateboard and part scooter. Wisely, K2 gave the hybrid cruiser a telescoping steering rod and a brake system, which is definitely handy when you're crossing urban terrain. And, finally, if you're more interested in speed and style, Italjet imports the slickest motor scooters around. Puff Daddy, Michael Stipe, Martha Stewart and Laurence Fishburne all reportedly zip around on Italian two-wheelers. We've pictured the Formula 50 LC, a bullet with a 50cc engine and the ability to reach speeds up to 55 miles per hour. Talk about street cred. Fishburne, who owns a fleet of motorcycles, says that he turns more heads riding his Italjet around Manhattan than he does on any of his big bikes. And the 50 LC was the only scooter included in *The Art of the Motorcycle*, an exhibit that opened last year at New York City's Guggenheim Museum and is now traveling the world. It's being displayed alongside a Bimota Tesi and a Ducati 916. —BETH TOMKIW

JAMES IMBROGNO

Above: Sit back and get a rush riding BikeE's aluminum-framed FX. The first recumbent bicycle designed for off-road terrain, the dramatic-looking $1500 FX combines the balance of a downhill racing bike with a proprietary front suspension fork and linear-pull brakes.

Clockwise from top center: The computerized wheel that's part of Microsport's Inline Skate Speedometer works with a wrist display (not shown) to track your mileage and speed ($85). K2's easy-to-ride mutant scooter and skateboard has a deck made of wood and fiberglass, plus a steering rod and brakes that allow for smooth cruising ($300). Italjet's Formula 50 LC motor scooter is fitted with a 50cc liquid-cooled engine. Four colors are available, including the red-and-white mix pictured here ($3500).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 190.

Grapevine

Fortune's Cookie

The beautiful actress BAI LING wore this dress to a party, fresh from her movie role in *Anna and the King* this past winter. What's the Chinese word for wow?

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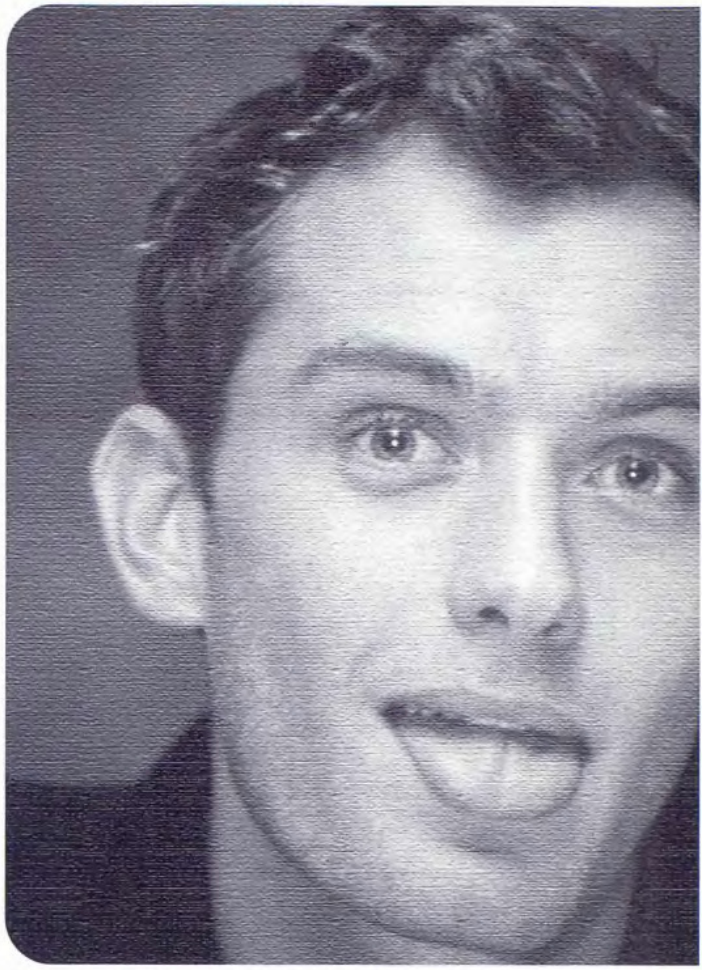


Hey Jude

Although JUDE LAW is a man of the stage in London and New York, his Oscar-nominated turn in *The Talented Mr. Ripley* was his breakout movie role. Look for him in the World War II epic *Enemy at the Gates*.

Sea Treasure

Exotic SABRINA OKAMOTO can be found modeling overseas and in the *Beautiful Women of Hawaii* calendar. We like what we see on the beach.

VINCE CAVATAIO

Walk This Way, Renée

RENÉE ZELLWEGER has loosened up. Wilder hair, revealing dresses and Jim Carrey point to it. She stars with Carrey in the Farrelly brothers comedy *Me, Myself and Irene*.

© SONIA MOSKOWITZ/GLOBE PHOTOS INC

Mandy's Just Dandy

MANDY HOAG—swimsuit model, Bud Girl, babe—shares her impressive assets with the *Grapevine* crowd.

BIRCH PHOTOGRAPHY

© KEVIN ESTRADA-RETNA LTD

Punk Lunks

BLINK-182's triple-platinum CD *Enema of the State* pretty well sums up its attitude. Whether joyfully selling out to corporate sponsorship or flashing onstage, Blink-182 doesn't blink.

STEVE TORRES

Squeeze Play

Motor City model NATALIE LYNN has appeared at auto-industry trade shows and special events and on posters and calendars. You saw her on the big screen in *Out of Sight* and *Polish Wedding*. Now catch her here.

THE BUFFER ZONE

There's a reason why Cap d'Agde in the south of France is known as the Naked City. A third of the town is a nudist colony—including the beaches and shopping malls. You need a special card to enter at the gate of the nudie section. At happy hour when everybody bellies up to the bar, they really do. Through Our Eyes Travel (800-552-6296) in Kissimmee, Florida books trips and provides information on rates, villa rentals, etc. Our spies tell us that the three-mile beach is wide and clean. Building sand castles is the most popular daytime recreational activity on the beach. After sundown? That's a different story. There are more than 50 restaurants, cafés and discos—some of which definitely aren't for prudes. Check the website cap-d-agde.com for a closer look.

WEDDING DAY: PLAN B

According to *Modern Bride* magazine, the average couple spends over $17,000 on a conventional ceremony and celebration. Lisa Tabb and Sam Silverstein decided to take the money and run—and in doing so they wrote *Beyond Vegas: 25 Exotic Wedding and Elopement Destinations Around the World*. Bali, Greece, Scotland, Jamaica and even Wyoming are covered. Even if you're not getting married, this is an excellent guide to wonderfully romantic getaways. Price: $12.95.

FOLLOW THOSE TAILLIGHTS

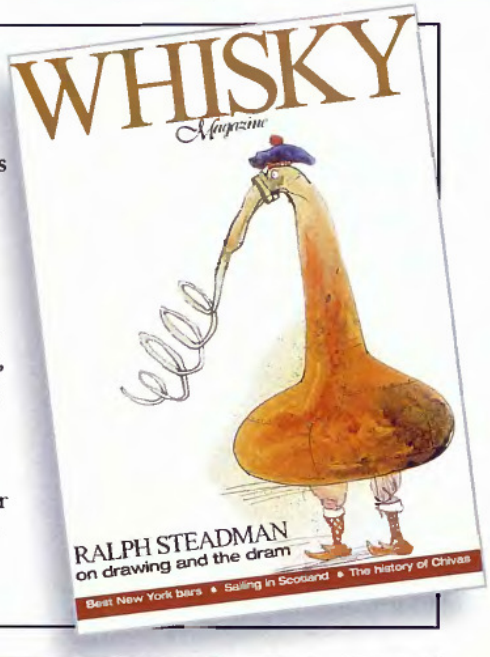
The California Car Cover Co. in Chatsworth sells hundreds of automotive products—from floor mats to Nascar fan jackets and woody-wagon cookie jars—in its free catalog, but what caught our eye are the two table lamps pictured here. Both are molded reproductions of taillights from Fifties American cars. The red one is a Chevrolet and the black one is a Ford—as if we had to tell you. They can be switched on to illuminate only the taillight, the lamp on top or both. Other colors include off-white, deep red and turquoise. Price: $239.95 each. Call 800-423-5525 or go to the company's website, calcarcover.com.

TRICK WITH A KNIFE

Tired of darts? Try throwing knives. It's a sport that's fun—especially when you hear the "thunk" of a well-aimed throw. Bob Patrick of Crescent Knife Works in Canada makes two excellent throwers—a 12″ Pierce-Arrow model that's $65 and a 9″ Vanishing Point that's $55. Both are crafted from spring steel for toughness. Call 604-538-6214 to order, or check Patrick's website at knivesonnet.com.

THE WHISKEY TRAIL

It figures that *Whisky Magazine* would be launched in England, given that country's thirst for Scotch. Now that the bimonthly publication is available here, its subject matter has been broadened to include bourbon and Canadian rye. The magazine also covers a variety of topics, including articles on cooking with whiskey, a duty-free shop and single-malt bars. A year's subscription is $41.70. Visit whiskymag.com to order or write the magazine at P.O. Box 346, Landisburg, Pennsylvania 17040-9981.



FLASK ATTACHMENT

If our mention of *Whisky Magazine* (above) leaves you hankering for a dram, we have the perfect container. Pusser's silver-plated pewter flask holds a quarter pint and features the late-Victorian image of a ship (hand-screened and hand-painted before it's fired onto an enamel plate). Other days-of-yore images being offered include a golfer, a train and an American Indian. Price: $395 each, from Pusser's Annapolis Store, 80 Compromise Street, Annapolis, Maryland 21401, or call 800-442-6724.

THE BRITISH ARE DINING

Two books that celebrate England's gustatorial history prove there's more to British cuisine than fish and chips. *London Eats Out: 500 Years of Capitol Dining* was released to accompany an exhibition at the Museum of London. Price: $37.50. *Eat, Drink and Be Merry: The British at Table 1600–2000*, another handsome hardcover, traces the evolution of English eating habits from the Renaissance to the present. It's also $37.50. Order either from the Antique Collectors' Club at 800-252-5231.

WARRIOR MENTALITY

Weekend Warriors sounds paramilitary, but the organization is actually just rock and roll. The program was originally developed by a West Coast music store as a way to help business professionals with a musical background return to their funky roots—playing the instruments of their choice in a band on weekends. Warriors now has about 100 licensed sites nationwide, and the concept is further explained on its website at namm.com.

TASTELESS MISFORTUNE

"You have the body of a god—Buddha" "Your ability to stab others in the back will bring you great success" and "It's so sad you rely on a cookie for a personal fortune" are just three of the deflating fortunes found in Unfortunate Fortune Cookies, from Pull My Finger Productions. Eight cost $5.99 from 507½ North Larchmont Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90004, or visit pullmyfinger.com. Check out Pull My Finger's CD—it's a gas.

Next Month

LATIN SATIN

GODFATHER FINALE

EX-GIRLFRIEND SUMMIT

BERGMAN ON THE BEACH

LATIN SPITFIRES—JENNIFER LOPEZ AND THE BERNAOLA TWINS ARE JUST A GLIMPSE OF THE LATIN EXPLOSION. OUR TRIPS TO LOS ANGELES, SAN ANTONIO, SAN DIEGO AND MIAMI UNCOVERED HUNDREDS OF OTHER FABULOUS WOMEN, AND NOW WE WANT TO SHARE

VIVA LAS VEGAS—DON'T BUY THE FAMILY-FRIENDLY AND UPSCALE-RESORT HYPE—SIN CITY IS ONCE AGAIN A GUY'S TOWN. WE'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO VEGAS' NEWEST INCARNATION. THINK CLUBS, GAMES AND WOMEN

GEORGE CLOONEY—THE STAR OF *ER* AND *THE PERFECT STORM* HAS LEARNED TO STAY GROUNDED. **BERNARD WEINRAUB** GETS THE DIRT ON CLOONEY'S EVER-SHIFTING LOVE LIFE, HIS BIG-SCREEN FUTURE AND WHY HE REALLY LEFT MUST-SEE TV. A DON'T-MISS **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

SON OF THE BEACH—HOWARD STERN'S HIT COMEDY HAS TURNED 45TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE **JAIME BERGMAN** INTO A HOUSEHOLD NAME. AS ALWAYS, SHE SAVES HER BEST FOR PLAYBOY

OMERTA—WAR BREAKS OUT BETWEEN THE MAFIA DONS, AND TWO EXPERT HIT MEN GET THE CALL. TOO BAD THEY WERE SUCH NICE GUYS—AND BOTH IN LOVE WITH ROSIE. FROM THE CREATOR OF THE *GODFATHER* TRILOGY, AN EXCERPT FROM THE CHILLING FINAL CHAPTER BY **MARIO PUZO**

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?—ONE GUY. FOUR EX-GIRLFRIENDS. EIGHT BOTTLES OF WINE. OUR WRITER THOUGHT THE ONLY WAY TO BECOME A BETTER BOYFRIEND WAS TO SUMMON HIS EXES AND HEAR THEIR GRIPES. DID HE SURVIVE? ARTICLE BY **SCOTT BINDLEY**

SO YOU WANNA HAVE A BACHELOR PARTY?—MORE THAN JUST A PARTY, THIS IS A RITE OF PASSAGE. OUR REVELER'S TIP SHEET FEATURES DRINKING GAMES, PARLOR TRICKS, WAR STORIES, SURPRISE CAMEOS BY FATHERS-IN-LAW AND, OF COURSE, OUTRAGEOUS LESBIAN STRIPPERS. BY **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO**

THE RABBIT IN YOUR ATTIC—ARE YOUR PLAYBOY COLLECTIBLES COLLECTING DUST? DIG UP THOSE CALENDARS, PUTTERS, PLAYING CARDS AND SHOT GLASSES. NEED INCENTIVE? A SET OF FEMLIN STATUETTES COULD BE WORTH MORE THAN $1000

GET ROCKING—EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ROCK CLIMBING: FAIL-SAFE GEAR, ADVICE FROM THE EXPERTS, GREAT INDOOR WALLS AND THE PLANET'S RISKIEST CLIMBS. STARRING MISS MARCH 2000 **NICOLE MARIE LENZ.** BY **NANCY PRITCHARD**

PLUS: MTV'S **CARSON DALY** TAKES US ON AN OVERLAND TOUR OF MUSIC GOSSIP IN 20Q, **GOLF FASHIONS** THAT DON'T LOOK GEEKY, THE BOOMING WORLD OF DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY, 20 ESSENTIAL **FITNESS TIPS,** ELECTRONICS FOR UNDER $200, ULTIMATE SUMMER DRINKS (THEY'RE ALL MADE WITH RUM) AND PLAYMATE **NEFERTERI SHEPHERD**

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